

# HOMER

HIS

# ILIADS

TRANSLATED,

ADORN'D

WITH

SCULPTURE

AND

ILLUSTRATED

WITH

ANNOTATIONS,

BY

JOHN OGILBY.

LONDON;

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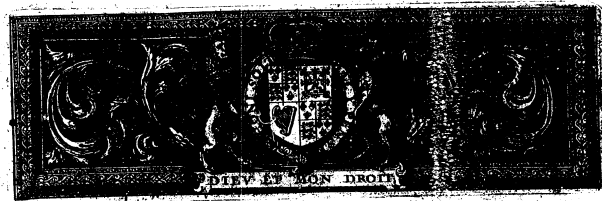
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*1. B. A. Trenchard was a student of  
Robert See Walsley. and Mr. Pol 2. 178. f  
the House from where the fish in the  
Bible of the British Museum is  
engraved*





To the most High and Mighty

MONARCH  
CHARLES

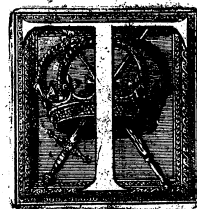
THE SECOND

Of England, Scotland, France and Ireland

KING

Defender of the Faith, &c.

SIR,



*He Sun hath not appear'd in our Ho-  
rizon these many Teares: prodi-  
gious Darknesse, perpetual Tem-  
pests and Horrour, brooding upon  
the Face of these Three (once hap-  
py) Nations: But the late, though  
long-expected Dawn (the Harbinger of You, our  
grand Luminarie) appearing, we are cheered into a  
Belief, that we shall again see a glorious Day of  
peacefull Serenity.*

*It*

*It would (Sir) be a Miracle, next to that of your Return, to be able to expresse with what Joy you are already received in the Hearts of your Subjects; How much then above the reach of my humble Pen! yet am not I the least Sharer in this common Extasie of Loyalty; for whilst others poure forth Treasure, Incense, Garlands, and offer Victims to ingratiate their Obedience, I presume to dedicate, what, (though presented by a too unworthy Hand) is in it self the noblest Oblation of the Muses.*

*The Universal Attestation of whose Worth, by all Nations among whom Civility and Learning have found Reception, I might (not to prescribe to your sacred Majesty) deduce through all successive Ages. The Macedonian took his first fire from Homer's Torch, by whose light he trac'd the way to universal Empire, and first deserv'd to be distinguished from all other Conquerours by that glorious sir-name, The Great; and having plac'd him in that inestimable Cabinet of Darius (which he judg'd too rich and curious for any other jewel) said, In this I will beare along with me the onely Master and Contriver of my Victories.*

*And that which may render him yet more proper  
for*

*for Royal entertainment is, That he appeares a most constant Assertor of the Divine right of Princes and Monarchical Government. Be pleas'd to hear himself;*

*No good did many Rulers ever bring;*

*Let one be Lord; in Jove's name one be KING;  
on the other side, all Anti-monarchical Persons be describes in the Character of Therfites,*

*Who fondly vented incoherent Things*

*'Gainst Sovereign Power and Majesty of KINGS:*

*The most deformed Piece of All who came*

*Toth' Ilian siege; quint-ey'd; crook-back'd & clame;*

*His breast bunch'd out; round was his head; a thin*

*And callow downe vested his meager Chin.*

*From what Prince then more justly may Homer hope for Patronage then from your Sacred Self, in whose Veins (besides your irrefragable Title to these three Kingdomes) the Channels of all the Royal blood in Chriften dome concenter.*

*Prostrate at your Majestie's feet, I most humbly beg, as well your Pardon for this my hasty and so rude Address (by which your high Affairs may seem too much interrupted and prophand) as your gracious Acceptance of these (I may modestly say) painfull endeavours, in this version and illustration of the most  
incom;*

*incomparable Poet, which when smil'd upon by your Majesty, may among your English Subjects meet a more soft and cheerfull Entertainment.*

*All that I have said to your Majesty hath been a Petition, which I shall close with a Prayer; May that great God who sent a Star to wait on your Nativity (Seen at Noon to the Astonishment of the Beholders, and though long since vanished, yet still remembred and look'd upon as an Omen of your future happiness) be the constant Light and Conduct of all your Actions. We are already confirm'd that you are dear to his Eye and Providence, by your so many Preservations, among the rest, by That your never to be forgotten deliverance at Worcester. May you live a great and good Example to all succeeding Princes, & before you change these Crowns for Immortality, see that Prophecie fulfill'd in your Name and Person, Carolus à Carolo Magno Major, which shall ever be remembred in the constant Devotions of*

Your sacred Majesties  
most humble, obedient  
and loyal Subject,

JOHN OGILBY.



# THE LIFE OF HOMER.



HERODOTUS of Halicarnassus having made a strict inquiry after the Parentage and Life of HOMER, gives this Account.

At the foundation of Cuma, an ancient City of Æolia, amongst other people of severall Countreys, there came thither from Magnesia MELANOTUS, Son of ITHAGENES, Son of CRITHO, carrying along with him his small Stock. At Cuma he married OMYRIS, by whom he had a Daughter CRITHEIS, whose Guardian, her Parents dying, was CLEANAX an Argive, her Fathers greatest friend. After some time she proving with childe, and CLEANAX having notice of it, he sharply reprov'd her, and resolv'd to cast her off. At that time the Cumæans were building a Towne in the Bay of Hermus, which THESEUS the Founder, in memory of his Wife, named Smyrna. He

was descended from EUMELUS Son of ADMETUS, exceeding rich, and Conductor of the Theſſalians to Cuma. Hither CLEANAX ſent CRITHEIS, privately committing her to ISMENIAS a Bceotian, his intimate Friend, another of the Leaders of this Colony. Not long after her Arrivall CRITHEIS, celebrating a Feſtivall neer the River Meles, in company of other young women, was delivered of HOMER, not blind but of perfect ſight, whom from the River She named MELESIGENES, and departing from ISMENIAS, wrought for her living, and brought up her Son in all commendable Sciences. PHEMIUS, then in Smyrna, kept a publick School, and taught Humanity, and other learning. CRITHEIS dreſſed the VVool which was given him for teaching; and being a diſcreet and induſtrious woman, PHEMIUS was taken with Her, and wooed her for his Wife, promiſing, amongſt other things, to adopt MELESIGENES, and to educate him carefully: for his great Ingenuity gave extraordinary hopes of him. CRITHEIS aſſented, and by his Inſtruction, the naturall wit of MELESIGENES being quickned, He ſoon outwent all his Fellows, and increaſed daily in knowledge, proving within a while little inferiour to PHEMIUS, who dying, bequeathed unto him all he had, and not long after CRITHEIS dyed alſo. Then MELESIGENES being Maſter of the Schoole, managed it with ſuch wiſedome, as all men admired him, both natives and ſtrangers that traded to Smyrna, it being a great Mart of Corne, who having diſpatched their buſineſſe came to him. Amongſt theſe MENTES, Maſter of a Ship, who from Leucadia came to trade for Corn at Smyrna (a man of great Experience and Learning, for thoſe times) perſwaded MELESIGENES

to

to give over his Schoole and go along with him, promiſing a liberal reward, and all things neceſſary for his Voyage; adding, That it would be convenient for him, whiſt he was yet young, to viſit forraine Nations and Cities, which argument prevailed with him, and perhaps He then deſigned to addiſt himſelfe to Poetry. Here-upon giving over his Schoole, he went along with MENTES, and at every place where they came, he was very curious in inquiring after all things worthy obſervation, and it is probable, writ down the chief paſſages and remarks of his Travels. Having viſited Spain and Italy, they took ſhipping for Ithaca, where MELESIGENES was extreamely troubled with a deſluxion of Rhume in his Eyes, an infirmity whereunto he had formerly been ſubject. MENTES, whoſe buſineſſe carried him to Leucadia, left him with MENTOR, ſon of ALCIMUS, one of that Countrey, with whom hee was intimately acquainted, conjuring him to take all care of MELESIGENES till his returne from Leucadia; which MENTOR performed: a Perſon of conſiderable fortune; for his Juſtice and Hoſpitality much eſteemed by his Countrey-men. Here MELESIGENES informed himſelfe of many things concerning ULYSSES. Thoſe of Ithaca report he loſt his Sight there; but without all queſtion He at that time recovered, and fell blind afterwards at Colophon, as the Colophonians have aſſured me. MENTES returning to Ithaca, received MELESIGENES again, who accompanied him a long time in his voyage, untill at laſt, putting in at Colophon, he relapſed into his old diſeaſe, and fell quite blinde, in which condition hee returned to Smyrna, where he applyed himſelfe to Poetry. Afterwards, falling into poverty, he reſolved to go to Cuma, and

and passing through the Plaine of Hermus, came to a Towne called the New-Wall, a Colony of the Cumæans, founded eight years after Cuma. Here, standing at a Leather-sellers door, he spake these Verses,

Αἰδοῖσθε Ζεῖον καὶ Ἥρην, ἃ δὲ θέλω,  
Οἱ πόλι' ἀνέκωντο Κόρυς Εὐρυπύλου κύβητι  
Νέερες, Σαρδηνίης πόδα· τίς αὖτις ὁ-ἱερὸν αἶμα  
Ἀμβροσίον σπέντες ὑδὸρ ἥντις ποταμοῖσι  
Ἐμὲ δίδωκετος, ὅτι ἀδάκρυτος τίκατο Ζεὺς.

*Receive Me who a House and all things want,  
You that the Virgin Cuma's City plant,  
Neer Sardens foot, and on swift Hermus brink,  
Sweld with soft showers, Ambrosian water drink.*

Sardena is a Mountaine betwixt the River Hermus and the New Wall. The Leather-sellers name was TYCHIO, who taking compassion of him, received him into his Shop, where MELESIGENES shewed him and the rest that were present his Poem of AMPHIA-RAU his expedition against Thebes, and his Hymnes, and by his ready answers to the questions they proposed, begot much admiration in the hearers. At the New Wall he gained a subsistence by his Poetry: even to this day they shew the place, held in much reverence by the Inhabitants, where MELESIGENES used to sit and recite Verses, and a Poplar, which, they say, grew there in his time. But not long after, indigence constrained him to continue his first designe of going to Cuma, taking his leave with these Verses,

Αἰψὰ πόδες με φέροντες ἐς οἶκόν τε πολλὸν ἀνδρῶν  
Τὰν γὰρ ὃς ἔθνημα ἀνέστηναι ὁ μῦθος ἀέσκει.

*Hast to those Walls for Heroes so renowned,  
Valiant, sharpe-witted, and of judgement sound.*

From the New-wall he went to Cuma through Larissa, that being the nearest way, where, as the Cumæans relate, he made this Epigram upon MIDAS King of Phrygia, Son of GORDIUS, at the request of his Wives Father: It is to be seen upon his Tomb to this day.

Σελ. 49

ΧΑΛΚΗ παρθένος εἰμὶ, Μίδα δ' ἔχ' ὀσμήναι κύβητι.  
Ες τ' αἰ ὑδὸρ τι ῥέει, ὃ δένδρεα μακρὰ πύλλοι,  
Ἡέλιός τ' ἀνὰ λαμπρὰ, λαμπρὰ τι Ζεὺς ἰδὼς,  
Καὶ ποταμοὶ ῥέουσιν, ἀνακλῦσθ' ὃ δὲ βάλασσα.  
Αὐτὸς τῇδε μάλιστα πολλὰ λαύω ἵππ' ἑμὲ βῆναι.  
Ἀγγελέω παρῆναι Μίδα ὅτι τῇδε τίθασθαι.

*A Brazen Virgin, I watch Mida's tomb, (bloom,  
Whilst water glides, whilst trees with blossoms  
Suns rise and set, Moons changing fill and wain,  
Whilst ebs and floods exhaust and swell the Main.  
Here I attend to tell who ere draws near,  
This the lamented Mida's Sepulcher.*

Being arrived at Cuma he recited his Verses at Assemblies of the old men, who were much taken with his Discourse, perceiving the Cumæans liked them, he continued this entertainment to them, and at last made a Proposition, that if they could maintain him at the publick charge, he would eternize the fame of their City. They to whom he proposed this, approved of it, promising that if he would addressse himself to the Senate, they would further his Petition. MELESIGENES thus encouraged went to the Senate-house, and being questioned who directed him thither, named the person, made his suit known, and going out, sat at the doore. The Senate taking this into consideration, it was further'd by him who had given him this direction, and all those that knew him, but some there were who opposed it, alledging that if they should maintain ὁμῆρες that is, blind men, at the publick charge, they should be continually burthen'd with a great number of unprofitable people. Hereupon MELESIGENES was first called HOMER from his blindness, for the Cumæans term blind men ὁμῆρες. The Decree pass'd in favour of the opposer, that no publick maintenance should be allowed to HOMER, which coming to his knowledge, he deplored his misfortune thus;

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οιη

ΟΙ Η Μ' ἂ δ' ὄνα πατὴρ Ζεὺς κέρμα γαῖαν,   
 Νέποισι αἰδώς γένεαι μιντὶς ἀπείλῃ.   
 Ηἴππ' ἐπὶ ῥωσσοῖς βυλὴ Διὸς ἀνέλ' ῥωσ.   
 Λαοὶ φέμμεν μαρτυρῶν ἐπὶ Στήρσι ἴππων.   
 Οπλῶν τε μοῖα μαλ' ἰσὺς πύρρι κρείσσειν Ἀρεῇ.   
 Αἰολίδῃ Σμύρῃ δ' ἀλγυμένα ποσσὶν ἔκταν.   
 Ηἴππ' Ἰ' ἀγλαὴ ἔσσι νύκτι ἰσὺς Μίλῃ τε.   
 Ἐστὶν ὤππ' ἰσὺς κέρμα Διὸς ἀγλαὴ τέκτα.   
 Ηἰδὲ τίμω κλίσσειν διατ' ἡβόα ἔσσι ἀνδράσι.   
 Οἱ δ' ἂν ἀπὸ λυδῶν ἰσὺς ὅππ' ἔσσι ἀειδῶ.   
 Αφ' ἑλίου γ' ἴσσι τὸ παῖδ' ὅς φέμμεν ἔσσι αὐγῇ.   
 Οἱ σπῆν ὀφειλόμεν ἰσὺς δεινότερον πόντι.   
 Κέρμα δ' ἰσὺς τίμω τὸν δὸς ὅππ' ἰσὺς γένεαι.   
 Τλίσσεται ἀκράτεια φέμμεν πετλῶν ἰσὺς.   
 Οὐδὲ τί μιν φίλα γένεαι ῥῶσσι ἰσὺς ἔσσι ἀγῶνι.   
 Κέρμα δ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ὅππ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Δῆμον ἔσσι ἀλλοδαπῶν ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.

From Cuma he went to Phocæa, leaving behind him this Imprecation, That the Cumæans might never have any eminent Poet to celebrate their fame. At Phocæa he got his living in the same manner, frequenting their publick meetings. THESTORIDES, who kept a School there, a person not very honest, taking notice of HOMER'S Poetry, told him, That if he would permit him to transcribe his verses, he would allow him a competent maintenance. The necessity of HOMER made him readily accept this offer. Whilst he lived with THESTORIDES, he composed his lesser Iliads, beginning thus,

ΙΑΙΟΝ αἰδῶς ἔσσι ἀλλοδαπῶν ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Ηἴππ' ἐπὶ ῥωσσοῖς βυλὴ Διὸς ἀνέλ' ῥωσ.   
 Λαοὶ φέμμεν μαρτυρῶν ἐπὶ Στήρσι ἴππων.   
 Οπλῶν τε μοῖα μαλ' ἰσὺς πύρρι κρείσσειν Ἀρεῇ.   
 Αἰολίδῃ Σμύρῃ δ' ἀλγυμένα ποσσὶν ἔκταν.   
 Ηἴππ' Ἰ' ἀγλαὴ ἔσσι νύκτι ἰσὺς Μίλῃ τε.   
 Ἐστὶν ὤππ' ἰσὺς κέρμα Διὸς ἀγλαὴ τέκτα.   
 Ηἰδὲ τίμω κλίσσειν διατ' ἡβόα ἔσσι ἀνδράσι.   
 Οἱ δ' ἂν ἀπὸ λυδῶν ἰσὺς ὅππ' ἔσσι ἀειδῶ.   
 Αφ' ἑλίου γ' ἴσσι τὸ παῖδ' ὅς φέμμεν ἔσσι αὐγῇ.   
 Οἱ σπῆν ὀφειλόμεν ἰσὺς δεινότερον πόντι.   
 Κέρμα δ' ἰσὺς τίμω τὸν δὸς ὅππ' ἰσὺς γένεαι.   
 Τλίσσεται ἀκράτεια φέμμεν πετλῶν ἰσὺς.   
 Οὐδὲ τί μιν φίλα γένεαι ῥῶσσι ἰσὺς ἔσσι ἀγῶνι.   
 Κέρμα δ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ὅππ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Δῆμον ἔσσι ἀλλοδαπῶν ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.

This Poeme, also named PHOCEIS, the Phocæans affirm him to have written during his aboad with them. THESTORIDES having gotten a Copy of these and other Poems, determined to leave Phocæa, and vent them in his own name. HOMER perceiving his Proje& proved him in these words.

Thou, Jove! who nurs'd me at my mothers knee,  
Still to be poore, a bard lot drewst for me.  
From Smyrna which the bold Phrycians round,  
With Turrets near the Oceans margents crown'd.  
Where by Joves pleasure valiant youth in ranks  
Use Arms, and Chariots drive on Mela's banks.  
The Muses me to Cuma sent, their praise  
To celebrate, who scorn'd my sacred Lays:  
But all shall soon repent, who did contrive;  
Me of my life by scandal to deprive:  
Yet I'll that fate endure that Jove design'd,  
And conquer want with a contented mind:  
Nor longer I at Cuma shall desire  
Their Streets to trouble, but will straight retire  
To other people, and some foreign shore,  
Though neer so mean, contemptible and poore.

Ilium I sing, and Dardan's fertile Plaine,  
Upon whose turf so many Greeks were slain.

ΘΕΣΤΟΡΙΔΕΣ θητορίδης ἀνέστην σπύρην,   
 Οὐδὲν ἄλλοδ' ἔσσι πόντις ἰσὺς ἀνέλ' ἰσὺς.   
 Thestorides, of things unknown the Mind  
And Humane Counsels hardest are to find.

From Phocæa THESTORIDES went to Chios, where he set up School, and publishing the forefald Poems for his own, gained by them much honour and wealth, whilst HOMER was constrained to have recourse to his former way of life, frequenting Assemblies.

Soon after some of CHIOS coming thither, and hearing him recite the same Verses, which they knew were owned by THESTORIDES, acquainted such as were present, that a Schoole-master in Chios had published the same Verses as his own, by means of which he had gained much wealth. HOMER presently reflected this was Thestorides, and resolved to goe to Chios after him. Finding no Ships in the Haven, but only some Boats laden with wood for Erythræa, he be-fought the Mariners to take him aboard, whereto they condescending, as soon as he was set, he thus invoked Neptune,

ΚΑΤΩ Πόντις ἰσὺς ἀλλοδαπῶν ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Εὐρυπύρρι μετὶν ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Διὸς δ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἀπὸ λυδῶν ἰσὺς.   
 Ναυταί, δι' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἀνέλ' ἰσὺς.   
 Διὸς δ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἀπὸ λυδῶν ἰσὺς.   
 Αἰδῶν μ' ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Φῶν τὸν πόντις ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Ὀδῶν τὸν πόντις ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.

Earth-shaking Neptune, hear; thou who dost reign  
Over the spacious Heliconian Plaine,  
And a fair wind and safe return afford,  
To all our jollie company aboard:  
Clearing from Mima's cliff, and sea-wafts Foot,  
Let me mongst pious people gain Repute,  
And be reveng'd of him, who broken hath  
All laws of Hospitality and Faith.

Being come to Erithræa, HOMER intreated them to send one along with him to the Town. Drawing near it, and understanding the scituation to be rugged and mountainous, He spoke these Verses.

ΠΟΤΝΙΑ γῆ πόντις ἰσὺς ἀλλοδαπῶν ἰσὺς.   
 Ὀδῶν τὸν πόντις ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.   
 Τῶν τὸν πόντις ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς ἰσὺς.

Thou dost, blest Earth! all good to us impart,  
To some thou bountifull and gentle art,  
But those who thee offend thou keepst as short.



In the Town he enquired after some Ship bound for Chios, and meeting by chance with one that had known him in Phocæa, requested his assistance, who not finding any in the Harbor, brought him to a Creek, where were some fisher-boats ready to set sail for Chios. But they, deaf to all, weigh'd anchor, and would not receive Him; thereupon he gave them this farewell.

ΝΑΥΤΑΙ πεινῶντες στυγερὴν ὀφείλ' ἔχειν Ἀττ.  
Πτοχῶν αἰγῶν βίη διὰ ζῆλον ἔχειν  
Αἰδοῦναι θεοῖο διὸς σέβας ὁφείδ' ἔχουσιν.  
Δαὲν γὰρ μέγας ἐστὶ δαίς, ἧς κ' ἀνίσταται.

*Rude sailors, you who worse than Furies are,  
Whose lives not Cormorants envy. Jove revere:  
All who that Hospitable God neglect,  
Sure must condigne punishment expect.*

But when they came into the Sea, they met with a storm, which drove them back to the same place whence they had put off, where they found HOMER sitting still upon the ground, who perceiving the Bark to be driven back, Friends, said he, the wind hath been against you, but take me in, and your voyage shall be prosperous. The Fishermen sorry that they had refused him before, took him in, and set sail for Chios, where they arrived without any hinderance. Then every one betaking himself to his particular business, HOMER was left alone at the sea side. The next day he wandred up and down till he came to a place named the Pine, here he rested that night, and a Pine-apple chancing to fall upon his head, made these Verses;

ΑΑΑΗ τίς σου πύλον ἀμείνων καρπὸν ἔχει  
Ἰδὺς οὐ καρποῖσι πολλοῖσι βύχ' ἐλκεῖται  
Εἴη καὶ ἀνδρὸς Ἀπιδ' ἱερῶν ἰσχυρῶν  
Εὐορῆται γὰρ ἀπὸ μὲν Κεβρενίων ἀνδρὸς ἔχουσι.

*All Trees produce much better fruit, oh Pine,  
That Ida's lofty Summits cloath, then thine,  
There earthly-minded men not steel shall want;  
Where the Cebrenians shall their City plant.*

For at that time the Cumæans were making preparation for the building of Cebrenia on Mount Ida, where there are some Mines.

Going from thence, he came within hearing of some Goats

Goats that grazed hard by, and directed his steps, as well as he could, towards them, some shepherds dogs fell upon him, whereat he cryed out, which GLAUCUS hearing (for so was the Goat-herd called) ran in to them and beat them off. He stood a good while gazing upon him, wondering how being blind he could get thither, at length asked his name, his business, and how he came to that desolate place. HOMER told all the Storie of his misfortunes, which GLAUCUS, being of a soul not inhumane, much pitied. He led him to his Cottage, kindled a Fire, provided Supper, and setting it before him invited him to eat, but the hungry dogs disturbing them with their barking HOMER said thus to him;

ΓΑΥΚΕ πέποις ἔσθ' ἂν τὸ ἔσθαι τὸ δὲ φρονεῖν θέου.  
Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ δέσποιν' ἐπ' αἰθέρας θέσθαι  
Δούλει, δὲ γὰρ ἀμείνων ὃ γὰρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπων ἀκούει  
Αἰετὶς ἑπερχομένη, ἧς ἔρεα τρεῖς ἴσται.

*Glaucus take my advice, and not forget  
To give thy mastives at thy doors their meat:  
Which if thou dost, they first shall Strangers hear,  
And beasts that to thy Fold for prey draw near.*

GLAUCUS was exceedingly pleased with his Advice. After Supper they fell to talk; HOMER gave him a Relation of all his Travels, which lasted to the great admiration of GLAUCUS untill bed-time. The next day GLAUCUS having resolved to make his Master acquainted therewith, gave his Companions Charge of the Flock, and intreated HOMER to rest quietly in the Cottage till his return, which would not belong. Then went he to Bolissus, a Town not far off, where his Master lived, to whom he related after what a strange manner he lighted upon HOMER, desiring to know what order he would give concerning him. His Master reproved him for presuming to entertain a strange and impotent person without his leave, yet withall commanded to bring him thither. GLAU-

cus goes back to HOMER, acquaints him with what had past, and tells him that he must go to the Town, where he need not doubt of good successe. HOMER willingly went along with him. The Master of GLAUCUS by Discourse with HOMER perceiving him to be a person not onely of great naturall parts, but of extraordinary Experience, invited him to live with him, and to undertake the Charge and Education of of his Children, whereto HOMER yeilded. During this time he wrote his Cercopes, Batrachomyomachia, Epicichlides and all his sportive Poems, whilst he lived in Bolissus. Then began his fame to spread through the City; THESTORIDES hearing it took ship and left Chios.

HOMER afterwards, obtaining leave of his Patron, went to Chios, where he set up School and taught their youth Poetry, so happily that he gained the admiration of all. By this means having got a competent estate, he took a wife, by whom he had two Daughters, one died young, the other he preferred to him that had been formerly his Patron. Here betaking himself to Poetry, he took occasion to express his gratitude to his Benefactors, first to MENTOR of Ithaca, who took care of him when he was so extreemly ill of his eyes. His name he inserts into his Odyssees, as friend to ULYSSES, to whose trust, as the wisest and justest person in Ithaca, ULYSSES upon his Trojane Expedition, committed his Family and Estate. Likewise in severall other places he commends him, feigning that MINERVA, when she would appear in a humane form, took that of MENTOR. He also in his Odyssees celebrates his Master PHEMIUS (who first brought him up) in these words,

Κέρμης

Κέρμης δ' ὃν χερσὶν ἠράσατο θεῶν ἀλλ' ὄφρα  
Φορμύς, ὅς τ' ἦν δὲ σὺν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι δαίμων.

The Herald brings Phemius a Harp well strung,  
Who, though unwilling plaid and sweetly sung.

And again,

Αὐτίκα δὲ μνηστῆρες ἀπὸ γατοῖν ἰσθμίου φέει.  
Τοῖσι δ' αἰδοῖς ἀνὰ πρὸς ἑλπίσιν αἰὲν ὀνείριον  
Εἶλατ' ἀκούσας· ὃ δ' Ἀχαιοὶ νόστον ἀνὰ  
Λυγρὸν, ὅτε τρῶες ἐπὶ πύλῃσι Πάλλας Ἀγλαῖαν.

He to the Suiters went, who silent at  
Old Phemius's Musick, and attentive fate:  
Hearing the Greeks hard passage from Ilium hurld  
By Pallas Furie round about the world.

He mentions also MENTES, in whose company he had travelled through many Countries, thus;

Μέντιος Ἀγχιάλιος δαιμόνιος υἱόχμοι εἶπεν  
Τῷδε, ἔπειρ Τεφθίῃσι φιλονέμιοισι δαΐδασθαι.  
Νῦν δ' ὅτε ζωὴν καὶ χρυσὸν ἵδ' ἐπείρομαι.  
Πλὴν αἰνέειν ποῖται ἐν ἀλλοτρίοις ἀνθρώποις  
Ἐς Τυμῶνι μὲν γὰρ ἄλλοι δ' ἀθήματα σέβουσιν.

I Mentos am, Anchialus's son, and raigon  
O're Taphians, Traders through the boisterous Main:  
Here still we use to anchor as we passe,  
At Temesis to barter steel for brasse.

Here requited the kindness of TYCHIVS the Leather-dresser, who receiv'd him into his house at the New-Wall, introducing his Name into the Iliads thus,

Ἄϊας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ὅτε περὶ γυῖον,  
Χάλασεν, ἱππασέμενος· ὃ δ' Ὀϊχίος χέμα τεύχεον,  
Ξαντοπύχμοι δ' ἔχ' ἄετος ὄνυχ' ἐν οἰκάνεσσιν.

Ajax drew nigh bearing a Towre-like shield  
Of brasse, with seven Hides lin'd, by Tychivus dress'd,  
Of all the Curriers in rich Hyle the best.

By these Poems the Fame of HOMER was spread not only through Ionia, but generally even to Greece, whether some of his Auditors perswaded him to go. He approving of their Advice prepar'd for the journey, and understanding that Argos was prefer'd in esteem above Athens, took occasion to extoll ERECTHEUS in the Catalogue of Ships in his greater Iliads.

Ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔριχθιος μεγαλήτορος, ὅς ποτ' Ἀθῆναι  
Θόβας αἰὲς ἐνέσκηπτο, τίς δ' ἔχιδρας ἀνέχετο.  
Καλὰ δ' ὃν Ἀθῆναι ἴσαν ἐν ἐπὶ πύλῃσι.  
Εὐχάδ' οὐ μὲν ταῦτοισι ὃ ἀνέμοις ἰδούσιν  
Κύβοι Ἀγλαῖαν.

Next those in stately Athens did reside,  
Whom noble Erictheus there did place,  
By Pallas foster'd, Joves illustrious race,  
T' whom every Lustrum young Athenians bring  
Of Bulls and Lambs a plenteous offering.

And MENESTHEUS, Conductor of the Athenians, as most skilfull in marshalling an Army either of horse or foot.

Τῶν

Τῶν αὖτ' ἡγάμων ἦν Πηλεΐδης Μενελάω.  
 Τῷ δ' ἔπειτα τὸς ὁμίους ἐπὶ χροῖαν γένετ' ἀνήρ,  
 Κασσίδας ἴσσαντες τὴν ἀνέγες ἀσπιδιόπτας.  
 Νέστορ οὐκ ἔλεγε, ὃ γὰρ ἀσπιδότοπος ἦεν.

*These Peleus Offspring Prince Menestheus led,  
 Not all the world a better souldier bred  
 To draw up horse and foot into the Field,  
 Old Nestor equal'd him, but not excel'd.*

And A JAX son of T E L A M O N, bringing from  
 S A L A M I S Supplies to the Athenians.

Ἄϊας δ' ἐκ Σαλαμῖνος ἄγει δικοκλίδες ἦτας.  
 Σὺν οἷσι δ' ἀγορεύει Ἀθηναίων ἱστανόφάλαγγες.

*But twelve from Salamis bold Ajax brought,  
 Joining his Forces to th' Athenian Band.*

Lastly in his Odysses, when M I N E R V A having  
 given Advice to Ulysses departs to Athens, as that  
 place which she chiefly affected,

ὣς ἔειπεν οὐρανὸν, ἀπὸ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
 Πόρτοισι δ' ἀπεβόητο, λίπεν δὲ Σχερίην ἱερὰν αἶαν.  
 Ἦκετο δ' ἐς Μαραθῶνα καὶ κούρην αἶαν Ἰλίου,  
 Δαΐς δ' Ἐριχθεύς ποικίλιν δόμαρ.

*This said, the bright ey'd Virgin thence departs,  
 And fertile Scheria, crossing seas, departs,  
 Flying to Marathons Athenian Port,  
 There enters Erichtheus Royal Court.*

H O M E R having inserted these into his Poems, and  
 provided all things fit for his Journey, took shipping  
 for Greece. By the way they put in at Samus, at what  
 time it happened the Samians celebrated the Apaturian  
 Festivall. A Samian, who had formerly seen him at  
 Chios, took notice of him, and gave notice of him to  
 the Confraternity, who, having heard much of him  
 before, sent for him. The Samian went to him, and  
 told him that the City celebrated the Apaturian Festi-  
 vall, and the Confraternity requested his Company.

H O M E R accepted the invitation, and followed him:  
 By the way he chanced to juggle some W o m e n that  
 were sacrificing to C E R E S: the Priestests resenting it as  
 an affront, Friend, said she, away from the Sacrifice. H O-  
 M E R ask'd who it was, and to what Deity they sacrific-  
 ed: His Guide told him it was a woman that sacrificed  
 to C E R E S; whereupon he broke forth into this  
 Rapture;

Here

ΚΑΤΘΙ μὲν ὠρομένη κρητοσέφει, δὸς δὲ γυναικῶν  
 Τίλιν δὲ τίαν ἰδὼ ἀντιπαύσαι φιλόπτην καὶ εὐλεῖν,  
 Ἥλ' ἐπὶ τερπιδῶν πολλοικατάφορον ἴφρονα.  
 Οὐδ' ἄρα γὰρ ἀπαιθελάμβανεν, θυμὸς δὲ δέροντο.

*Hear me great Priestesse, hear, let that coy dame,  
 Not met incounter'd with youths kindly flame,  
 But let her grey beards choose whose Forces fade,  
 Who are in all parts but their will decay'd.*

Coming to the Hall of the Confraternity, as soon  
 as he set his feet on the Threshold, the Fire being  
 newly kindled, or as others say, flaming high, he spoke  
 these Verses.

Ἄνδρες ἰδὼ, σφαιροὺς πατρὶος πέτραι δὲ πόλιν.  
 Ἴσσοι δ' ἐν πύλῃ κούρας, τίς δὲ γαλαῖαν.  
 Χρῆμασιν δ' αἰεὶ οἶον, ἅτερ γαστροὶ βασιλῆος.  
 Ἡδὺροι εἰς ἀγορῇ, κούρας τ' ἄλλοισιν ἰσχυροῖσι.  
 Αἰδομένη δὲ πυρὶς γαστροῦ τίς οἶος ἰδέσθαι.

*Sons are their Parents Crowns, and Towers of Towns;  
 Steeds of rich Plains, Ships of the swelling Downs,  
 Coin in a House, Kings judging wrong and right,  
 And a good Fire a commendable sight.*

When he came in they all received him with great  
 honour and respect, and provided a Lodging for him  
 that Night. The next day some Potters, as they were  
 setting their pots into a Furnace, called to him, and  
 having heard of his excellent parts, promised, if he  
 would recite some Verses, to reward him with Presents  
 of the Ware in which they traded. H O M E R saluted  
 them with these, from the Occasion, the Furnace;

Εἰ γὰρ δόδεται μύδι, αἴετο δ' ἡερμῶν  
 Δαδ' ἄγ' Ἀθήνας, καὶ ὑπὸ κρητὶ χυμὸς χαμῶν.  
 Ἐδ' ἐν μάλα γένετον κοῦροι, καὶ παῖς μάλ' ἰσχυρὸς  
 Φρυγίῃσι τε καὶ ἰλίοις, καὶ πυρὶ οἷον ἀνέσται.  
 Πολλὰ δὲ κερδίσαι ἡμῖν δὲ ὅς σφ' οὐδὲν  
 ἦν ἐπ' ἀναιδέως κρητὸν ἴσθαι ἀνέστη.  
 Σὺν γὰρ δὲ δ' ἴσσετο χυμὸς διαντῆρας.  
 Σαῦτε γὰρ ὁμίος Μάραρον τε καὶ Ἀσβεστόν, καὶ Σαβάζων  
 Ομοδαμῶν, καὶ τὸ πᾶν τεχνῶν καὶ ποικίλων.  
 Πῶς περὶ ἡμεῶν καὶ δόμασιν, οὐδ' ἐν χυμῶσι  
 Πᾶσα κοῦρη καὶ χυμῶσι μέγα κοῦρη τῶν  
 Ἰδὲ γὰρ οἷον ἵππων ἔφρονεν, βροχὴ δὲ χυμῶν.  
 Πᾶν ἵππον δ' αὐτὸς κρητὸν ἴσσετο πύλον.  
 Δαδ' ἄγ' ἰδὲ γυναικῶν πολλοικατάφορον ἴφρονα.  
 Ἀρῶν φάρμακα βαλὼν, χυμὸν δ' αὐτὸς τε καὶ ἴφρον.  
 Δαδ' ἄγ' ἰδὲ γυναικῶν πολλοικατάφορον ἴφρονα.  
 Οὐδ' ἄρα γὰρ ἀπαιθελάμβανεν, θυμὸς δὲ δέροντο.  
 Τὸ πᾶν τῶν ἡμεῶν καὶ δόμασιν, οὐδ' ἐν χυμῶσι

*Potters I'll sing, but I return expect:  
 May Pallas all your Furnaces protect,  
 Cups, Platters, bards, nele your Pitchers well,  
 That you at any rate your Wares may sell,  
 And store in Markets both and High-ways vend;  
 Let Her you riches, as more wisdom fend,  
 But if you fail, thus having gain'd your ends,  
 Ile conjure up the Furnace-hating Fiends,  
 Maragus, Asbetus, Sabactes, dire  
 Omodamus, all playfellows with fire,  
 Who shall your house, your forge and furnace burn;  
 And whilst you bow, all topsie turvie turn.  
 Your pots shall rattle like a ginsling bit,  
 And flown in fume, in thow and shivers split;  
 Or Circe, sprinkling poisons, turn to shards  
 Your pans, and make them fly about your yards,  
 Chyron shall muster up his troupes again,  
 Both who Alcides scap'd, and who were slain,  
 Whose iron-boofs, whilst weeping you behold,  
 Shall cast your trumpery in another Mold,*

d

Aut

Αὐτὸς δ' αἰμαλῶντες ὀρέσαστο ἔργα ποικίλα.  
Γυῖόντα δ' ὀρέον ἀντ' ἑὴν χροὸν αἰμῶνα πύχινον.  
Ὅς δ' ἔχ' ἄσπετον ἄλγεα τέτυκτο παρὰ τὸ πρὸς ὄντα  
φιλῶν, ὅς παύσει ἐπὶ τῷ αἵματι μέλει.

At Samus he lived that Winter, and at every New-Moon, attended by a Company of poor Children, went to the houses of the chiefest Persons, and sung these Verses called Eresione, for which they rewarded him.

ἌΩΜΑ πρὸς τὸν αἵματι δ' ἀνδρὸς μέγα δυνατοῖο,  
ὅς μέγα πόθ' ἔδωκεν, μέγα δ' ἔβριμ' ὀλβίος αἰὲν.  
Αὐτὰρ ἀπαρχήνδε θύειν, πλῆντος γὰρ ἐστὶ  
Πολλὴν, οὐδ' ἄλλοις δὲ ἐκ ὑπερβοῶν τεύχεα λῆναι.  
Εἰδὼν γὰρ ἄρα, ὅτε δ' ἀγέτω, μετὰ πόθ' ἐνός,  
Κυβέδα δ' αἶμα χερσὶν καρδίῃ ἵκωμαι μέλει.  
Τὴν παῖδες δὲ γυνὴ χερσὶν διπλοῦν. Σπένδεται ὕμνον.  
Ἡμῶν δ' ἄρ' ἔσονται κρατοῦντες ἐπὶ δὲ δόμον.  
Αὐτὰρ δ' ὕμνοι τοὶ ἐπὶ ἡλίκῃς ἔσονται.  
Νεὴ μὲν οὐκ ἐνὶ ναυμάχῃσι, ὅτε γελῶν.  
Ἐσὺ δ' ἐκ τῶν ὀρέων ἔσ' αἱ πόδες, δὴ ἐστὶ, αἱ δὲ πόδες,  
Ὅν γὰρ ἐπὶ τῷ αἵματι δ' ἀνδρὸς μέγα δυνατοῖο.

Which I shall laugh to see the spoil they make.  
If any of your Forge inspection take,  
May he, his face parch'd up with fierce dust,  
By his mischance teach others to be just.

We to a powerfull Heroes Court repaire:  
Renown'd and rich from sorrow free and care;  
Open your Dores and let in wealth; not wealth  
Alone, but peace, felicity and health.  
May your Store-houses various Plenty still,  
Rich Wine your Cellars, Cates your Larder fill:  
May your Jons Wife in her Caroch resort,  
And many Visits give you in your Court:  
There plie her Web, and tread the richer Floor:  
But Swallow-like I'll yearly haunt thy door.  
Your Bountie send, or that you will not, say;  
We must be gone, who came not here to stay.

These Verses were sung for many years after at Samus by the Children on the Festivall of APOLLO. As soon as the Spring was come, HOMER continuing his design for Athens left Samus. He went aboard with some Samians; They put in at Ios, and anchored a good distance from the Town. Here HOMER falling sick was set a land, and lay in that weak condition on the Sea shore; the rest of the passengers being wind-bound were detained in the harbour. Many came from the Town to visit and relieve him. It happened that severall people, Mariners and Townsmen, being met together, certain Fisher-boies touched there, and leaving their Boat came up to them with this challenge; Tell us, strangers, is there any of you will undertake to answer us a question? One of the Company bade them propound it, which they did in this manner; What we took

took, said they, we left behind; what we took not, we brought along with us. When they saw that none could interpret their Riddle, the Boies themselves unfolded the meaning, which was, when they could not fish they used to put a shore and louse themselves: the vermine they took they threw away, those which they could not find, they brought home, which HOMER hearing, thus applauded them.

ΤΟΙΩΝ γὰρ πατέρων ἔσ' αἵματος ἐκ γένεσσι,  
Ὅς τε βασιλῆων, ἔτ' ἀσπίδα μὴ ληύμενται.

You the true Offspring of Your Parents are,  
Who neither Lands nor Cattel have, nor care.

Of this sicknesse, not for grief that he could not expound the Riddle, as some would have it, he died. His fellow Passengers and the Citizens of Ios, who came from the City to discourse with him, buried him on the shore. Long after, when as his Poems had gain'd an universall applause, the people of Ios grav'd this Epitaph on his Sepulchre.

Εἰδὼν τὴν ἐπὶ τῷ καπνῷ χροὸν γὰρ ἐκ δόμον,  
Αὐτὰρ ὅτε ἔσονται κρατοῦντες ἐπὶ δὲ δόμον.

How sacred Homer's Head lies under ground,  
Who more the Heroes than their Aets renown'd.

That HOMER was an Æolian, not of Ios or Doria, is evident, as well from what we have related, as from the following Conjectures. It is likely that a Poet so excellent, so studiously diligent to set forth the customs of men, would either invent such as he should judge to be best, or follow those of his native Country. They who look well upon his Poems will conclude the same. Whensoever he describes any Rites of Sacrifices, he either makes choice of that which himself invents, or complies with those of his Country, as when he saith;

Αὐτὸς μὲν ἐπὶ τῷ αἵματι, ἔσ' αἵματος, ἔσ' αἵματος,  
Μηδὲς τε ἐξέταται, χροὸν γὰρ ἐκ δόμον,  
Δι' αἵματος πύχινον, ἐπὶ αἵματος δ' ἀμύχινον.

Then flea, and to the thighs lopt off, affix  
A double Cawl, and lean with fat commix;  
Next thinner Steaks from parts extremer cut,  
And round the thighs upon the Altar put.

He

He mentions not the Flanks of the victim, which part all the people of Greece burnt with the rest, except the Æolians. He also discovers himself to have been an Æolian by using their Rites elsewhere;

Καὶ δ' ἐπὶ σελύγῃ ῥέοντι δὲ αἵματι αἶνε  
 Λαῖβε· τοὶ δὲ παρ' αὐτῷ ἔχον πεπρωμένα χυμέν.  
 Which th' old man burns with wood; then pours on wine:  
 Young men brought spits, which five in one conjoin.

Now the Æolians onely used to roast the inwards of beasts upon five spits, the rest of the Grecians on three. He saith *πεπρωμένα*, because the Æolians for *πέντε* five say, *πέντε*.

Hitherto of the Parentage, Life, and Death of HOMER. As for the time wherein he flourished, it may be collected thus: 130 years after the expedition of the Greeks under the Conduct of AGAMEMNON, and MENELAUS against Troy, Lesbos was first planted with Towns; twenty years after the plantation of Lesbos, Cuma of the Æolians, otherwise called Phricolis, was inhabited. The Cumæans eighteen years after building Cuma settled the colony at Smirna, at which time HOMER was born. From HOMER'S Birth to the expedition of XERXES into Greece, are 622 years; HOMER therefore lived 168 years after the Trojan VVar.

THE

THE EDITIONS  
 OF  
 HOMER'S  
 WORKS.

HOMER composed and sung his Poems as he wandered up and down from one City to another; whence severall pieces of them were left in severall places, but the whole he left at his death with *Creophylus* at *Samus*: *Creophylus* transmitted them to his Posterity, by whom they were privately kept, untill *Lycurgus* the *Lacedæmonian* coming thither, and observing that they were not lesse full of Prudence and Learning, then pleasant and recreative, transcribed them and carried them home with him (for as yet the same of those Verses was obscure amongst the *Grecians*, and few there were who had any of them, they being dispersed onely by severall pieces) out of *Ionia* to *Peloponnesus*.

By this means the *Grecians* received all the parts of *Homer's Works*; yet not digested into order, but confusedly in severall pieces, under different Titles, as *The Pestilence and Wrath* (Titles belonging to the first book of the *Iliads*) *The Dream*, and *Catalogue or Boeotia* (to the second) *The Vowes and Combate*, &c. these they preserved, not by writing, but by singing them by heart, at publicke solemnities, not in any method but casually and confusedly.

But *Solon* being Archon at *Athens* in the third year of the forty sixth Olympiad, ordained that the *Verses* of *Homer* should be sung at publick Assemblies, in such method, that where the first Reciter ended, the next should begin with that which continued it. Hence were these severall pieces first termed *Rhapsodies*, and they who recited them upon the Theatre *Rhapsodes*, not for that they sung *ῥαψῳδαί*, holding a *Lawrell wand*, as was indeed the custome, but for being (as *Pindar* styles them) *ῥαψῳδῶν ἄνδρες*, singing of consarcinated Verses, as the learned *Salmasius* observes.

What was so well begun by *Solon*, *Pisistratus* finished; who obtaining the supream Authority of *Athens* in the fourth year of the fifty eighth Olympiad; and being desirous to eternize his own fame, designed to effect it by recovering the Works of *Homer*, and committing them to Writing; for they were in great danger of being lost: one man perhaps had gotten a hundred Verses, another a thousand; another two hundred, others as many as they could light upon; in fine, the Poem it self was torn in pieces and almost irrecoverably lost. *Pisistratus* in pursuit of his design, caused Proclamation to be made, That whosoever through-

throughout all Greece had any Verses of *Homer*, if they brought them to him they should receive a set rate (which was an *Obolus*) for every Verse: Hereupon all they that had any brought them in, and every one received the promised reward without any exception; he dismiss not any unsatisfied, though they brought the same Verses which others had brought before, but payd them the same price also; for it often happened that amongst them he found some Verses more or different from the former; upon which encouragement some inserted and brought Verses of their own, which were afterwards marked with an \* *Obelisk*. *Pisistratus* having by this means gotten together all the pieces, summoned seventy Grammarians, assigning them a Reward suitable to persons of their Learning and Worth, and delivered to each of them a Copy of all the Verses which he had received, requiring that each of them apart, should, according as he thought best, reduce them into an entire body. When they had all performed their tasks severally, *Pisistratus* called them together, and caused every one to give a particular account of his own compoſure; and out of them all, they made choice of one, which they conceived to be the best: and since some of them who brought the Verses to *Pisistratus*, had, as we said, to get the more money, inserted many Verses of their own; even this also appeared manifest to the Revisors; yet would they not cast those Verses out, by reason of the use that might be made of them, but marked them with an *Obelisk*, as unworthy of the Poet.

*Hipparchus*, the eldest Son of *Pisistratus*, succeeded his Father, as well in his care to preserve *Homer*, as in the Kingdom; for he ordered that his Poems should be sung at the Panathenæan Festivall. In his time it was that *Cinæthus* of *Chios*, a Grammarian (who flourished in the sixty ninth Olympiad) first rehearsed the Poems of *Homer* in order, at *Syracuse*; but afterwards the disciples and followers of *Cynæthus* much depraved the Text, inserting many Verses of their own.

This inconvenience had proved no lesse dangerous to the Writings of *Homer* then the former, had not *Aristotle* redrest it by an exact correction of his *Iliads*, which he presented to *Alexander* as the most excellent Pattern of military Vertue: *Strabo* saith, That *Alexander* himself, together with *Callisthenes* and *Anaxarchus*, laboured in the correction of this Work; this Book he took along with him in his expedition into *Asia*, and made his constant companion; insomuch, that he put it every night, with his dagger, under his pillow; and in a victory over *Darius*, having taken a Casket of Unguents, of extraordinary value, amongst the spoils of *Darius*, (made of a Reed or Cane) beset with Pearls and precious stones, his friends telling him how many uses it might be put to, because Unguents did not become a Souldier, *Yes*, saith he, it shall serve to keep the Books of *Homer*, that the most precious Work may be kept in the richest Cabinet;

Cabinet; hence was this corrected Copy called *in vulgari*, of the Cane.

No lesse studious of *Homer* was *Cassander*, King of *Macedonia*, who, as *Athenæus* affirms, had a great part of his Verses by heart, and kept by him, written with his own hand, both the *Iliads* and *Odyssees*, which words of *Athenæus* some interpret, as if *Cassander* had laboured in the correction of *Homer's* Text; in like manner as *Alexander* and *Aristotle*.

The same attempt of restoring *Homer* was in the time of *Ptolomy* the first (as *Suidas* relates) undertaken by *Zenodotus* of *Ephesus*, a Poet and Grammarian, disciple of *Philetas*, and Keeper of the Library of *Alexandria*, Tutor to the Sons of *Ptolomy*.

About the same time, or not long after, *Aratus* made another Edition of the *Odyssees*, called from him, *The Aratean Correction*; some adde that he went into *Syria*, where he lived with *Antiochus*, and at his desire corrected the *Iliads* also, which had by many been exceedingly depraved.

Another Edition by *Aristophanes* of *Byzantium*, disciple of *Zenodotus* and *Callimachus* is mentioned by *Suidas*, termed, *The Aristophanean Edition*.

But *Aristarchus*, Son of *Aristarchus*, by birth a *Samoethracian*, but made free of *Alexandria*, disciple of *Aristophanes*, nothing satisfied with the Edition of his Master, did in the time of *Ptolomæus Philometor* (whose second Son, *Ptolomie Evergetes* he taught, in the hundred fifty sixth Olympiad) anew correct the Works of *Homer*, and restore them to their primitive purity and splendor. This was termed, *The Aristarchean Edition*; by some reprehended: *Ptolomæus* of *Ascalon* wrote a Book concerning it; and *Zenodotus* of *Alexandria* was required to give his opinion concerning the *Homericall* Verses rejected by *Aristarchus*, but so generally was this Edition approved by the Ancients, that those Verses which he rejected were not admitted to be genuine, and such as were judicious censurers of other mens Works, were called *Aristarchi*. This seems to be that Edition which we have.

## EPIGRAMS



ΕΙΣ ΟΜΗΡΟΝ  
ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ:

EPIGRAMS  
Upon HOMER.

Εκ τῶν πρώτων ἑπτὰ βιβλίων τοῦ ποιῆτος ἑστὶν πρῶτον τῆς Anthologiae.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟY.

ΟΠοῖός τοι Ὀμηροῦ ἀπαρχὴν ἔδωκε πατρὶς;  
Κοῖός ἐστιν ὃ πάσαι χεῖρ ὀρέγουσιν πόλεις;  
Ἢ ποῦ μὲν ἔστιν ἀγνωστοῦ, ὃ δ' ἀθανάτους ἴσους ἔσται;  
Ταῖς ἀνέμοις ἔλκεται παρὰ γῆρα, ἢ γένει;

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίης πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
Ἢ τίς οὐκ ἐπὶ δολιχῷ Λαερτιάδῃ σπένδον;  
Οὐκ ἔστιν ἐκείνου σαφές, ἢ πόλιν ἢ ἔσαν Τεῖ;  
Μή ποτε σὺν ἐκείνῳ δέξῃ Ὀμηρος ἔλκεται;

ΛΕΟΝΤΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Ἄσπερ μὲν ἡμέτερος ἐστὶν ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Ἄσπερ δὲ νύκτις ἡμέτερος ἡέλιος.  
Τὸ μὲν σπένδον δ' ἀγαλλοῖ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου,  
Λαομαχίᾳ τοι μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ εἰς Ἰλιάδα καὶ Ὀδυσσεύς.

Ἄλ' ἂν βίβλος, ποῦ ποῦ ἐστὶν ὁμοῦ Ὀμήρου,  
Μακρίδου, μὲν δ' ἔστιν ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Ἄ μιν μὲν μὲν οὐκ ἀγαλλοῖ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου,  
Εκείνου δ' ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου ὁμοῦ Ὀμήρου.  
Ἄ δ' ἔστιν, ποῦ ποῦ ἐστὶν ὁμοῦ Ὀμήρου,  
Χρῆμας ἀγαλλοῖ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου.  
Ἦσαν τοὺς μὲν οὐκ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου,  
Ἦσαν τοὺς μὲν οὐκ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟY.

Ἐπὶ πόλιν ἡμέτερον σπένδον δέξῃ Ὀμήρου,  
Σμύρνα, Χίος, Κολοφών, Ἰθάκη, Πύλος, Ἀργεῖ, Ἀθήναι.

Out of the first, third, fourth, and fifth Books of  
the Anthologie.

INCERTI.

Where *Homer* wert thou born? since thee  
So many Countries strive: or is't unknown?  
Or hast thou left it to the Muses care,  
That They thy doubtfull Country should declare?

ANTIPATRI.

Who sung the Trojan Wars? who did rehearse  
*Ulysses* Travells through the Universe?  
He and his Birth-place both of doubtfull Fame:  
Thine *Jove* these Works, though *Homer* bear the name.

LEONTIDÆ TARENTINI.

As in his lustre the bright Sun at Noon  
The Stars eclipseth, and the pale-fac'd Moon:  
All Poets else to *Homer* doth outshine,  
Adding the greatest Glory to the Nine.

ANTIPATRI IN IL. ET ODYS.

Whose Poems the *Trojan* Wars, and *Ulysses* sing,  
The *Trojan* Wars, and *Ulysses* conquering Arms,  
The *Ilion* Siege, and ten years hot alarms,  
*Ulysses* Travells, and the tears were shed  
By his chaste Wife, in her long Widowed Bed.  
To your faire Quire, Muses, these Sisters joyn,  
And so, two adding, make Eleven of Nine.

ANTIPATRI in eundem.

Not *Smyrna* Thee, renowned *Homer*! bare,  
Nor *Colophon*, barren *Ionis* Starr,  
Nor *Chios*, *Egypt*, nor the *Cyprian* Strand,  
Nor rocky *Ithaca*, *Laertes* Land,  
*Argos*, *Mycene*, *Athens* brought thee forth.  
No product thou art of the duller earth,  
But Thee the Muses from Heavens Arches sent,  
That Mortals thou mightst gift precious Gifts present.

INCERTI.

Seven Towns for *Homer* strove, *Colophon*, *Smyrna*,  
*Chios*, *Pyle*, *Argos*, *Athens*, *Ithaca*.

ΑΔΕΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΕΤΑΛΛΕΩΣ.

Ἀνδρομάχῃ τῇ Τροίᾳ ἀκούομαι, εἴ ποτε Τροίᾳ  
Δαρειάδῃ ἐκ Βελόνῃ πάσαι ἡρώταται,  
Καὶ μὲν οὐκ ἀδύνατον ἔστω περὶ πόλιν,  
Ἢ δὲ τὸν ἔστιν ἔστιν ἔστιν ἔστιν,  
Μακρίδου δέξῃ Ὀμήρου ὁμοῦ Ὀμήρου,  
Καὶ μὲν οὐκ ἀδύνατον ἔστω περὶ πόλιν.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Ἢ ἔστιν Ὀμήρου ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Καὶ μὲν οὐκ ἀδύνατον ἔστω περὶ πόλιν,  
Καὶ μὲν οὐκ ἀδύνατον ἔστω περὶ πόλιν,  
Ἢ ποῦ μὲν ἔστιν ἀγνωστοῦ, ὃ δ' ἀθανάτους ἴσους ἔσται;  
Ταῖς ἀνέμοις ἔλκεται παρὰ γῆρα, ἢ γένει;

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

Εἰ θεὸς ἔστι Ὀμήρος, εἰ ἀθανάτους ἴσους ἔσται,  
Εἰ δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρος, εἰ δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν Ὀμήρος.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
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Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;  
Τίς ποῦ δ' ἐπὶ Τροίᾳ πόλιν οὐκ ἀνέστη χροῖστος;

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

Ἄσπερ μὲν ἡμέτερος ἐστὶν ἡλικία σελήνης,  
Ἄσπερ δὲ νύκτις ἡμέτερος ἡέλιος.  
Τὸ μὲν σπένδον δ' ἀγαλλοῖ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου,  
Λαομαχίᾳ τοι μὲν οὐκ ἔστιν ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου.  
Ἄ δ' ἔστιν, ποῦ ποῦ ἐστὶν ὁμοῦ Ὀμήρου,  
Χρῆμας ἀγαλλοῖ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου.  
Ἦσαν τοὺς μὲν οὐκ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου,  
Ἦσαν τοὺς μὲν οὐκ ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΥ.

Ἀντίπατρος Ὀμήρου τὸν κακὸν Ὀμήρου,  
Φθόνος ἀπὸ μαλ' Ὀμήρου ὁμοῦ Ὀμήρου.

ΠΑΤΑΟΥ ΣΙΑΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ἐπὶ πόλιν ἡμέτερον σπένδον δέξῃ Ὀμήρου,  
Σμύρνα, Χίος, Κολοφών, Ἰθάκη, Πύλος, Ἀργεῖ, Ἀθήναι.  
Ἐπὶ πόλιν ἡμέτερον σπένδον δέξῃ Ὀμήρου,  
Σμύρνα, Χίος, Κολοφών, Ἰθάκη, Πύλος, Ἀργεῖ, Ἀθήναι.  
Ἐπὶ πόλιν ἡμέτερον σπένδον δέξῃ Ὀμήρου,  
Σμύρνα, Χίος, Κολοφών, Ἰθάκη, Πύλος, Ἀργεῖ, Ἀθήναι.  
Ἐπὶ πόλιν ἡμέτερον σπένδον δέξῃ Ὀμήρου,  
Σμύρνα, Χίος, Κολοφών, Ἰθάκη, Πύλος, Ἀργεῖ, Ἀθήναι.

ALPHÆI MITYLENÆI.

*Andromache* we yet lamenting hear,  
And *Troy* layd wast, and *Ajax* sweating near  
The fearful City, valiant *Elector* slain,  
And by *Achilles* Steeds drag'd o're the Plain.  
That Muses fame which, *Homer*, thee inspires,  
One Land confines not, the whole World admires.

PHILIPPI.

Stars first shall cease to shine; bright *Phæbus* mask  
In gloomy night; salt waves grow fresh; his Task  
The Plowman plying, low the boisterous Main;  
The dead with those alive converse again,  
E're *Homer's* Muse forgotten be, or Name  
Effac'd from Records of eternal Fame.

INCERTI.

If *Homer* be a God, then worship him:  
If not, Him as a Deity esteem.

ANTIPATRI.

Who hears not *Homer's* fame? what Earth, what Sea,  
Knows not the *Grecian* Wars? *Cimmeria*,  
Which never sees the Sun, of *Ilium* hears,  
And *Atlas* who on spreading shoulders bears  
The fixed Stars in ever-wheeling Spheres.

INCERTI.

Art thou a *Chian*? No. Of *Smyrna*? Nay.  
Cuma or Colophon thy Country, lay?  
Neither. Boasts *Salamis* thy Nativity?  
Not so. Then tell thy selfe. I will not. Why?  
The reft, should I declare where I was born,  
That now contend for me, then me would scorn.

INCERTI.

Thou, *Homer*, flourishing Cities envious made;  
That they like *Troy* were not in ashes layd.

PAULI SILENTIARI.

Under this rocky shroud, which here thou seest,  
Great *Homer* rests, the Muses sacred Priest:  
That such a Worthy, I, an Ille so small,  
Should thus confine, Freind, wonder not at all:  
So on my Sister *Delos* streightned shore,  
Pregnant *Latona* great *Apollo* bore.

Quin-

Therefore as *Ayatus* thought fit to begin from *Jupiter*, so we conceive that we may begin best from *Homer*; for he (as himself saith, that Rivers and Fountains have their beginning from the Ocean) gave pattern and rule to all the parts of Rhetorick; in great things none exceeded him for height, in small for propriety; Luxuriant and close, sweet and solid, admirable both for copiousness and brevity; most eminent not only in Poetry but Oratory: For (not to instance in praises, exhortations, consolations) doth not that one Book in which is contained the Embassy to *Achilles*, or the contest betwixt the two Commanders in the first, or the Sentences spoken in the second, manifest all the Arts of Contentions and Councils? Both kinds of passions, as well the quiet as the violent, there is no man so unlearned but must acknowledge that this Author had at his command: Besides, in the beginning of either Work, hath he not in a few Verses (I say not observed but) ordained the rule of Proems? for he renders his Auditor benevolent, by invoking the Goddesses believed the Patronesses of Poets; attentive, by proposing the greatness of the Subject; and intelligent by a summary easily comprehended. Who can relate more succinctly than he that brings the news of *Patroclus*'s death? Who more expressly then he that recounts the Battell betwixt the *Curetes* and the *Aetolians*? Now as for Similitudes, Amplifications, Examples, Digressions, signs of things, arguments, and the like, proving and disproving, of these there are so many, that even they who have written of these Arts, take most of their testimonies from this Poet. For what Epilogue can equal the prayers of *Priam* petitioning *Achilles*? What? in words, sentences, figures, in the disposition of the whole Work doth he not exceed the bound of humane wit? So that he must be a great man, not who emulates him, which is impossible, but who understands him: But doubtlesse in this, and in all other kinds of Eloquence, he hath left all other persons far behind him; especially the Epicks; for comparison appears clearest were the subjects are alike.

# THE COUNTRIE & TIME OF HOMER,

More particularly examined.

**A**Lthough the precedent Narrative of *HERODOTUS* be the most considerable of that kind extant, yet since the Country and Time of *HOMER* were esteem'd by the Ancients of so great uncertainty (neither did Chronology arrive at any exactness amongst the Greeks till long after the time of *HERODOTUS*) it will be necessary that we make a further scrutiny into both these.

As for his Country, there was not in all antiquity a question esteemed more difficult if not impossible to be determin'd; Many wrote expressly concerning it; amongst whom was *DIDYMUS* the Grammarian; Smet. Appt. 89. but of all those who made this enquiry, *APION* pretended to have taken the surest course, affirming "he had raised spirits to demand of *HOMER* in what Plin. lib. 20. cap. 2. Country, and of what Parents he was born, but "durst not divulge the answer which he return'd him; The same question *ADRIAN* the Emperour propos'd to the *PYTHIAN* Prophetesse, whose answer was contradicted by other Oracles; insomuch that *PAUSANIAS* concludes, "these things indeed we have "collected concerning *HOMER*, partly from Traditions, and partly from Oracles, but we assert not any thing positively, either of his Country or Time. Cicero. de Rom. in Ptole.

Presl: Plier  
Stash: Philogre

The occasion of which variety and uncertainty seems to be this; HOMER (as many observe) either through modesty, or a desire to busie after-ages, forbore to mention his own Country, (at least in his Epick Poems) whence LUCIAN sportively saith, "he knew it not himself; The whole course of his life was in a manner itinerant, from one place to another; after his death he no sooner became eminent but most of those Countries through which he had past, and either by his Verses or Actions had left some memorable Testimonies of his being there, arrogated to themselves his birth, as the greatest honour they could receive, for which they might be renoun'd by all succeeding Ages. This begot a great emulation amongst them; many were the Cities that contended for it; "glorying more to own Him, then "in all that they posselt besides. A contest it was so universall, that some scruple not to affirm all Cities were engaged in the quarrell; and ALPHÆUS closeth an Epigram in his praise thus,

Epik: Prole-  
gen: in illud:

Antolog:

—one Country could not own his Birth;  
But both the Hemispheres of this wide Earth.

To begin with the Eastern Countries (from which the Greeks acknowledge to have received all their learning) some there are who affirm he was a Babylonian, others a Syrian, in proof whereof MELEAGER alleadgeth that "according to the custom of that "Country he maketh the ancient Heroes abstain "from fish, notwithstanding the great plenty thereof "in the Hellespont; for which, PLATO and DION CHRYSOS, some assign a far better reason, that roasted flesh which was their diet is more easily cook'd, and affords

Lucian: in Epik:  
Tegre: Chas:  
Alben deipe:

affords a much more solid nutriment; but indeed the observation it self is deficient; for in the Odysses he relates that the Companions of ULYSSES, their Provision failing, betook themselves to fishing and fowling: Besides of the Syrians onely, those abstained from fish who had a particular devotion to the Goddesse ASTARTE, the rest did not.

Far more were there (as AGELLIUS, CLEMENS and SUIDAS) who supposed him an Ægyptian; ALEXANDER the Paphian, LUCIAN, OLYMPIODORUS, TZETZES, CHALCIDUS and others add more particularly of THEBES. HELIODORUS argues this from his Poem, which (saith he) is mix'd with all pleasure, and as it were Ægyptian delight. "That HOMER was there they prove (saith DIODORUS amongst other Arguments from NEPENTHE the potion given by HELEN to procure forgetfulness, in use onely with the Theban women: and this indeed seems to be the onely ground of the report, for it is much more likely that a Grecian might be skill'd in the Ægyptian Rites (as were afterward many Philosophers and Mathematicians) then that an Ægyptian should be so well skill'd in the Grecian Language, of which at that time there was not the least print in Ægypt.

Upon a like ground some assert him a Trojan of Cenchreæ, for in that Town he lived a while, and informed himself of the Trojan Affaires.

Nor are they more to be credited who report him an Italian, some of Luca, others of Rome, (which at that time had no being.

All these forraign Countries give way to the right which

*Authentic:  
Suid:*

which Greece challeng'd in him; but neither in this is there any greater certainty; for (not to mention MYCENÆ, to which some refer him) there were no less than eleven Cities that made this claim; seven of them are comprised in one verse; which is so variously read, as that it discovers three more; it being uncertain whether the Verse is

*Byler:*

*Cumæ, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ.*

*Asiaticæ in  
Arist:*

*Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Ithace, Pilos, Argos, Athenæ.*

*Argol: 3, 11.*

*Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamin, Ios, Argos, Athenæ.*

Four are of constant reading; SMYRNA, COLOPHON, ARGUS, ATHENÆ; seven varied; CUMÆ, CHIOS, RHODOS, SALAMIS, IOS, ITHACA, PYLUS.

*Anton: vlt:*

CUMÆ leads the way, a maritime City of Æolia, betwixt Myrina and Phocæa. EPHORUS and other Historians report him born here; adding that the word HOMER (signifying a blind man) was peculiar to the Æolians. Some to confirm this, observe that he describes Sacrifices and other Rites, after the Æolian manner; such is that of roasting the inwards of Beasts upon a Spit with five broaches, which in the Æolian phrase he terms *πυμακολα*; that he used many Æolick words is noted also by the Greek Etymologist; but EPHORUS the chief assertor of this opinion being himself a Cumæan, seems to have spread it only to gratifie his own Country.

*Reisch:*

Next to Cumæ as well in Scituation as in the order of the Verse, is Smyrna; one of the most eminent Cities of Ionia. Besides the Testimonies of PINDAR, ARISTIDES, SOLINUS (even of HOMER himself as some conceive, who suppose the Verses lately cited in his life, to be genuine) as also of all those who report him begotten by, or born at Meles, a Ri-

ver

ver which runs close by the wals of Smyrna; the Smyrnæans themselves shewed a Cave, in which they say he made Verses. To confirm this further, they built a square Portico, naming it Homereum; in which there was both the Temple and Statue of HOMER. They likewise stamped a Brasse Coin called Homereum, in honour of him.

For RHODES, PYLUS, and ARGUS, there is not any considerable testimony besides the Verse it self; nor for Athens, more then that of ARISTARCHUS and DIONYSIUS the Thracian: some indeed observe that in the very first Verse of the Iliads he useth the Attick dialect, *παλιδάνα*, and elsewhere *Μειλάνος*, and that he bringeth in AGAMEMNON swearing by *Αἴμα* (MINERVA) which form of oath was no less proper to the Athenians then the word was to their Dialect: But that he never was at Athens, (though some report MEDON received him kindly, & others that the Athenians fined him 50 drachms) is manifest from the precedent account of his life, which affirms he fell sick and dyed in his journey thither.

*Diog. Lart:*

“There are also (saith PLUTARCH) who say he was a Colophonian, alleadging for the greatest argument the Verses under his Statue;

*Homer thou Son of Meles dost adorn*

*All Greece, and Colophon, where thou wert born.*

Of this opinion were ANTIMACHUS and NICANDER; the Colophonians themselves to confirm it “shewed “a place in which they sayd, he taught and studied Poetry, and wrote his (Poem entitled) Margites.

Some report him of Salamis, by which name without any farther addition is alwayes understood the Athenian Salamis, renown'd for the birth of AJAX; “Others, saith Plutarch, doubt not to assert he was born

c\*

at

“at Salamis in Cyprus, another City of the same name, founded by TEUCER; which of these two is meant in the Verse we need not examine, since the testimonies for both are so slight.

Nor is the pretence of Ithaca better grounded, having (besides the mention of the same Verse) no other warrant than the Oracle to the Emperour ADRIAN, which how invalid, we hinted formerly.

But of all the Countreys which contended for HOMER'S birth, Chios (an eminent Island in the Ægean Sea, having a City of the same name) supports her claime with the strongest arguments and most authentick testimonies.

The chiefest of these arguments (alleged by STRABO and others) is, that the family and successors of HOMER, called from him HOMERIDÆ, lived for a long time after, in great repute at Chios; they are mentioned by PINDAR, ACUSILAUS, PLATO, ISOCRATES, and many others; one of these was PARTHENIUS the Chian; of whom SUIDAS.

Add to this, that the great affection of the Chians to HOMER survived his person; for SCINDAPSUS his servant omitting the rites of his Funerall, and neglecting to burn his body, they punished with a Fine of a thousand Drachmes: Whence by the way we may observe that the Estate which HOMER had at Chios was (as Proclus and Dion Chrysostome report it) not inconsiderable (contrary to those who affirm he was little better than a beggar) since his servant was able to bear so great a charge.

There is likewise a little Village near Bolissus (a town mention'd in the precedent narrative of Herodotus)

tus) which preserves an account of the birth of HOMER and the most remarkable passages of his life, by a continued tradition to this day. Leo Allatius (to whose learned discourse upon this subject we owe much) professeth to have been an eye-witness of some old ruines, almost wholly ruined by time, in which place the Inhabitants told him Homer lived.

These Arguments are seconded by the Testimonies of SIMONIDES, PINDAR, THEOCRITUS, EUTHYONE, CONSTANTINUS, THEMISTIUS, CLAUDIAN, PAULUS SILENTIARIUS, and many others, but above all, this of HOMER himself, in his Hymn to APOLLO.

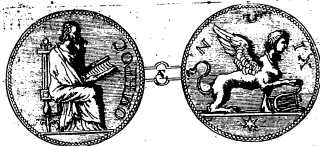
ΑΛΛ' ὅς ἐστι δὴ Κρόνου Ἀπολλὼν Ἄρτεμιδι ξυῖοι,  
Χοῖρε δ' ὕμνῳ πῶτα ἱμῶς δὲ ὃ μετόπισθε  
Μήνοισ' ὅπασσι καὶ πρὸς ἑταίροισιν ἀνθρώπων  
Ἐγγύθ' ἀνίσταται ἕως ἑλαιοπέτρης ἰσχυρῆς,  
Ὡ καὶ γὰρ, πρὸ δ' ὕμνου ἀπὸρ ἱδρὸς ἀνδρῶν  
Ἐγγύθ' ἐπὶ πλάττει, ὃ τῆς στήθεός τε μέλιτος ἔσται  
ἱμῶς δ' αὖ ἐν μάλα πᾶσι σπικέμεθα δὲ ἀπ' ἡμῶν,  
Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οὐκ εἰδὼς Χρὸς ἐν πᾶσι λαοῖσι.  
Τὸ πᾶντα μετόπισθε ἀεὶ σπένδοντι ἀνδράσι,  
Ἡμῶς δ' ἡμέτερον κλέος εἰσπορεύ' ὅσον ἐπ' ὅσας  
Ἀνθρώπων ἐμφορέμεθα πόλεις ἢ ναυαγίστους.  
Οἱ δ' ἄνδρες πείσονται, ὅτε δ' ἐπὶ τρυφῇ ἔσθῃ,  
Αὐτὰρ ἔσθῃ ἔλθοι ἐκὼν Ἄπολλον ἄνακτα,  
Τῶν μὲν ἀργυροκόπων δὲ δόκοιεν ἴσας Ἀπὸν.

Latona, Phœbus, and Diana hail!  
Remember me in what may most avail.  
When any stranger landing on this Coast  
Inquires, who your best Poet is? who most  
Delights your eare, and far the rest excels?  
A blind man say, in rockie Chios dwells,  
That best in your esteem deserves the Bays,  
For sweetest Notes and highest fancied Laies.  
Thus we our Fame shall through the Universe,  
And all the Cities of the World disperse;  
This truth They will believe, attested so:  
Then shall Apollo with the silver Bow,  
Nor bright Latona, his blest Mother, want  
Their praise, which Eternally shall chant.

The word *οἰκίον*, as it is frequently understood by HOMER, not of Habitation onely, but of Country, so is it particularly in this place interpreted by the learned; and though some deny these Hymnes to be HOMERS, yet being attested by Herodotus, Pausanias and Suidas, we have not any reason to doubt them.

Upon good grounds therefore was it, that the Chians stamped the figure of Homer on their Coin, as the Mitelenæans that of Sappho (who was born at Mirelene) and called the Coin it self by his name, a Homer; it was of Brass, on the reverse a Sphinx, the proper Symbol of the Chians; its figure this, No





No lesse difference is there amongst Writers concerning the Time wherein HOMER lived: Their opinions being so various, we shall for the better perspicuity lay them down in order, accommodated to the Julian Period.

DIONYSIUS and DIODORUS place him about the time of the taking of Troy; which according to the Arundelian Stone set forth by M<sup>r</sup> SELDEN, is coincident with the year of the Julian Period ————— 3505

PHILOSTRATUS, before the descent of the Heraclidæ after the taking of Troy 24 years ————— 3529

CRATES the Grammarian, about the returne of the Heraclidæ, after the taking of Troy 80 years ————— 3585

ERATOSTHENES after the taking of Troy 100 years ————— 3605

EUTHYMESES and ARISTOTLE, at the plantation of the Ionian Colonies by NELEUS, which was after the taking of Troy 120 years ————— 3625

Or according to others who reckon the time of that Colony 127 years after the taking of Troy ————— 3632

Or, as ARISTARCHUS, in the time of the Ionian Colony, after the taking of Troy 140 years ————— 3645

The Arundelian Stone (by computation) after the taking

taking of Troy 160 years. CASSIUS somewhat later; in Annal. de Hom. & Hef. ————— 3665

HERODOTUS (in his life) after the taking of Troy 168 years ————— 3673

PHILOCHORUS, after the Ionian Colonie, 180 years, which by the former accounts was after Troy 120 years, or 7 years later ————— 3685

EUTHYMESES and ARCHEMACHUS, in the time of ACASTUS; after the taking of Troy 200 years ————— 3705

The anonymous Authour of his life, 150 years after NELEUS ————— 3775

Euphoriion and Archilochus, after the taking of Troy 200 years ————— 3825

APOLLODORUS, after the Ionian Colony 240 years, at what time DORYSSÆUS was King of LACEDÆMON; the Ionian Colony being 120 or 127 years after the taking of Troy, this falls upon the same year with the former, or 7 years later ————— 3832

SOSIBIUS, in the 8<sup>th</sup> year of CHARILLUS: Charillus reigned 64 years; his Son NICANDER succeeding him, reigned 39. in the 30 year of NICANDER was instituted the first Olympiad, so that by this account HOMER preceded the first Olympiad 90 years ————— 3849

PLINY and PATERCULUS, by the calculation of Salmasius ————— 3865

SOLINUS, 272 years after Troy ————— 3877

ARTEMON in the 9<sup>th</sup> Olympiad, which begun ————— 3905

THEOPOMPUS 500 years after Troy ————— 4005

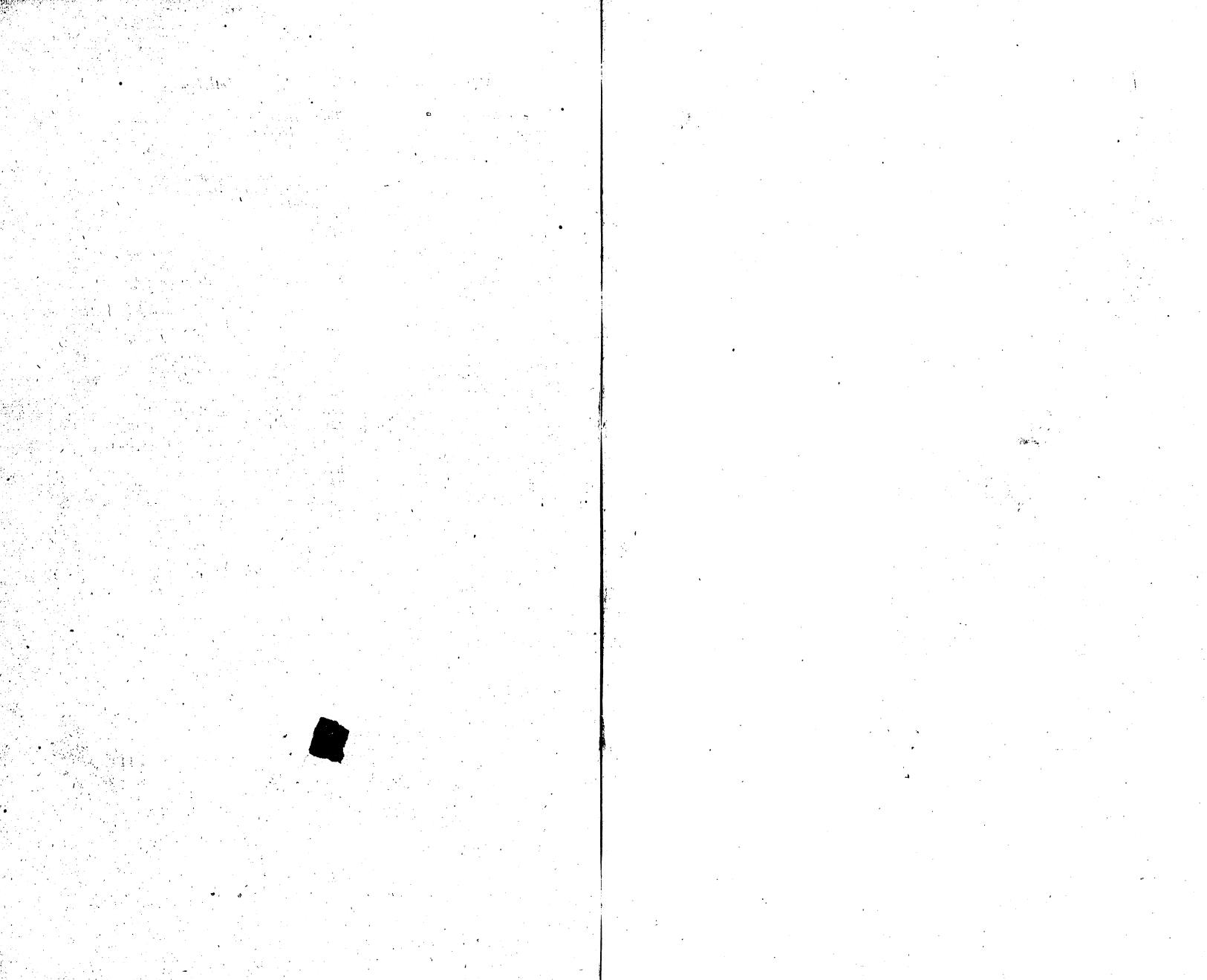
EUPHORIION, in the time of GIGES, who begun his reign in the 18<sup>th</sup> Olympiad ————— 4006

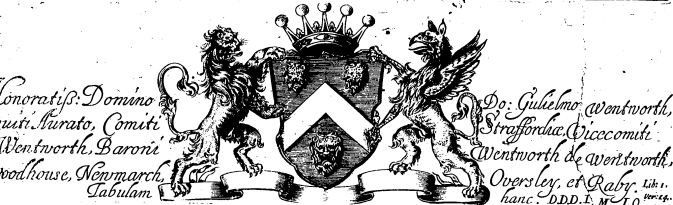
EUPHORIION (cited by EUSEBIUS) and ARCHILOCHUS, in the 23 Olympiad, which began ————— 4026.

Of all these Testimonies there is not any more  
valid then that of the Arundelian'stone, whose irre-  
fragable authority in Chronologie, may serve for a  
sufficient confutation of the rest: We conclude there-  
fore that HOMER lived 160 years after the taking of  
Troy; about the 3665 of the Julian Period.

Upon







# HOMERS ILLIADS

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses/suit/slighted Phœbus did incense;  
 Who strikes the Army with a Pestilence:  
 Calchas the cause declares; Achilles rage  
 And Agamemnons, Nestor strives to assuage.  
 Chryseïs to her Father Chryses sent.  
 Briseïs fetches from sad Achilles Tent:  
 He to his Mother for redress complains:  
 Shee Jove Petitions, and her suite obtains.  
 Juno disturbs the Gods Cœlestiall Court,  
 But merry Vulcan anger turns to sport.



ACHILLES (1) Peleus Son's de-  
 structive Rage  
 Great (2) Goddess! sing, which did  
 the Greeks engage  
 In many woes, and mighty (3) Heroes  
 Ghosts

Sent down (4) untimely to the Stygian Coasts:  
 Devouring Vultures on their Bodies prey'd,  
 And greedy Dogs (so was Joves (5) Will obey'd.)

gion in them, entreated Jupiter that she might be said of (such a burthen; whereupon he rais'd the Theban war, wherein great numbers of them peris'd. After consulting with Momus, he propos'd to him (as a milder way then a generall Conflagration or Deluge) the Marrying of Thetis to Peleus, and the deggering of Helen; whence the Birth of Achilles, and the originall of the Trojan War, which end'd the groaning Earth of a great part of her oppression: This fabulous History is related by the Scholiast.

B Because

(1) This Title or Inscription Scaliger (l. 1. Post.) dislikes, because the destruction of Ilium is not comprehended in this Work, but in his Odyssey, but this exception is too weakly grounded, the scope of this Poem being only to describe the Actions perform'd in the ninth year of the Trojan Siege, in which the Valour of Achilles was most eminent and active; whose Achievements Homer more particularly designs to set forth, as Patterns and Examples for Heroicall imitation. Some (sayes Ausonius) Præcha in Iliad;) ignorant of Poetical Occomony, may happily accule Homer of omitting many memorable Passages of the Trojan War, which he undertakes to write, in regard he begins but at the Quarrell betwixt Achilles and Agamemnon; but he is in this particular vindicated by the ablest of Defenders, Aristotle; nor indeed hath he omitted any thing pertinent to the Story, enriching his Poem with delightful Epizots, that convey the Actions of precedent years down to the present, in which Methodical Ataxy he is followed by Virgil, Hor. in his de Pœt. commends this as a peice of Art, and propounds it as a pattern for imitation. Sic gemitus bellum Troianum ordior ab ovo, Non (scit) ac nota audientem respice. Not he the Trojan War begins, From Leda Egg producing Twins, But near the end, thence hastning on; As if the middle well were known.

(2) Pelæus was Son of Læonur and Father of Achilles, whom he begot on Thetis, the Daughter of Neptune, or as Tzetzes (in Chiliad:) of Chiron.  
 (3) Calliope one of the Muses, President of Poetry.

(4) The Heroes were a middle kind between the Gods and Mortals. Hæd makes them that Race or Generation of men that lived between the Brazen and Iron Ages, and faith, that they died (most of them) in the Theban and Trojan Warrs, and that after their death, Jove translated them into the Form of Winds.

(5) The Ancients suppos'd those that died a violent death, to dye before their time, and that such deaths came not by Fate, wherefore Virgil saies of Dido, that — nec fato, moriâ nec morte peribat, Sed misera ante Diem Troiaior, implies such an unnatural anticipation of Fate.





(A) By this is implied, either the indisposition and malignity of the Aire, when in times of Infection is dark, likely, and foggy, or the secret and clandestine approach of the Deity, or lastly, his formidable aspect, which is well described by the night, styled by the *Greeks*, in regard of the feares it creates, *σνία*, the contrary countenance being denominated *ἡμερῶ*, from *ἡμέτε* the day.

subject, faith the *Scholiast*, to take the Infection; first, in respect of their natural constitution, which is hot and dry: secondly, by reason of their proneness to the earth, and their fubtile heat, a fence in these two exquisites, the Male also, when ledging himself by the Female, and thus taking the Infection, being of a promiscuous extraction, as a different between Creatures of the same kind and of species, is of a more tender constitution, and so less able to withstand any Pethilential imprefion. These Dogs also being *rescitur*, such as were fed from a Trencher, as being kept by the same means, as the other Animals, to state then use and service, were in that regard also, as abounding with humours, more capable of Infection. *Ætius* our of *Rufus* faith, it is *ruff* for an observing *vir* to fore-fee a Pefillence, for if the *Aire* be infected the Birds will die, if the Earth, Cattle and other Beasts will fall, *Diderius* adds, that *quodammodo* the same may be said of the Men, fully inclind, fince this Plague or Murrain first upon Brutes, Dogs and Mules, that so the Greeks being the mortality of these creatures, which being of most frequent use were most usually in view, by their repentance might prevent their own: for which reason the Ancients portrayed a *Hydra*, holding the *Gorgon's* head, as a token of the murrain in his left; to intimate, that he was more ready to pleasure and gratifie mankind, than afflict or prejudice the *Macrob.*

(c) It was the Custom anciently of the *Greeks* to burn the bodies of their dead, and from them derived to the more Northern Nations; for holding fire to be of a purifying quality, they thought by this kind of Purgatory to cleanse the pollutions of the flesh. Believing, concerning the soule to be *ovviva Sepsis*, a worme; and not breath or Spirit with the *Stoicks*; and *μυρία αἰώνων*, a very continuall with *Demiurgus*, that if it had not any greater Advantage, then the contrary Elements, Earth & Water, whence they ashor'd innumeration or interring, so deprecatd they no death, so much as drowning, conceiving the persons so perishing *ὑδαρῶντες*, and the death it selfe, as filth. *Abhiler*, ὑδαρῶντες, that is, *defructive*, believing the soule to be totally this way lost and quite annihilated. An opinion, if not assum'd, seconded at least by that expression of our Poet, *Obss.* 4. where speaking of the untimely end of *Ajax* the younger, who was suffocated in the sea, thus concludes his Narration of it.

whereas of all others he faith, και οτι ουδε ποτε ομοιωσει  
και ουδε ομοιωσει  
 Thus conceived they και οτι ουδε ποτε ομοιωσει  
 the *bane* of the *fool*. Where *Διονυσιος* observes, that all other the deceased *Hercules* being present at the Solemnization of two several *Obis* or *Officiaries* in *Rome*, *Ajax* *Ulysses* his Ghost was only smiling, και οτι ουδε ποτε ομοιωσει  
*Odysseus* or *Ulysses* in *Rome*, *Ajax* *Ulysses* his Ghost was only smiling, και οτι ουδε ποτε ομοιωσει  
 (*4*). *Homer* makes *Achilles* to take notice first of the Infection, and not *Zeus*, *Ulysses* or *Meneleus*, who yet were no less vigilant for the publick good, because he alone was skill'd in *Phyick*, being instructed in that Science by his Tutor *Chiron*, a great Master in that Profession. Of which thus *Claudian* de *Sc. Confut. Honorij*.

[illegible]

*Phæbus* with pitie mov'd his Prayer attends.

And much incens'd from Heaven to Earth descends;  
Speed through th' etheriall Tracts the God did make,

His Bow and Quiver rattling at his Back,  
The fatal Arrows in his Motion were

(<sup>a</sup>) Nights duskie Mantle or'e his Shoulders flung,

Farr from the Fleet he fate, a Shaft lets goe,  
Dreadfull the Twang was of his silver Bow.

First on swift, <sup>(b)</sup> Dogs and Mules his Arrow lightes,  
After on Men he spends his deadly Flights.

(c) On Piles in every Quarter Bodies blaze,  
Thus rag'd a deadly Pestilence nine Dayes;

The tenth, <sup>(d)</sup> *Achilles* did to Councell all  
The prime Commanders of the Army call,

Mov'd by Heavens Queen : white-wristed *Juno* griev'd  
To see the *Grecians* perish un-reliev'd.

Soon as a Court the summon'd Princes made,  
Great-hou'd *Æacides* arising said.

*Atrides!* wearie of our great Designe,  
The Souldiers wifhes homewards now incline;

That with this Country Death they may avoid,  
Here both by War and Pestilence destroy'd.

Come then ! some Priest or Prophet let us move,  
Or Dreams Interpreter <sup>(c)</sup> (Dreams come from *Fove*)

πνῆμα θερμόν, *a πῆμα*, and *hot breath* or *Spirit* with the *Stoicks*; and πνεῦμα ἀνταγώνισμα, *a* d it had not any greater *Antagonist*, then the contrary Elements, *Earth & Water*; whence it is so deprecated that no death so much as drowning, conceiving the perſons for perishing, as *Achilles*, λυγρότατον, that is, *deſtructive*, believing the ſoule to be totally this way loſt and

And so he perisht, in salt water drown'd,  
 ——— and downe to Pluto went.

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδ' αὖτις ἐν Λύχμῳ, according to the Tenet of Heraclitus, that water was  
 that, that all other the deceased Heroes being present at the Solemnization of two severa  
 is Ghost was only missing, οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδ' αὖτις ἐν Λύχμῳ, because it never arrived at Elisium.  
 of the Infection, and not Nestor, Ulysses or Menelaus, who yet were no less vigilant  
 skill'd in Physick, being instructed in that Science, by his Tutor Chiron, a great Ma-

Nor learn't *Achilles* sooner *Chiron's* Arts,  
Song to his Lyre, or throwing deadly Darts,  
Or Physick curing sickly Mortals hearts.

compotent time to make a rational conjecture" concluding the dilect malignant, *theabus* (the Plague being appropriated to that Deity as proceeding *sum' capessu* *summon* a Councell upon the intimation and infigation of *uno, Hey*, that is *air*, the *Aire*, diffemper of that Element. (c) Revelations by dreams or sleep are said to proceed from *sums*, frequent mention is found in the Poets. It may not seem amiss to add what *Stropho*, *L*

Having spoken of what things he taught his Country-men, he adds, *He enjoy'n'd that any man  
lovere good Dreamers.* To

HOMER'S ILLIADS.

To tell whence *Phœbus* anger did arise,  
If from neglected Vows, or Sacrifice ;  
If Lambs or Goats may an Attonement make,  
And he from us this heavy Judgement take.

Then <sup>(f)</sup> Calchas learned Theſſors Son aroſe,  
Who beſt could Fate by <sup>(g)</sup> Augury diſcloſe,  
Things paſt he knew, things preſent, and to come,  
And brought the Grecian Fleet to Ilium,  
By his <sup>(h)</sup> Divining ſkill, great Phœbus Art,  
And thus with caution did his mind impart.

(i) *Jove-lov'd Æacides!* since you inquire,  
So earnestly the cause of *Phœbus* ire;  
I to discover it shall not forbear,  
So you to save Me from all danger (k) swear.  
It will offend Him who the Army sways,  
Whom all the Camp as Generall obeys.

(1) When Kings with meaner Persons are displeas'd,  
Though for the time their Anger seems appeas'd.

[illegible][illegible]

(f) *Calchas* arrived to so great perfection in this mystery of Divination, not through the favor onely and grant of *Phœbus*, nor his owne ingeny solely and Genius, but may seem to have had this Gift by his extraction also, and as it were extrader, as being the Son of *Thestor* a man much admired for his deep skill, and great proficiency in the same Profession; whose Legend see in *Hyginus Fab.* xxi.

(g) There being three kinds of Divination more especially in use and resort amongst the *Grecs*, the first from the inspection of the Entrails of Beasts, flaine called *Scythage*; the second by Dreames and their interpretation; the third from the Observation of the flight of Fowle, and notes of Birds: *Homer* of the three prefers the latter, that of *Augurie*, and of all *Augures* *Circus*, *Cestaphus* adds, that *Achilles* moving to the siege of Troy, to know some Preit, or some other way to confute his interpretation of Dreames to the contrary, that he should not go, to know what it was, that so highly incens'd the Deity. *Homer* makes *Calchas*, the whole family lay another way; in *Augurie*, to asswage the doubt and resolve the question, to take away all colour, and flittle of suspicion of any compact or conspiracy.

(c) *Cathuch* conducted the Grecian Navy to *Troy*, not consulting (as now) the *Marriners Compasse*, or by observing the *size*, *position* and *direction* of the *stars*. *Sturges* or *Constellation*, that is, no *art* or *skill* or *insight* in the *Art* of *Navigation*, but by the *sole* power of *Divination*, and by *mere* *instinct*. Now how he became *wise*, *we come* to *Athens*, *it pleased* them to *send* to *Patroclus* and *Achilles*: *Achilles* *was* the *Eldest*, and *in* *conclusion*, *sacrifice* *was* *enjoined* him. It *chanced*, *for* *this* *purpose* *that* *the* *idea* *of* *superstition* *concerning* *the* *effluvia* *of* *his* *Countenance* *was* *not* *yet* *extinguished*. *He* *ordered* *the* *Greeks* *in* *their* *Expedition* *to* *leave* *the* *place*. *After* *this* *He* *and* *Achilles*, *who* *Achilles* *relating* *what* *had* *been* *said* *of* *him*, *are* *Gods* *peculiar*, *being* *more* *exalted* *than* *Sovereign* *Princes*, *as* *being* *the* *sons* *of* *Zeus*, *Hymn* *in* *Poem*, *com* *from* *Spring*, *the* *King*.

Loves; Saturns off-spring, cheifest care,  
Is still for them who Princes are.

[illegible]







Great *Juno* sent me from th' etherial Skies  
 (You both alike are gracious in her Eyes,)  
 To bid thee sheath thy Sword; no more contend,  
 But as thou mayst thy Cause with words defend.  
 For th' Armies safety he put to his shifts,  
 Shall court thee with invaluable gifts;  
 And for this high Dishonour trebly pay;  
 Therefore Our will without dispute obey:

Then he; Bless'd Mayd! to your advice tis fit  
 That I with all humility submit;  
 And, highly thought displeas'd, just vengeance spare:  
 Who hears the Gods, the Gods will hear their pray'r.

Then on his Silver Hilt his hand he layd,  
 And, sheathing of his dreadfull Sword, obeyd.  
 From thence she mounts to thundring *Joves* aboads,  
 And plac'd her selfe among <sup>(1)</sup>immortal Gods.  
 Yet fierce *Achilles* could not wrath restrain,  
 But thus provok'd *Arrides* once againe.

Thou <sup>(2)</sup> Dog-eyd Drunkard; hearted like a Deer!  
 That never arm'd in Battell durst appeare,  
 Nor with our Cheifs in Ambuscado lye;  
 Then so gaine Honour, thou wouldst rather dye:  
 For in the Army thou hast better shifts,  
 Canst rob the Souldier of the publick Gifts,  
 Dishonouring whoso'e're thy Counsells thwart.  
 Thou the <sup>(3)</sup>devourer of thy People art;  
 And Subjects rul'd by Tyranny debas'd,  
 Elfe had'st thou never any thus disgrac'd.

(3) *Adversus*, so *Homer*, that is, *Demon*, by which the Scholiast understands the Gods themselves, so termed, either as *Adversus*, for their universal knowledge, or else as *Demon*, from their disposing and ordering all humane affairs. *Hesiod* makes these *Dæmons* the Soules or Ghosts of the Heroes deceased, those that lived under *Saturn* in the *Golden Age*, made after by *Jupiter* the *Tartar* Angels, as it were, and Guardians of Men.

Αντίθετος ὁ δὲν πλεονεξίας ἀντιπαραστήσει, ἔχοντες, ὡς ὁμοίως, ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει.

Οἱ δὲ πονηροὶ ἐν τῇ αἰῶνι ὁμοίως ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει, ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει, ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει.

When these by death forsake terrestrial bounds,

Great *Jove* advanc'd them to the state of Gods,

And ever earth hovering Mortalls Guardians made,

Strickly to mark what ere they did or sayd:

Child with thin ayre about the world they rove,

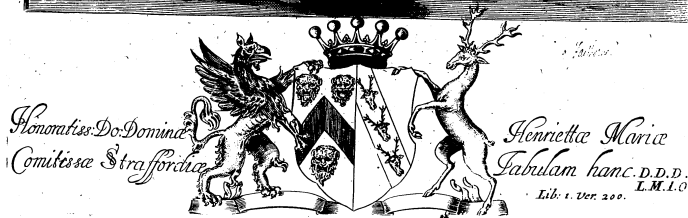
Such Regall pow'r on them did He bestow.

*Tzetzes* makes them 'only spiritual effluences, or such Soules as were prudent and experienced, *Adversus* ὁ δὲ πονηροὶ ἀντιπαραστήσει, ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει, ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει, ὡς ὁμοίως ἀντιπαραστήσει.

(1) Drunkennesse, Impudence, and Cowardice, the greatest Vices and defects in a Souldier and Commander. The *Athenians* Law instituted by *Solon* (which *St. Spondanus* had remembred hee would not have cited that of *Plato*, borrowed from it) punished the *Archon*, or cheif Magistrate taken drunke with death. The most impudent of Creatures is, according to *Oppian*, the Dog, the Dog-Fish especially, the most timorous is the Hare, which vice *Homer* implies by the Eyes of the one, and the Heart of the other, which being great in any, is a signe and symptome of feare and timorousnesse.

(2) He speaks not this of *Agamemnon*, as though hee were any way corrupt, or addicted to Bribery, whence *Hesiod* calls such Kings, *βασιλεὺς ἀντιπαραστήσει*, as fattening themselves with the spoiles of their People, whereas hee files good Princes, *Πατριάρχας*, as studying the enriching of their Subjects, but objects it as the character of a Tyrant.

Now





(g) *Diflys Cyrensis* gives this character of *Achilles*, *Non aberrat ab eo vis quadam inconsulta, & fera morum impatentia*, that he was inconsiderately violent, and of a choleric and intractable disposition.

He









## That

*Few Sons their Sires exceed.*

...and the Vine it selfe the

[illegible]

G

And





(f) *Philo* c. 45. It was the Custom of the ancient *Greeks* to touch the Chin also and Cheek of those to whom they fled; so *Hecuba* to *Ulysses*, in that Tragedy of *Euripides*, which bears her name.

Ἡ δὲ τὴν χεῖρα, ἀνὰ τὴν χεῖρα,  
καὶ τὴν γνάθον ἀνὰ τὴν γνάθον.

This hand you did (and you confess as much)  
And withered Cheek with veneration touch.

That this was in use also with the *Jews*, seems to be implied in that instance of *Amasa*, 2 Sam. 20. Supplicants, faith the Scholiast of *Euripides*, touched the Chin, Hand, and Knee, of those whom they besought; the Chin in allusion to that form of assenting, by bowing the head, or as others, the head being τὸ θυμικόν, the cheste part, τὸ δὲ θυμικόν, as the seat of the rational faculty; the hand, τὸ δὲ χειρὶς, as the instrument of action; and the knee, as of motion and progression; these three being, as it were, *hieroglyphics*, as so many Symbols of, and expedients for the accomplishment of our desires, this being implied thereby, *vis*. That they should implore for us both Hand, and Foot, &c. Others say they applied the hand to the Chin, *ὡς αὐτοὶ τὴν χεῖρα τὴν γνάθον*, the hand, *ὡς αὐτοὶ τὴν χεῖρα*, the knee, *ὡς αὐτοὶ τὴν γνάθον*.

(g) *Thetis* commemorates not her good service to *Jupiter*, as taxing him with ingratitude; but by minding him of the good Office she had done him, implores the like, according to that of *Publius*, *Benevolam se dedisse qui dicit; peti*; He that tells a Man he hath done him a curtesy, is in doing begs another.

(h) As unquiet and inquisitive as *Juno* was, *Jupiter* is unwilling to do any thing purposely which might justly offend her; besides, Great men are here instructed not to be fudden, but deliberate in their Concessions.

(i) As the Fifth *Polypus*, which not only takes the colour, but becomes one body; as it were, with the Rock it sticks too; to *Euclides*.

(k) *Juno* marrying his Gods, allows them also the usual consequences thereof, clamour, differences and discord.

(l) Men are worse than their words for three causes, either by reason *ἀνίας*, *μεγαλίας*, or *ἀνυμίας*, either intentionally out of deceit, or else through levity, or impotency, all which *Juno* removes from himself here in so many words, saying that his promises to *maids* should neither be *ἀνίας*, *μεγαλίας*, nor *ἀνυμίας*, that he would neither call it back, nor should it be fraudulent, or fruitless; by the first he declares *ὅτι θέλει* *ἵνα*, that he is constant; by the second, *ὅτι φιλάει*, a lover of Truth; and by the last, *ἀνυμίας*, able to make good his promise. *Παλαίοντες*, a Metaphor taken from Hares or Foxes, and such Beasts, which being hunted, round the same path, and so by the foyle elude their pursuers.

Stroking supports his Beard-invested <sup>(l)</sup> Chin,  
And thus her supplication did begin:

If thee Great *Jove*, I ever did <sup>(d)</sup> asfist  
In word or deed, ah! grant me my request;  
Some honour on my short-liv'd Son bestow,  
Whom *Agamemnon* hath dishonour'd so,  
Taking his Prize, which all the Princes gave:  
Honour, something of honour, let him have;  
Let *Troy* prevaile, untill the *Greeks* repent,  
And him with many costly Gifts present.

Who clouds the clear, and clears the troubled Sky,  
Sate <sup>(b)</sup> silent long, and made her no reply.

*Thetis*, as if she <sup>(c)</sup> grew unto his knee,  
Clasping held fast, then sayd; Or promise me,  
Since none thou fearst; or else my suit reject;  
Then shall we know how slender's our Respect.

When *Jove* to her with a deep sigh reply'd;  
There's danger in the bunnet, this more wide  
May make the <sup>(k)</sup> breach betwixt my Wife and me;  
So shall I still exasperated be

With her opprobrious tears, who oft hath sayd,  
Though without cause, That I the *Trojans* ayde.  
But now vvithdraw, left it to her be knowne

That you were here, your business shall be done,  
And we'll confirme our promise with a nod,  
(No ampler is our Grant to any God)

For by that large Concession they beleeve  
We'll not <sup>(i)</sup> retract, neglect, nor yet deceive.

This sayd, th' Almighty Thunderer condescends,

(m) And downwards his Majestick forehead bends;

(n) Th' immortall King his curled Tresses shakes,

And steep *Olympus* starrie Mansion quakes.

Thence both depart, the business thus contriv'd,

She from bright Heav'n in briny billows div'd,

And He to his Coelestiall Pallace goes,

When from their Thrones at once the Gods arose

To meet their Sire, not any did neglect

(o) By standing up to shew due their Respect.

Down on his Throne he sate, with whom his Queen

Prying had <sup>(p)</sup> silver-footed *Thetis* <sup>(q)</sup> seen,

And thus upon him falls; Thou who thy part

So sliely play'st with Subtily and Art,

For Proclus never his staff of *Negribill* blows,  
Because his hand's too little for his Nose;  
Nor sneezing *Jove* invoket, nor sneezing *hears*,  
So far his Nose is distant from his Ears.

Ὁς ἀνέλας ἦν γυγὶ Νέγριβίλλου  
Τὸς ἰσθὲς ἦν ὅσον τὸν ὄφρα Νέγριβίλλου  
Ὁὐδὲν ἰσθὲς, Ζεὺς ὁμοῦ, καὶ σπέρμα, ὅσον τὸν ὄφρα  
Τὸς ἰσθὲς, καὶ τὸν ὄφρα Νέγριβίλλου

For Proclus never his staff of *Negribill* blows,  
Because his hand's too little for his Nose;  
Nor sneezing *Jove* invoket, nor sneezing *hears*,  
So far his Nose is distant from his Ears.

Besides, the Head was the Symbol of Safety, whence both Oathes and Adjurations, and also Execrations were made by this part, That the ancients held the Head sacred, appears hence faith *Athenaeus*, *ὡς καὶ ὁ ἀπὸ τῶν ἱερῶν καὶ τῶν ἀσχετῶν ἀποκρίσεις* *ὡς ἱερῶν*, That they swore by this Part, and accounted sneezing which riseth from thence, holy. Of this Oath, thus *Ovid* de *Ponto*.

Per mea tela facer, & per mea tela Sagittas,  
Per Matrem juro, Caesarumque Caput.

By these my Armes, the Fire and Shafts I bear,  
My Mother, and by *Caesar's* Head I swear.

(a) *Enphrasus* painting at *Athens* the twelve Gods, and doubting whose Original he should follow in designing his *Jupiter*, resorting to a Schoole, where he heard by chance the Verbes of *Homer*, sayd, That now he had found a right Original, and so departing, he delineated it accordingly. Others say, That *Phidias*, that famous Statuary, being advised within twelve verbes, fram'd his *Olympick Jupiter*, that exquisite peice, out of Ivory, according to this description, whose magnitude was such, that it almost reach'd the roof of the Temple, whence it was said of *Homer*, *ὅσον δὲ τὸν οὐρανὸν ἀνέσταν ὁ Ζεὺς ἰσθὲς*, That He either only knew the true Portraiture of the Gods, or had alone published them.

(c) And especial mark of reverence and respect both to Gods and Men, inasmuch that the word *Assurgere* with the Latines, to rise up, imports Honour to Honour, as appears by this of *Juvenal*

Crudebant hoc grande infans, & morte piandum  
Si juvenis Vultu non assurgeret

Rome this a crime deserving death did hold,  
If young men rose not up unto the Old.

Thus the *Lacedaemonians* making a Law for young men to honour their Elders, exprest it in no other Language, then *ἵνα τὸν αἰσῶν* *ὡς ἀνέστησαν*, that they should Rise up to them. An Honour which, as *Herodotus* observes in his second *Male*, was exhibited only by them and the *Aegyptians*, or (which is more probable) began. Thus *Quintilian* or *Tacitus* in his de *Orator*, speaking of *Firgil* sayes, that the people of *Rome* hearing some of his Verbes recited in the *Theaters*, rose up with as great veneration as if he were their Father, he being then casually present, as if the *Empyus* himself had been there, as in person.

(p) *Thetis* feet are said to be of silver, for that the Skirts of the Sea, contiguous with the shore, seeme more diaphanous and transparent, appearing brighter then the water further in, whence calling the Sea next the shore, *αἰσῶν*, *Bey*, he calls the surface more remote *μακρὰ* and *σῶμα*: Others by *ἀργυρεῖα*, understand some white Fringe or Border at the bottom of her Garment.

(q) Here *Homer* implies, that as many out of their passionate dilettenses look for that they are unwilling to finde, so many again are inquisitive after what they know already, for *Juno* being not ignorant what communication call betwixt *Jupiter* and *Thetis*, is yet importunate to know both who it was had consulted him, and about what, which free did not for her satisfaction at all, or information, but as seeking an occasion for venting her choler. By this our Poet notes also the prying & impertinent curiosity of Women into their Husbands affairs and counsels, the Sphere of which activity, should be confined within Occasional limits, they being not to be admitted to the debate and refusal of private; much less public affairs (unless in *Plato's* *Utopian* Common wealth, (who allows of *Gynarchie*, and the *Lillies* to descend to the *Duck*) as being *Plena rimorum*, full of chinks; and *fracta*, according to the Verbes of *Antiphanes*.

Ἀνδρῶν ὡς τὸν τὸν ἀνδρῶν  
Ἐστὶν τὸ ἀνδρῶν; ὅτι τὸν ἀνδρῶν  
Ἐστὶν τὸν ἀνδρῶν ὅτι τὸν ἀνδρῶν

Tell thou thy Wife a secret? tis no more,  
Then Noverint Universi cry'd before  
At high Exchange, the *Markes*, or thy Door

Who

This









Illustrissimo Domino Do-  
Ormond Comiti de Ormond,  
Baroni de Brecklowe, Proregi  
Regi à secretariis suis, et  
Tabulam hanc.

Jacobo Marchioni de  
et Osborn, Vicecomiti Thuro-  
totius Regni Inferniæ:  
Illustrissimæ Ordinis scio.

L. M. D. D. D. I. O. Lib. 2. Vol. 12



# HOMERS ILIADS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Jove Agamemnon with a Dream deludes:  
A Council summon'd, Nestor there concludes  
Ilium that day to Storme: The King to try  
His Souldiers Mindes, adviseth them to flye.  
Factions Therfites Sovereign Power disputes.  
Ulysses with a Truncheon him confutes,  
And th' Army to engage the foe persuades.  
Hector drawes forth the Trojans and their Aydes;  
In a pitch'd feild both Greeks and Trojans meet:  
Lifts of both Armies, and the Grecian Fleet.

**W**HILST Gods and <sup>(a)</sup> Crested He-  
roes soundly slept,  
Distracting Cares' great <sup>(b)</sup> Jove from  
slumber kept,  
How he upon the slaughter'd Greeks  
might raise,  
To stern Achilles everlasting Praise.  
On this at last, as best he did conclude,  
A Fatall Dream Atrides should delude.

<sup>a</sup> That he was not mastered by sleep, but subjected it to his affair, and made it serve his occasion.  
scind to advise and counsel, as the night, whence the Poets stile it, *kyklos*, the Sage or wise night, which gave occasion to that com-  
mon Greek Adage, *Es vovos blea*, That the Night was fittest for counsel. Plato in his 7 De legibus saith, that Magistrates who watch o-  
ver their people sleeping, become more formidable to their foes, and more admired and revered of all just and sober persons. A  
quality commendable in times of peace, but in war, which admits not a *Non putaram*, the least *Why* not, or oversight, principally re-  
quisite and necessary, according to that of *Silius Italicus*, copied from this of Homer.

*Turpe Duci totam somno consumere Noctem,  
O Rector Lybia, vigiliis stans bella Magistro.*

K

Whole Nights, O Captain, Leaders should not spare  
For sleep in war, when they in Champagne are.  
Whom

<sup>(a)</sup> By *improvement*, or *crested Heroes*,  
hee understands the Chivalry, such as  
fought from Chariots, *quique in arvis*, ser-  
ving on horseback, being, as *Pellux* ob-  
serves, of a much later date. They were  
so called from encouraging and forcing  
on their steeds in the charge, or else from  
horses manes, which being worn on their  
Helmets, supplied the use of plumes: A  
fashion at this day with the Kings of  
*Congus* in India, and not permitted to a-  
ny besides, so *Maffius. Hist. Ind. lib. 1.*

<sup>(b)</sup> Not that he slept not at all, this be-  
ing affirmed in the preceding *Rapide*,  
but that his sleeps being broken and dis-  
turb'd, he slept not soundly; at least not  
as did others, *navis*, all the night; or  
happily, *Homer* himself took here a nap,  
according to that of *Hor.* in his *de Aris.*

*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*  
Sometimes good *Homer* sleeps,  
which may well be indulg'd him, in so  
solemn especially, and prolix a worke.  
This *Enstathius* saives, by distinguishing  
between *idus* and *caridus*, the last impor-  
ting *conatus* *idus* *vel* *degrevis* *vel* *adid-*  
*cus*, such a profound sleep as renders the  
senses altogether idle and useless, whence  
he calls it *idus*, a word deduced from  
*idus*, the belly, the deepest part of the  
whole body. *Homer* makes *Jupiter* not  
to sleep, as a pattern and president to  
such as are invested with the supreme  
Authority, whom it concerns, and from  
whom it is expected, that they be more  
then ordinarily vigilant. Hence it was  
*Apollonius Tyanensis* his saying of *Vespa-*  
*sian*, who made business of publick con-  
cern his every days earliest employment,  
*Avos agere, Aman shall reign*: And *Xe-*  
*nophon* gives this character of *Agaglaus*  
in his *Panegyric* of him, *ὁ δὲ ἄνθρωπος*  
*ἡμέρας καὶ νυκτὸς ὡς ἑὶς ἄνθρωπος*  
Being, no time is more, or so much a







(c) By these Islands some understand the nine Cities subject to *Argos*.

(d) This, *Scaliger* after his derogating and scoffing way, styles *Tabernaculum Oratorum*, a fortified Oration, as befecoming an Host rather than a Commander in chiefe, and fuiting neither the subject *Homer* was on, nor the majesty of the Speaker. *Belium sane orationis doctum vel militarem vel etiam Imperatorum, magno Atroide dignum!* A goodly Speech doubtlesse, saith he, fuiting a Souldier, befecoming a General, and worthy great *Atrides*. But *Euphorbus* tells us, That in this he either secretly glanced at *Ganymede*, who being a Trojan, the Son of *Priam*, was taken up by *Jupiter* to be his Skinker, or clofly taxeth the Trojans for ryot and excessse: So that *Scaliger* might have well spared that his scoff. So *Euphorbus*, an Author, whom who so reads, shall find the fame to *Scaliger*s causelesse Criticisms, that *Phocion* was to *Demosthenes* his Orations, *ὁ πρὸς ἄλλους λόγος μέγας*, their Hatchet or Cleaver.

(e) Greek, *Striking a League*, *ταύριον*, because no Capitulations were anciently made without a Sacrifice. *Euphorbus*, Hence that Roman expression *scire, ferire, and percutere fadu*, who slue still an Hog with a Flint, a Ceremony used ever by them when they entred into league with any Nation; So *Virgil*.

*Et cæsa jugubant fœdera porci.*  
And to confirm the League a Sow they (kill).

(f) The number of Guests at the Feasts of the Ancients exceeded not ten, and the *Pythagorean* *convivia*, or Collations admitted no more.

(g) By this account, the Grecians exceeding 500000, the Trojans were not above 50000.

(h) They shook their Spears before they cast them, either to try whether they were found, or that so they might level them with better ayne, dart them further, and with the greater force. *Schol. & Camer.*

(i) By *œvula* some understand, *œmementa navium*, the Tackling of the Ship, both the Cordage and Sailer; others the frames of their Vessells which were called, *raui* *scissiti*, with things that were loose, as Hempe or Okum. The *Spartum Hibernicum* is much commended for this use of the Ancients, but was not knowne in the age of our Poet.

With much of Greece and many <sup>(a)</sup> Isles command.  
Thus spake the King, this Scepter in his hand.  
Bold *Greeks!* deriv'd from mighty *Mars* his loyns,  
I am confounded with *Joves* crosse Designes,  
Who promis'd that I wealthy *Troy* should sack,  
And laden faile with Spoysl tryumphing back;  
Now he to our dishonour gives command  
We streight returne unto our native Land,  
After so many losses, but his Will  
We must with all humility fulfill;  
For he, the greatest of immortall Powers,  
Hath many Cities crownd with lofty Towers  
Leveld in dust, and more will level lay.  
But what of this will after-Ages say,  
When they shall our unhappy Story know,  
How 'gainst an inconsiderable Foe,  
We with such numerous Forces, bold and strong,  
Without successe maintainted a VVarr so long?  
I see no hope of carrying our Designe,

(a) For should in peace the *Greeks* and *Trojans* <sup>(b)</sup> joyne,  
And *Priam* his Auxiliars lay aside,  
Though we the *Greeks* by <sup>(c)</sup> Decads then divide,  
And <sup>(d)</sup> to each ten a Trojan Skinker grant  
To fill their Wine, yet many Tens would want;  
So much we over-power the strength of *Troy*:  
But their Auxiliars us far more annoy,  
Those mighty Nations which strong Javelins <sup>(e)</sup> shake,  
Guarding the happy Bulwarks vve vvould take.  
Now by *Joves* pleasure nine long years are spent,  
Our Ships lye rotting, Sailes and <sup>(f)</sup> Tackle rent:  
At home our Wives and Children us expect,  
VVhilst we our businesse bring to no effect,  
For vvhich vve ventur'd through the briney Sea:  
But follow my advice, and *Jove* obey;

And

And flye to our long with'd for Countrey back,  
For we shall never lofty *Ilium* sack.

This strangely mov'd the gather'd Peoples minde,  
Not knowing what the Princes had design'd;  
Like rageing Billowes of <sup>(g)</sup> *Icarian* Floods,  
By <sup>(h)</sup> south winds raifd, broke from imprifoning clouds;  
Or <sup>(i)</sup> a black Tempest hurried through the Plain,  
Charging rich champaigns crown'd with golden grain:  
So swift and loud they hasten to the Fleet,  
Dust dims the Sky, dispers'd with beating Feet:  
To forwardnesse each other his Consort  
Encourag'd so, that Labour seem'd but Sport;  
They make all *Cleare*, and *Yare* to launch and fail,  
Whilst joyfull shoutes Heaven's Starry Arches scale,  
And their Return in spight of Fate had made,  
But that great *Juno* thus to *Pallas* said.

Ah! thou unconquer'd Daughter of great *Jove*,  
Shall thus the *Greeks* their tedious Seige remove,  
Through Billowes flying to their Native Coast:  
And shall old *Priam* and his *Trojans* boast  
Their sad Defeat, and *Helen* still enjoy,  
Whom to recover, at the Walls of *Troy*,  
So many Lives were Sacrifices made:  
Go, and the giddy Multitude perswade  
With winning Language; by no means permit  
That they should launch their lofty Navy yet.

She willing to perform Heaven's Queen's desires,  
Through duskie Clouds glides from Celestiall Spires,  
And neer his Ship *Ulysses* standing found,  
(A Prince for Wisdome like great *Jove* renown'd)  
Not cleansing Decks, preparing to depart,  
For griping Sorrow had possess'd his Heart;  
To whom the bright-eyd Virgin thus begun,  
Prudent *Ulysses*, bold *Laertes* Son!

Thus

(g) So called from *Icarus* the Son of *Daedalus*, who in his escape from *Crete* soaring too high melted his waxen wings, and was here suffocated.

(h) *Zephyrus*, so called for that replenishing the eares of corn. *Ἰὼ Ζεφύρου*, it brings life with it. He is said also to be the Husband of *Flora*, the Goddess of Flowers. Some make it a Northern wind, which is named *Βαρὺς ἀπὸ τῶν ἄνθεων*, ὁ δὲ Ζεφύρος, ὁ δὲ Ζεφύρος, that is food; others *δωμάς*, a Western, *ὁ δὲ Ζεφύρος*, *ἴσχυς*, so *Enlath*.

(i) The word here is *ἄνεμος*, which imports *stormy* *air*, such a greece as renders them it posselteth speechlesse.

(h) The word here *moines* denotes *αἰσχυρὸς ὄψις*, a hasty and disorderly flight. *English*.

Thus will you <sup>(h)</sup> flye unto your native Coast,  
And shall King Priam and the Trojans boast  
Their sad Defeat, and Helen still enjoy,  
Whom to recover at the Walls of Troy:  
So many lives were Sacrifices made?  
Go, and the giddy Multitude perfwade  
With pleasing Language; by no means permit,  
That they should launch their lofty Navy yet.

The Virgin's Heavenly Voice *Ulysses* knew,  
And straight obeying, off his Mantle threw,  
Which up his Herald <sup>(m)</sup> *Eurybates* took,  
Who still attending ne're his Charge forfook.  
He first with troubled *Agamemnon* met,  
And did from him his Father's Scepter get;  
Then visited the Camp, where when he found  
Any that for their prowess were renown'd,  
Him mildly he in gentle tearms did blame;

What can be, Friend, to thee a greater shame,  
Then in confusion thus to run away?  
First stay thy selfe, and then make others stay.  
Not well the Kings Intentions do'st thou sift,  
Who tries thee, when to punish is his drift:  
All did not hear what he in Councill said,  
A Princes Wrath is oft with bloud allaid.

Those <sup>(n)</sup> who by *Jove's* Commisison Scepters sway,  
Subjects must fear, must honour, and obey.  
But when some private Souldier he did note,  
Who like a bellowing Bull fet up his Throat,  
Athwart his shoulders he his Truncheon felt,  
And thus with him in rougher Language dealt.

Stay Wretch, and hear those who thy betters are,  
Thou stand'st but as a Cypher in this War,  
Hadst ne're esteem for Valour, Strength, or Wit,  
The *Grecians* must not all be Princes yet:

Many

Many Commanders never Good did bring,  
Let one be Lord, in *Jove's* Name, one be <sup>(o)</sup> King,  
To whom unbounded Power he doth afford  
Lawes to enact, and punish with the Sword.

Thus with fresh Hopes their fainting Bosomes burn.  
Back to the Councell thronging they returne,  
With clamorous Noise, As when the Ocean roars,  
And thundering Billowes beat re-echoing Shores.  
Whilst all the rest in Order silent fate,  
Lavish <sup>(p)</sup> *Thersites* stir'd up fresh Debate,  
And fondly <sup>(q)</sup> vented incoherent things  
'Gainst Sovereigne Power, and Majesty of Kings.  
What he suppos'd he well and wisely spoke,  
For Drollery the graver Persons took;  
The most <sup>(r)</sup> deformed peice of all who came <sup>(s)</sup> lame,  
To <sup>(t)</sup> th' *Ilian* Seige, <sup>(u)</sup> squint-ey'd, <sup>(v)</sup> crook-back'd and  
His Breast bunch'd out, <sup>(w)</sup> round was his Head, a <sup>(x)</sup> thin  
And callow Downe veiled his meager Chin:  
He did <sup>(y)</sup> *Ulysses*, and *Achilles* hate,  
And oft their Actions did calumniate.

monly inhabited by as distorted souls, the soule not conforming to the temperament only and constitution of the body, but, in some sort, to its very lineaments also, colour and features. Hence that of *Marshall* concerning *Zoilus*, a crooked and distorted peice.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumen luscum,  
Rem magnam prestas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

Squint-ey'd, splay-footed, tallow-fac'd, red haire,  
If *Zoilus* thou be good, tis wonderous rare.

(o) *Homer* hath it, *ὁ μὲν ἄλλος, ὑπὲρ Τροίης*, to note its situation, it being seated upon an advantage or rising ground, hence sayd to be *immaculate*, *superbius*, and in the Tragedy flyed *αἰσχύνη*, a watch-tower, both from its height.

(p) *Thersites* denotes such a deformity as attracts the eyes of Spectators, provoking them to mirth, or else to commiseration: Such as these were anciently called *ἀσχηδόνες*, as though this distortion of their fight had been occasioned by some evil *Genius* or spirit; thus *Pausanias* adds, that those of *Socrates* his Sect were so called as introducing the Doctrine of *Demons*.

(q) That is, *βελτίονος*, such an one as draws up his shoulders to his head: Such as these *Argivae* observe to be of a perfidious and profligate nature.

(r) To improve the merriment, *Homer* makes his *Thersites* *καλὸν ποῖνον*, lame but of one foot only, like *Vulcan*, to be lame of both a Cripple, being like to my an Ornaments to the head, being thence denominated *αἰσχύνη*, *κατὰ τὴν κακίαν*, thus covering withall his mirth, *μὴδὲν γὰρ γὰρ γὰρ κατὰ τὴν αἰσχύνην*. Besides, this deformity being before, it is in his eye full, not hath it.

(s) *Θέζε* is such an one as hath *Caput turbinatum*, whose head is round and sharpe in forme of a Cone or Sugar-loaf. Those whose heads are in this way round, are observed by *Physiognomists* to be ever of an unquiet and restless disposition, inclin'd to innovate, rebels, and raisers of Sedition. *Pollux* saith, that a people of *Africk* had all such heads, *ὅτι ἡμετέρας τῶν πρὸς τὴν ἄστυν*, like those shell-fish which the Greeks call *γάδρ*. *Enst*. *Pericles* suffer'd from his Adversaries for having his head of such a block. For the features of his Face *Euphorbus* sayth he was *πρόσωπον ὄψις*, that he resembled an Ape.

(t) The baite being not an Ornament to the head, being thence denominated *αἰσχύνη*, *κατὰ τὴν κακίαν*, thus covering withall his more art as deformed, that so his ugliness might be the more obvious to the eye, the more conspicuous. But never shew'd *Zenois* more art in limning his old woman, which was so exquisitely done and to the life, that farveying it finished, he decaied laughing, then hath *Homer* here in describing his *Thersites*, our Poets Pen being no whit inferior to that Painters Penill: Such indeed was the perfection of this peice in the Opinion of great *Alexander*, that he professed he had much rather be *Homer's* *Thersites*, then *Cleobulus* (a Poet *Alcmon*) his *Achilles*.

(u) He deciphers his bale and unsufferable Nature by this, that *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, persons of honour and eminence, hated none more, *ὁ μὲν γὰρ τὴν ἀρετὴν ἐχθρὸν, ὁ δὲ κακὸν*—he that is distast'd by the best, being in himselfe most detestible.

L

Then

(o) There being three kinds of regular Government, Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy, the degenerations of these are Tyranny, Oligarchy, and Ochlogarchy.

(p) *Thersites* was allyed to *Diomed*. Being of a turbulent disposition, it was not held convenient to leave him at home: His deformity was not natural, but acquiste and accidental, he being thrown by *Achilles*, at his hunting the *Calydonian* Boar, from off a rock or precipice, for withdrawing himselfe in the pursuit and chase, out of cowardice: Hee was after buffeted to death by *Achilles*, for taxing him with effeminacy, when having slain *Penthesilea* the Queene of the *Amazons*, and viewing her beautifull corps, he commiserated her condition and wept over her, *Enst*.

(q) His discourse was both profuse and confused, as without end, so artlesse and immethodicall, he wanting, as *Ennadius* styles it, *Trutinam eloquentie*, The balance of speech, so that according to *Epicharmus* his character cited by *Gellius*, l. 1. c. 15. *ὁ ἄλλος θύει, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχει ἀκρίβειαν*, he neither knew well how to speake, nor yet to be silent. *Hesiod*, the fagell (to *Gellius*) of Poets, saith, That Speech is a treasure and accordingly to be used: that is, kept in and concealed, not divulged or made common.

*Ἰδούμεν τὴν ἀσχηδίαν ἐν ἀσχηδόνεσσιν ἀσχηδόνεσσιν, ὅθεν δὲ γὰρ καὶ τὸ ὄνομα ἔστιν.*  
The tongue in mans chiefe orature, not abut's.

And ornament, if with discretion us'd.

(r) It is no idle caveat, That we beware of those *quos natura notavit*, upon whom Nature hath fet her Signatures; mishapen bodies being commiserated.











Which with cleft wood he burns, then pours out wine,  
Next Spits they brought which five in one conjoyn,  
The Thighes consum'd, they on the Inwards feast,  
And what remain'd in peeces cut and drest,  
Of which well roasted, taken up, and layd  
In Dishes, he a hasty Banquet made;  
All of the frugall Treatment had a share.  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
Then Nestor thus to Agamemnon sayd,

No longer must our Businels be delayd,  
What Jove hath hinted, what God puts us on,  
Must both with Speed and Cheerfullness be done.  
Straight bid your Heraulds summon to the Strands,  
And muster there the well arm'd Grecian Bands;  
Then let us view the Squadrons, raising fo  
Their Animofities against the Foe.

This Counsell Agamemnon pleas'd, who all  
His shrill-voic'd Heraulds order'd straight to call  
The Greeks together; they Obedience yeild,  
And cover, gathering from all parts, the Feild.

The Jove-lov'd Kings about Atreides went,  
Each leading his distinguisht Regiment,  
Amongst them Pallas weilding that so large,  
And ever fresh, and ne're decaying Targe,  
Grac'd with a hundred Fringes all of Gold,  
Each for a hundred Oxen might be sold.

Thus thee encourag'd them to take the Feild,  
Perfwading the would all Assistance yeild:  
Then with such Force and Fury them inspir'd  
They could not be with Martiall Labours tyrd,  
Now cruell Wars to them more gratefull are,  
Then to their Native Country to repaire:  
As when a spacious Forrest shines in Fire,  
Which long hath crown'd a Mountaines lofty Spire,

Far

(f) It is an old Military Maxime, *τὸ ἄριστον ἐκδοῦναι τὸν καιρὸν*, no loffe being fo costly and irreparable, as to loofe an opportunity; whence Alexander being asked how hee achiev'd fo great things in fo fhort a time, answered, *οὐδὲν ἀνακαταλείπειν*, by not delaying.

(g) That is, worth an hundred Oxen or more, a certain or definite number being used for an indefinite and uncertain, and Oxen put for all four footed Cattell, all commerce anciently and traffick being only by commutation and exchange, especially by beasts, amongst which the Ox was the highest prized, and held also sacred. From whence the first golden Coyne being impressed with his Effigies on the one side, and the Prince on the other, (the invention of Theseus) the peices themselves by the Athenians were called Oxen, whence came that Proverb, *ὄξος ἀνὰ γλῶττιν ἔχει*, that he hath an Ox upon his tongue, applied to one that is brib'd to be silent. Lastly, The wealth of the ancients confiding in cattell, Oxen especially, as being of greatest value, Homer calls fair women *ἀποσπένδια*, as *spending many Oxen*, that is, getting the richest Husbands.

Far off the Burnings cast a dreadfull Light,  
And all the Horizontick Hills are bright;  
So shone their glittering Armour in their March,  
Scaling with darted Beams Heavens gloomy Arch.

(b) Thicker then geefe or (c) swans, or long-neck'd (d) cranes  
Neer Cystrian Fountains, or rich Asian (e) Plaines:  
Who sporting towre on large expanded Wings,  
Whilst with (m) loud Cackling all the Meadow rings:  
So from their Tents and Ships, the numerous Bands  
Came (n) powring down on sweet (o) Scamandrian Strands;  
Earth loaden groanes with Boides drawn in Ranks,  
Which cover all the Rivers florid Banks;  
Thick as the Spring produceth Leaves or Flowers,  
Or Flyes, who (p) busie muster all their Powers,  
Preparing in some Cottage to assaile,  
Arm'd with warm Weather, the warm milking Paile.  
So many Greekes drew out, and ready stood,  
Hoping to dye the Trojan Streets with Blood:  
As Goat-Herds their own (q) scattering Charges know,  
Though through vast plains their herds commixed go.

(m) *Gr. αἰετίζοντες*: Birds that flye in company, those of quicker wing, stay usually for such of their Retinue as cannot make that wing and speed, calling on them to make haste, and encouraging them by their cries. *Did.*

(n) A Metaphor taken from water, by which he implies their activity and agility of body, called hence by the Greeks *εὐπύμναι*.  
(o) Scamandria was a River neer Troy, between which and Simois was this feild where both Armies were drawn up. It ariseth out of the Mountain Ida.

(p) *Gr. ἰνέουσαι*. He useth this word of Flyes, that they *flay or wander*, because they seldom flye in a direct line.  
(q) He calls the Herds of Goats *μαρτὰ ἀμμία*, broad Herds, *ἰνέουσαι* at *ὄρεσι* *κατασπένδια* *ὕμνους*, because they feed at a greater distance one from another then sheep, which from their feeding clofe he titles *ἀμμία* & *μαρτὰ*.

(r) It was none of the least of the heathenish superstitions to appropriate all parts of humane bodies to their peculiar Deities, they conceiving them to have contributed and club'd each his part to the composition of man, which parts ever since have been sacred to them, and as it were, their peculiars. Thus dedicated they the Head to Jupiter, the Breast to Neptune, the Girdle or Waist to Mars, the Browes to Juno, the face filled Lucina, from the light there issued, the Eyes themselves to Ceres, Love ever residing there, and standing as it were Sentinell, the tip of the Ear to Minerva, the hollow behind the right Ear to Neptune, they applying the annular finger first to their mouths, and thence removing it to this place, as a preservative and amulet against suffering for what they spoke; the right Hand to Faith and Fidelity, the back and parts adjacent to Pluto, the Reines and Thighes to Venus, the Knees were consecrated to Mercurie, the ankles and soles of the feet to Thetis, and the fingers consecrated to Minerva, as of which thus a Greek Epigrammatist.

"Ὅπου δ' ὕμνησ' ἔστιν, Μαρτυροῦναι ἔστιν Ἀδύνατον,  
Τὴν μὲν ὁρὴν ἱερὰν, τὰ σπένδια δὲ θεῶν ἔστιν

Juno's thy Eyes, thy Breast as Venus sweet,  
Pallas thy hands, Thetis thy silver feet.

He resembles Agamemnon for his head and eyes to Jupiter, *ἀπὸ δὲ τῆς ὑπερῶς καὶ ἰσχυρῆς καὶ ἀκαταμάχτης, τοῦ νεύματος ἡ ἀρχή*, to Neptune for his broad breast, *quod patens*, this noting Honour and Veneration, as also no contemptible strength. Neptune is sayd to be *ὑπερῶς*, broad chested, *ὅθεν ἰμμενσιπτερον ἀναρῶν*, for the immense latitude of the Ocean. The Girdle, as it was the costliest ornament about women, in which they most prized themselves, and wherein they expressed their utmost skill and art, and thence is commonly put *Pro ista mundi Mulieribus*, for all their attire, whence the Kings of Egypt and Persia are sayd to have affixed their Crowns the whole Calottes and Revenue of *Amythe*, a Town neer Alexandria, *ὅπου ὄρεα*, to find them Girdles, *Athen*. So with soldiers, no part of their Armes being of more especial note, it is used for the whole, and by the taking off this alone they were dismissed the Militia, and calthe'd. *Εὐμαρ* comprehends this passage, *De fort. Alexandri lib. 2.*

This Note (r) refers to the words *Like Mars*, i. e. of the ensuing Page.

M 2 The

The Officers their Men with ease dispose,  
To take the best Advantage of their Foes :  
*Atrides* did their Diligence approve,  
In his Majestick Look resembling *Jove*,  
When he his dreadfull Lightning doth discharge ;

So shewes a <sup>(v)</sup> Bull amongst the bellowing Heard,  
For Valour, Strength, and Excellence prefer'd;  
As he amongst th' Illustrious Heroes shew'd,  
Such Honour <sup>(v)</sup> gave that day on him bestow'd.

Say <sup>(\*)</sup> Muses, who in Heavenly Mansions dwell,

Since you are Goddeffes, and best can tell,

(We only hear Reports from flying Fame)

What Princes to the *Trojan* Leagure came?

(\*) I cannot reckon up the numerous Throngs

Had I a hundred Mouthes, as many Tongues,

A brazen Throat, and Lungs of sordid Steel,

Unless *Jove's* Seed, the Heavenly Muses, will

A gift me to recount what Ships did come,

Absist me to recount what Ships did  
And who conducted them to *Ilium*.

[illegible]

*Nec mos bellantum una stabulare, sed alter  
Victus abit.*

No more these Warriours pasture in one ground,  
The vanquished departs.

(*t*) *Novum & mirabile Deo ascribit, asperitatem rei potentiâ Numinis emolient;* what exceeded the ordinary; *Jupiter*, mollifying the harshness or improbability of the thing, with the Potency of the Deity. So *Minerva* makes *Ulysses* in the *Odysses* to appear, *Membris grandioribus*, in bulk and stature larger than natural.

(a) *Homer*, who being to describe the passion of a single person, *Achilles*, invokes a single Mufe only, the Queen of that *Quire*, *Calliope*, being about to recount the prime Commanders in that Host, calls to his affluence the whole Company. Besides, he delivers his Catalogue of them as *Ex traduce* from the Muses, to prevent all Exceptions, and decline the *Oidium* might be layd upon him, as not giving any of them (as some might conceive) their due character and commendation.

(3) *Enthiasius* observes, that though *Homer* proleptically not to enumerate or give any perfect Catalogue of the Commanders of the Grecian Camp, yet he doth it tacitly, and hints it upon the bye, for shall we follow *Twyndies* his rule and direction, that is, taking the middle proportion of Soldiers transported in the greatest and smallest Bortomes, which is eighty five (the Ships of the first rate and Warthen, those of the *Bastions* carrying 120 and those that were poorest man'd, no fewer then fifty, as those according to *Philelotti*) multiply it according to the number of Veffells in the Grecian Fleet, which exceed'd a thousand, according to this Calculation, we shall finde the Greek Army to consist of about ten Myriads of men.

(7) What was strong, the Latines call *Ferrium*, of *Iron*, the Greeks *σίδηρος*, of *Braße*, hence *Sophocles* calls one with a strong voice *σιδηρεὺς*. Thus *Didymus* the Grammarian for his incessant, indefatigable, and prodigious labour, was siled *σιδηρεῖται*, as *Entrails* and vitals had been of *braße*.

(<sup>a</sup>) **P**<sup>Enceles,</sup> (<sup>b</sup>) *Leitus*, *Prothenor* commands,  
*Arcefilas*, *Glonius*, the *Bæotian* Bands ;  
 Whom stony (<sup>c</sup>) *Anlis*, and (<sup>d</sup>) *Hyria* fed,  
 And those (<sup>e</sup>) *Scæne*, (<sup>f</sup>) *Schole*, and *Hilly* (<sup>g</sup>) *Eteon* bred,  
 Who (<sup>h</sup>) *Thespia*, (<sup>i</sup>) *Graæ*, (<sup>k</sup>) *Mycallesus* Plant,  
 Whom (<sup>l</sup>) *Harma*, (<sup>m</sup>) *Erythra*, (<sup>n</sup>) *Ileſum* vaunt,  
 Who *Eleon*, *Hyle*, and (<sup>o</sup>) *Peteon* till'd,  
 (<sup>p</sup>) *Ochalia* did, and strong (<sup>q</sup>) *Medeon* build,  
 (<sup>r</sup>) *Cope*, and (<sup>s</sup>) *Eutris*, (<sup>t</sup>) *Thisbe* that abounds,  
 With *Doves*, and (<sup>u</sup>) *Haliartus* Meadow Grounds,

morable for that the Navy fitted for the expedition of Troy, had there their first Rendezvous, where they lay long wind-bound. Here was the *Arcenal* of the Greeks it was well also Rord with Mariners as being a Colony of the *Phœnician*, *Banians* who called either *αἱ τοὶ Κόρυς* or from *Cadmus* his Heir, or his Mothers covering him newly borne with Oxe dung, or *αἱ τοὶ βοῦντος* *βοῦντος* *ἀπὸ βοῦντος*, for their Dullness of apprehensions, which that Proverb of *Μηδίας* vs. a *Bastian* Vow, which some impute to the thicknese of the aire, or from *Bastus*, the son of *Αἰγύπτου* and *Αμρ*, to denominated from his Education *voyr Coir*.

(c) *Anlis*, so called from the long stay there of the Grecians, who lay there wind Bound, or from *Anlis* the Daughter of *Eumymnus* the son of *Cephisus*.

(d) *Hyrie* was near *Aulis*; so called, from *Hyrieus* its founder

(c) *Schœmnus* a City in the *Theban* Territories, fifty Furlongs (so *Strabo*) from *Thebes*, so called, *ἀπο γειῶν*, from *Flags*, of which the River *Ajopus* is very fruitful; or from a man of that name: It is watered by the River *Schœmnus*.

(f) *Schelus*, a City beneath *Plataea* upon the bank of *Asopus*, of which *Towne Strabo* cites this Proverbial Adage.  
 Εἰς Σχελὸν μὴ ἀντὶ νῆας μὴ ἀλλὰ ὑπὸ δαί,      Go not to Schelus alone, nor with thy friend.  
 It lay under the hill *Cytheron*, a rough and barren foyle, in the Region called *Parasopia*, where the *Mannides* tore *Penthes* in  
 peeces.

(g) *Eteon* a Town of *Emboa*, afterwards *Scarpha*, situate on a hill, or rising ground, such ascents being stiled, as here, *συναι*, these being the Knees as it were of the mountains, to such as travel them upward, the Poet proportioning the parts of a Mountain to these of mans body, stiling the lowest, *σνσδ*, the foot, the next *συναι*, the knee, and the top or suprem, *σνσφ*, the Crown or Head. Or that it is abused *σνσφ*, with wild Margerum, which the *Argives* call *σνσφ*, *Enff*.

(h) *Thetis*, fabled under *Hellion*, a Targemian, which twice *Zeus* (as *Zeus*) presented by *Glyceria*, as *Syrus*, to this *Athenian*, thus, *Phryne* at a public Court, a Federal of *Xenophanes*, at *Elaipeis*, throwing off her veil, and deveying her self, with her hair dishevelled, and her self naked, all *Greeks* being (predators) into the Ocean; whereupon *Apollon* the Painter made her his Queen for his *Venus*, *Adonis*, and *Praxiteles* the famous Statuary for his *Venus* *Gnidia*. This *Praxiteles* being a great favourer of *Phryne*, gave her the election of his two most exquisite peeces, his *Satyr* and *Cupid*, which left the making choice of, dedicated it to *Cupid* at *Thetis*, her native Town.

(i) *Graa* by an *Apharesis*, for *Tanagra*, so called from *Tanagra*, the Daughter of *Æolus*, or as others, *Afops*; from her living long called *Graya*. So the Greeks being first called *ἄνθρωποι*, for their Antiquity were after stiled *ἄνθρωποι*. Here was the Temple of *Amphiaræus* and Sepulcher of *Narcissus*. With *Ptolomis*, *Ῥαῖνα*, are put for the *Alpes*.

(k) The miserable devastation of this Town, *Thucydides* describes lib. 3. It was so called ἀπὸ τοῦ καὶ τὰς γοργῶν μολινοῦσας, for that the Gorgons howled here first, or from the bellowing of *Cadmus* his Cow, which conducted him and his Colony to *Thebes*.

(1) *Harma*, a Town near *Enripus*, on the left hand of *Aulis*, so called, either from *Adrastus* his Chariot here broke, or from that of *Amphiaræus* swallowed up here by the Earth, *Jupiter* cleaving it with a Thunderbolt, to save him from a dishonourable wound, i.e. in his back parts, he flying, so *Pindar. Nemean. Ovid. &c.*

— Ev jag  
 Δαίμονισσι φόβος,  
 ἥρωσι δὲ τᾶς δειῶν

— For where  
 Gods men possess with Panick feare,  
 Heroes themselves are startled there.

(m) *Erythrae*, under the Mountain *Cytharon* near *Hylea*, or, as *Erivipides*, the same with it, from *Erythrae* the son of *Neptunus*;  
(n) *Elefium*, *Eleen*, and *Hyle*, so called as situate in a Maroffe, many Towns in *Baetia* being destroyed by inundations, nothing remaining but their Rivers, which upon it altered their channells. *Hyle* was the Daughter of *Thispius*; *Eleen* the son of *Eleenus*;

(p) *Ocalia*, a Town between *Habartus* and *Alalcomenius*, *Strabo*; so called from its little distance from *Thibes*; or from its River.

(q) *Medeon*, a Town near *Onchestus*, *Strabo*; from *Medeon* the son of *Pylades* and *Eletra*.  
 (r) *Cope* situate near the *Copean* Lake, so called ἀπὸ κωπῆς from *Oares* or rowing, like as *Plataea*, ἀπὸ πῆς πλατῆς, upon the like account; called also *Cankiffus* from the river *Cankiffus*, noted of the Ancients for excellent *Fleas*.

(1) *Entrefis*, a Town between *Thespia* and *Plataea*, so called, *ὅτι ἔστιν ὁδὸς εἰς αὐτὴν*, for the many ways to it. Here *Apollo* *ἱερὸν ἔχει* has his Temple and Oracle. Of this place was that famous Piper *Ismenius*.

(u) *Haliartus* from one of the like name, the son of *Thersander*.

(4) Such was the revered estimation Antiquity had of this Poem of *Homæ*; that all controversies *De finibus*, concerning the boundaries of their Cities and Territories, they submitted to be decided by his verses alone. The *Ægean* and *Tribonian* of their fairs and differences, whence their authority being so irrefragable & authentic, many counterfeited some verses to obtain their ends, and foyled them into this of his *Rapine*, as is manifest from the relation by *Strabo*. *Ægeus* saw-giving of his Country, enjoyed young *Schollars* to get their part without book, *Porphy. Hæm. Quæst.* He begins with *Pericles*, either as *Asiarchæus*, *vel* *Ionopæus*, by intestine, or as it came or was put into him from *Pericles*, the great Athenian, who *Helios* was in that Region, or in honour of *Astia*, the greatest *Mars* of those parts, as he brings the *Umbilicus* or Navel of all *Greece*, having commodous and capacious Havens, most commodious for long Voyages, and the *Phœacian* *Umbilicus* for tall-boats to calborne with *Oar* *dux*, or *de* *per* *dux* *dux*, a *Bæstian* *Ship*, which some imagine to be from his Education *ux* *dux*.

## Who

*Peneleus,*













(γ) *Phera*, a City of *Thessalia*, from *Pheres* the son of *Cretheus*, or from *Phera* the Daughter of *Aelus*: its haven was called *Pagafis*, either for that *Argo* was built there from the Stocks, or for that it had many Fountains.

(α) *Bæbe*, built by *Bæbus* the son of *Glaphyrus*, the founder of *Glaphyra* also.

(α) *Zealeus* a City of *Macedonia*, the Palace of *Pellus*, where the *Argonauticks* and *Jason* met and consulted about their expedition for *Colchus*.

(β) *Divine*, both for extraction and parts.

(γ) *Pelias* the son of *Neptunus*, and *Tyris*, whose Daughter *Alepsi* by her death redeemed her husbands; she was rescued from *Proserpine* and restored to her husband by *Hercules*. *Pelias* promising his Daughter in marriage to him who could yoke a Lyon and Goat together, *Apollo* performed it for *Admetus*, who by this means espoused her.

(δ) *Metibon*, so called *δὲ μέτιβον*, from drunkenness, as being *εὐμενός*, abounding with wines: A City of *Peloponnesus*; there was another of that name in *Adacida*, at the Seige whereof *Philip* looking an eye by an arrow thro' out of the Town, with this inscription on it.

*ἄνευ φιλίππου δὲ φιλίππου μέτιβον*  
After this Arrow deth to Philip sent.

*Philip* returned him another thus inscribed,

*ἄνευ φιλίππου δὲ φιλίππου μέτιβον*  
If Philip After take, a rope's his end.

(γ) *Thaumacia*, *Melibæa* (from a woman so called) and *Olizon* (from its littleness) were cities of *Macedonia*.

(f) *Hercules* left his arrows dipt in the Blood of *Hydra*, that *Lernean* Serpent, to *Philoctetes*, for that all else declined to set fire to that funeral pile in *Ossa*, which *Hercules* had erected, being resolved to burn in it. After *Philoctetes* attempting to demolish the Altar of *Golden Minerva* in *Lemnos*, was bitten by a *Hydra* or water serpent, where the *Greeks* left him to be cured by a Priest of *Pelias*'s. Others say that he was wounded in his foot by the fall of one of these Arrows, which wound festering, grew so noysome and offensive, that the *Greeks* were forced to desert him and leave him upon the island. There was a prophetic of these Arrows of *Hercules*, that *Troy* could not be taken without them.

(α) *Lemnos* is filled *δὲ θεῶν* Divine, as consecrate to *Vulcan*.

(β) *Tricca* a City of that part of *Thessalia* called *Ipsaëtia*, or more anciently, *Deris*. Here *Æsculapius* had a most magnificent Temple, being hence called *Triceneus*. It took the name from *Tricca* the Daughter of the River *Peneus*.

(γ) *Oechalia*, called also *Eurytion*, for *Jove*'s sake *Hercules* sacked this City. *Homer* writing a poem of the taking of this place, let *Cephalus* of *Samos* have the honour of being reputed its Author, only for his civil treatment of him.

(δ) The *Messeniens* and *Thessalians* contended to have *Podalirius* and *Machaon* their countrymen. Princes anciently knew *νῆες* *ἔργον*, were skill in some mystery and profession beneficial to the publick: Thus *Ulysses* was a Ship-wright, *Dionysus* a Grammarian, *Diocles* a Gardener, and the Grand Seigneur himself at this day professeth some art or Trade: *Solyman* the great was a Shoemaker, *Malomet* the second, an husbandman; *Achmet*, a maker of horse-mens rings, and many Emperours of *Constantinople* painters.

(ε) *Ormenius*, so called from the Father of *Amintor*.

Who dwelt in (γ) *Phera*, and *Bæbeian* Fens,

(α) *Bæbe*, *Glaphyre*, (α) *Iolcas* Citizens,

These with *Eumens* in eleven Ships went,

And great *Alceus* of (β) divine Descent,

Did this dear Off-Spring to *Admetus* bear,

Mongst (α) *Pelius* beauteous Daughters the most fair.

Next they who (δ) *Metibon* and (α) *Thaumacia* till'd,

And *Melibæa* with *Olyzon* fill'd,

With (γ) *Philoctetes* skillfull at his Bow,

Went in seven Ships, each fifty men did row,

These were good Archers, cunning, stout, and strong;

But he in (α) *Lemnos* now had suffer'd long,

Where the *Greeks* left him by a Serpent bit,

Yet soon he shall review the lofty Fleet.

Though *Philoctetes* they were toath to lose,

*Medon* *Oilus* naturall Son they chose,

(Whom *Rhena* to that City-Sacker bore)

His Brother lame left on the *Lemnian* Shore.

Next those whom (β) *Tricca*, and rough *Ithom* bred,

Who fair (α) *Oechalia* inhabited,

Two Sons of *Æsculapius*, so extol'd

For Skill in Physick, (α) *Machaon*, and bold

*Podalirius* brought in thirty Ships to *Troy*.

Who (α) *Ormen* and *Hyperian* Springs enjoy,

*Asterium* and (α) *Tytanias* chalky Shore,  
*Euryppus* in forty Vessels bore.

Who in (α) *Argissa* liv'd, did *Gyrton* (α) till

In (γ) *Orith*, *Elone*, or (α) *Oloosson* dwell,

Did *Polypates* for their Chief approve,

*Pirithous* Son, who sprung from mighty *Jove*.

Him forth renown'd *Hippodamia* brought,

(α) That day he with the shaggie *Centaurus* fought,

And did to *Æthica* from (α) *Pelion* chafe,

With him *Leonteus* joyn'd, *Coronus*'s Race:

These two were over forty Vessels Head.

*Guneus* from (α) *Cyphus* two and twenty led;

*Eniens* and *Peræbs* him their Chief approve,

Who did inhabit neer cold (α) *Dodon*'s Grove:

Who Plains nigh pleasant (α) *Titaresus* till'd,

Whose pleasant Waves *Peneus* Margents fill'd,

(α) *Tytanias*, from the Giants called *Titans*, or for that its Cliffs resembled *Lyme*, which the *Greeks* call *τράχυν*: Some make it a Mountain.

(α) *Argissa*, built by the Sons of *Larissa*; here *Asterius* flew *Argus*, *Steph*.

(α) *Gyrton* from *Gyrton* its Founder, the Son of *Phlegens*, the Brother of *Ixion*.

(γ) *Orith*, called also *Corfe*, from its height, *οὐρεῖς* being the Tops of Mountains. It was the chief City of the *Phalannaïans*.

(γ) *Oloosson* a City of *Macedonia*, called also *Leneus*, from white Clay wherewith it was built: Its Founder was *Hercules*.

(α) The War with the *Centaurus* began upon the day of *Pirithous* his Marriage, and his Son was born that day he expelled them the Country; he calls them *οἱ γένε γ. οὐρεῖς*, that is *diques*, because they were part men, part beasts.

(α) *Pelion* a Mountain of *Thessaly*, the Seat of *Chiron* the *Centaur*, fill'd here *ἔκτορας δ. οὐρεῖς*, *Chiron's Cliff*, being one continued Mountain with *Ossa*: it is dichotomized by the River *Peneus*.

(α) *Coronus* was one of the *Argonautes*.

(α) *Cyphus* a Mountain of *Perræbia*, also a City as here, from *Cyphus* the Son of *Perræbus*.

(α) *Dodone* was cold, bleak, and stormy; here *Jupiter* gave his Oracles.

— *ἐν ἄρκυ δ. ὄρεος*.

From a tall spreading Oak.

It was so called for a Sea Nymph, or River: *Heraclitus* saith, that two women, call'd from the noise they made, *Columbe*, delivered the Oracles, or gave the hint to the Fable that they were given by Doves: hence also the Proverb concerning such as were talkative, *ἀσφάδαν γαλαῖναι*, more vocal than the *Dodonian* Copper: This Tree *Sophocles* calls, *ἄρκυ μινυμένη*, the talking Oak.

(α) *Titaresus* a River issuing from the Mountain *Titarus*, or as *Eurotas*, from the Hill *Citarius*, whose Waters, either by reason of their lightness, or as passing through *νεφελὴ δ. ἀρκαδικὴν ἰσὶν*, some bituminous and sulphureous veins of earth, viscous and oily substance, or as others, being a drain of *Styx*, mixed not at all with the purer Streams of *Peneus*. Thus the River *Rhone* passeth the *Lacus Lemanus* uncorrupted.

O

Yet

*Asterium*









*Pyrechmes* the <sup>(g)</sup> *Pæonians* using *Bowes*,  
Far from *Anydon* where long *Axius* <sup>(h)</sup> flows.

The *Paphlagonians* <sup>(i)</sup> wife *Pylæmon* led  
From <sup>(k)</sup> *Enet* where the stateli'st Mules are-bred;  
Who plant sweet <sup>(l)</sup> *Sesam* and <sup>(m)</sup> *Cyturus* Woods,  
And built faire Houses neer <sup>(n)</sup> *Parthenian* Floods.  
*Crommans*, *Ægialens* and <sup>(o)</sup> *Erythines*.

*Dios*, and *Epistroph* <sup>(p)</sup> *Halizons* joyne,  
From <sup>(q)</sup> *Alybe* which Mines of Silver boasts.

*Chromis* and *Ennomus* from <sup>(r)</sup> *Mysian* Coasts  
Their Forces led, the last in *Augurie*  
Well skill'd, yet his own death could not fore-see;  
For great *Achilles* Spere did shed his blood,  
When many more he slew neer *Xanthus* Flood.

But *Pborcis* and *Ascanius* <sup>(s)</sup> *Phrygians* led,  
Both Nations in remote <sup>(t)</sup> *Ascania* bred.

*Mneſtibles* and *Antiphus* the charge did take  
Offstout <sup>(u)</sup> *Mæonians* neer <sup>(v)</sup> *Gygea's* Lake,

worſer ſenſe, *ἢ πυνυλὶ ὃ κασιδιάρχηται ἀπὸ τοῦ ὄφους ὃ τοῦ καλλιὰ πινυλῶν, ὅτι καὶ κασιδιὰ τοῦ κασιδιάρχηται ὅτι κασιδιὰ τοῦ κασιδιάρχηται* <sup>(g)</sup> *Pyrechmes* bordered upon the *Thracians*, neer the River *Strymon*, being a Colony of the *Phrygians*, as the *Cicones* again of them; these *Cicones* inhabited the Mountain *Gargæus*. There were other *Pæonians* which came to assist the *Trojans* after the death of *Pyrechmes*, commanded by *Asteropæus*. They used long Spears.

<sup>(h)</sup> Gr. *ἄξιος ὄψας*, which notes both the breadth of the River, as also its long course before it exonerates itself into the Ocean.

<sup>(i)</sup> Greek, *ἄσπρος καὶ*, an hairy Heart, that is fable, dark and replenished with deep and profound notions: Some *Pythagoreans* pervert it to a

<sup>(k)</sup> In *Enet* Mules were first found; or mules not generated by a Horse and Ass, but *sui generis*, by one another, as they are, faith *Theophrastus*, in *Cappadocia*. He calls them wild, either because hard to be broken, or for that they were not kept within, but for their great number permitted to run wild, and feed in Companies. Some here observe an *Ascanian*, the *Vener* race of Steeds being not known till *Leon* the *Lacedæmonian* won the prize with them at the *Olympick Games*, *Olympiad* 83.

<sup>(l)</sup> *Sesamus* the Metropolis of *Amesiris*.

<sup>(m)</sup> *Cyturus*, so called from the Son of *Phrixus*, the *Emporium*, or *Mart* of the *Sinopeans*. Here Box-trees abounded.

<sup>(n)</sup> *Parthenion* a River, so called ἀπὸ παρθένου τῆς ἡλίουτοῦ, from the fineness of its Streams, as *Apollon* l. 2. or from *Diana's* washing there.

<sup>(o)</sup> *Erythinus* a Mountain and City of *Paphlagonia*, so called from its colour.

<sup>(p)</sup> The *Halizonians* were so denominated because begirt round with the Sea, or for that they gloried in their Wealth, *ἡ δὲ πόλις*.

<sup>(q)</sup> *Alybe* a Country of *Bithynia*, where were good Silver Mines.

<sup>(r)</sup> *Mysus* so called either from *Mysus* the Son of *Jupiter*, or of *Arganthe* the Daughter of *Orestheus*, or from *μύς* the Beech-tree which their Hill *Olympus* abounded in. *Ultimus Mysorum* was used proverbially of such as were good for nothing.

<sup>(s)</sup> That is of *Phrygia* the lesse.

<sup>(t)</sup> *Ascania* the name both of a City in *Phrygia* and of a Lake.

<sup>(u)</sup> *Strabo* makes the *Mæonians* the same with the *Lydians*.

<sup>(v)</sup> He makes *Mneſtibles* and *Antiphus* born in the *Gygean* Fenn, either to intimate their riotous and luxurious course of life, *ἢ ὅτι ἐκ τῆς ἡλίουτοῦ ἢ ἀπὸ τοῦ ὄφους*, or that *mel d'or* *αργυροῦ* *ἢ ὄφους*, they delighted much in it, either swimming or feasting upon it. Neer this Lake was that Temple of *Diana Gygea*, where upon her Festivals the *Calathi*, or sacred Baskets danced. Some make *Gygea* to be their Mother, and the Lake the place of their Birth.

And

(1) *Tmolus* a Mountain of *Egdis*, whence ariseth *Pellides*, which washed down much golden Ore.

(2) The *Carians* being Enemies to the *Ionians*, of whom *Homer* is conceived to defend, He calls them *Barbarians*, putting this above upon them only, albeit the *Phrygians* were more vulgarly called barbarous then they. *ἡ ἑλπίδα δὲ* was used concerning hazarding any thing, that lost was not worth the finding. The *Greeks* call'd other Nations barbarous, for their frequent repetition of the word *Barbar*, when they first attempted to speak that Language, a thing incident to all that learnt it. They mistook also the Sexes of Creatures, altering their gender and terminations. *Schol. Cassiodor* derives it a *barba & rurs*, from a Beard, and the Country.

(3) Either for that it was a Hold *ἄστυς*, that is, *ἀστυλίων* *ἄστυς* of such Thieves as still nurthured whom they robb'd, or else a Covert *φύλαξ*, of wild Beasts. Others conceive it to call'd from its multitude of Pine-trees, whose Fruit the *Greeks* call *δάκτυλος*, for its likeness to Lice. Or from *Phibiron* the Son of *Dencalion*.

(4) *Meander* formerly *ἄσπελός*, for that its streams ran back to their head, or Fountain; this River winding fill and never oberving a conflant course, all things which are intricate and implicate are hence termed *Meanders*. Of which thus *Ovid. Met. l. 8.*

*Non secus ac liquidis Phrygius Meander in undis  
Ludit in ambiguo fluxus, refluitque sinisque,  
Occurrentque sibi venturas adpicit undas:  
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum,  
Incertat exerceat aquas.*

As *Phrygian Meander* sports about  
The flowry Vales; now winding in, now out,  
Himself encounters, sees what followes, guides  
His streams unto their springs, and doubling, slides  
To long mock'd Seas. Mr. *Sands*.

(5) *Mysale* a Mountain and City of *Caria*, so called, *ἔν τῃ μυχῷ κίμας τῆς Κασσέης ἀλάς*, because it stood in the bottome of the *Carian Sea*. Or for that here the *Gorgones* *μυαίονες* howling, invok'd the head of *Medusa*.

(6) *Miletus*, formerly *Telegesi*, from the *Leleges* who inhabited it, as also *Pityusa*, from the Pine-tree which first grew here; more anciently *Anatolia*. Of this Town was *Thales* the Philosopher, *Phocylides* the Poet, and *Timotheus* the Musitian, who compos'd eighteen Books of Musickall Canons, consisting of eight thousand Verles; Of whom thus the *Epigrammatist*.

*Τίμωτος Μίλας ὁ μέγας μολώντων ἡδυστῶν*

*Miletus bred Timotheus, who belov'd*

*Τίμωτος, ὡς ὅτε δὲ ξύλον ἤρπεν.*

*Of all the Muses, much the Harp improv'd.*

(7) He derides *Xestes* both for his effeminacy, and want of judgment, in that he took the Feild so neatly, and so richly arm'd, *ἐν αἷσι μάχης αἶμα ἰαχίς* *ἡ δὲ θύρα*, as bearing about him what might tempt a Foe, and reward him for killing him. (*Diom Chrysof.*) as many Beasts are persecuted merely for their Furs.

(8) *Glaucus* the Son of *Hippocleus*.

(9) *Sarpedon* the Son of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, Brother to *Minos* and *Rhadamanth*.

(10) From *Lycia* the Son of *Pandion*, expuls'd *Athens* by his Brother *Egeus*.

(11) *Xanthus* which brake out when *Latona* was delivered: Of which thus *Q. Calabers*

*Ὁ μὲν ἑρπύστου Διὸς ἀπὸν ἀργυρόμηνον  
ἔκωκ' ἀνὰ δάκρυα δακρυέσσας ὀφθαλμοὺς  
ἔκωκ' ἔκωκ' ἀνὰ δάκρυα δακρυέσσας ὀφθαλμοὺς  
ἀδύνατον δὲ δάκρυα δακρυέσσας ὀφθαλμοὺς*

*Which Stream the Thunderer's Love Latona found,  
Tearing with faire hands up the rougher ground  
Of fertile Lycia, when she felt the woes  
Afflict her Sex in Child-bed painful throes.*

*The end of the second Book.*

HOMERS



He makes the South-wind the chief mist, as being of the moistest complexion, mists arising naturally from moisture, as their natural cause, as being no other then *σπῆρ ἀμυγῶν*, an undigested Dew.

(f) For that sheep being folded and watch'd by night, are not so easily stolen as by day, when they either stray as they feed, or feed at a greater distance, especially a mist arising.

(f) Or rather as *Enstathius*, Goats heads, both for that this Creature loves to climb, affects to feed upon Rocks and Mountains, as also for that feeding at a greater distance, further asunder then other Cattell, they are thence more apt to be stolne without feare of discovery, *διὰ τὸ ἀγχιόλιον*.

(g) He calls *Paris* *God-like*, or *divine*, *ὡς τὸ θεοειδὲς* ἢ τὸ τῷ θεῷ ὅμοιον, for his noble extraction, or his skill in Archery. Of *Paris* goodly personage, who had nothing answerable to it. *Εὐφῆ* hath this observation, *Ὀνείδῃ δὲ δὲ ἄλλοις ἡρώεσσιν ἰσχυρῶς*, that a comely feature, not accompanied with a suitable Soul, is a reproach rather than a commendation.

(h) *Paris* was but lightly arm'd, *ἰσχυρῶς ὁπλισμένος*, as *δὲ δὲ ἡγέρωνος* ὁπλίσας, *εὐφῆ*, that so, if occasion serv'd, he might flye the lighter. *Εὐφῆ*. *Homer* still clothes his Heroes in the spoils of wild beasts, as exemplifying a primitive Vow, or Habit Skin, according to that of *Lucanus*, *homo*, who conceives the first that invented that kind of covering to have been murdered for his Cloaths.

*Quem quod adesse praesto (nisi quid cognovimus ante Sueribus) in primis placeat, & polleere videtur. Possuribus sive melior res, illa reperiatur. Perdit, & immensum fuerit, primumqueque. Sic olim capti glandia: sic ilia vestigia Strada cubilia sunt, herbis & frondibus antea. Pellis inter occidit, vestis contempta ferina est: Quam rerum invidia tali tunc esse reperiatur, Ut letum insidit, qui gessit primus, obiret: Et tandem inter eos, dispersum sanguine multo Disperisset, neque in fructum convertere quisset.*

*Arcturus* seems to informate that men first suited themselves with the bark of Trees, *contra Gen. 1.2. Παράλλω δὲ σκεπάζω ἀνθρώπους τὰ καυτὰ & τὸ πῦρ*, *ὡς ἡμετέρας* & *τὸ δὲ δὲ* *ὡς τὸ ἀνθρώπων*. Such are proverbially said to be clad in a Panthers Cafe, who are of a changeable and unconstant disposition, their nature being as various as the skin of that Creature. That men first clad themselves with the Pelts, or skins of Beasts, slain either in pursuit, or for Sacrifice, appears not only from sacred Records, but also from profane, of which thus *Lucanus*, lib. 5.

*Ne dum res ipsas scilicet trahere, nec uti Possimus, & spolia vestire ferarum: Sed membra atque carnos membris, squalore colantur, Et frangitur inter condant squalida membra, Verbera ventorum vitare, imbrisque coacti.*

And these they us'd both for a defence against weather, and also instead of Armor. Of the first thus *Virgil* speaking of *Jafon*. *Typ. Od. 4.*

*Xenophon* hath an observation concerning Children, *ἰσχυρῶς ὁπλισμένοι*, that Cloaths make them tender, and therefore advieth *Agathias* *ὡς τὸν νεώτερον*, to accustom them to Skins for a twelve-month, consonant whereunto is that of *Polybius*, who in *Hierocles* tells us, that great *Ajax*, who had the ablest body of any in his time, was wrapt being yet an Infant, *ὡς καὶ τὸν ἡγεμόνα*, in *Heracles* his Lyons skin. (i) He armes *Paris* with two Spears, to imply his skill in that weapon, *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, as using both hands alike. Thus *Homer* gives *Hector* and *Sarpeda* two Javelins a peece, *ὡς Κατὰ* instanteth the like in *Penthesilea*, and *Heredotus* in his seventh *Mile of the Cilicians*, to whom he allows *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, two Darts. Thus *Aristotle*, among the several kinds of *Gladiators*, reckons one, which he styles *Πυγμαχῆς*, from their fighting with two Swords at once, and *Polybius* in his description of the Roman Souldier, speaks of *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, two Spears.

Before

Before both Armies to a single Fight,

When *Menelaus*, *Mars* his chief delight,  
Betwixt the *Greeks* and *Trojans* him espy'd,  
Stalking about with such Majestick pride,  
So glad a (k) *Lyon*, when some well-fed Steer  
He (l) seizeth, or wild (m) *Goat*, or Crested (n) *Deer*,  
Straight are his ravenous Jawes with blood imbrud,  
Although by Dogs and Hunts-men close pursud,  
As *Atrous* injur'd Son, when he beheld  
*Paris* insulting thus in open Feild.

His Bosome with fresh hopes of Vengeance warm'd,  
He from his Chariot leaps compleatly Arm'd.  
Soon as the *Trojan* his Corrivall saw  
Forth from the Files betwixt the Armies draw,  
Surpris'd with feare, he made no flow Retreat,  
Not daring stand inevitable Fate.

As He who in a Mountain's thickest spies  
A dreadfull Serpent, back affrighted flies  
For preservation to the safer Vale;  
Panting he trembles, and his Cheeks grow pale:  
So *Paris* did amongst his Friends retire,  
Fearing the *Spartan* King's revengfull Ire.

VVhen *Hector* saw how he the Fight declin'd,  
Thus in rough tearmes he eas'd his troubled mind.

Unworthy *Paris*! Thou whose comely parts  
Serve onely to intangle VVomens hearts.  
O! would, Impostor, (o) thou had'st never been,  
Or perish'd ere thy Nuptials we had seen;  
Untimely Death had prov'd a kinder Fate,  
Then live the Scorene of all, and pointed at.  
The curld *Greeks* mistaking Thee will say,  
Thou VVilant'st art in *Priam's* Court, vvhen they  
A Person (p) so much promising behold:  
But thou art neither expert, strong, nor bold.

P 2

Art

(k) Resembling *Paris* to a pusillanimous and fugitive Creature, the Deer, he likens *Menelaus* to a Lyon, and him hungry, no Beast being more courtesous when full, none more fierce when famished. *ἡλικὸς δὲ ἡ λῆων πύρ, ὅταν ἡμεῖς ὁ βέλτερος. Scelot.* The Lyon feeds not upon any Beast but what he hunts and kills himself, not any that is killed before-hand, or dies off it self, *νεκρὸν δὲ σφάζει ὡς καὶ ἡ λῆων ἰδ.*

(l) *Enstathius* observes that in this similitude of the Lyon, *Homer* uses three Participles within one period without any Copulative Particle intervening between them, *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, *ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται* for making his Verse to comply with the Lyon's speed.

(m) He resembles *Paris* to the Goat *διὰ τὸ ἐκδιδῶν τὸν δάκτυλον*, for his effemacy, and incontinence, the Goat being a lustful and lascivious Creature. For which reason *Lyophron* calls *Helen* *ἡμεῖς ἡ Διὸς*, *διὰ τὸ λαλεῖν*, for her lasciviousness. *ἢ δὲ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, *ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, for her Bird alone having young every month of the year, being therefore sacred to *Venus*, and called by *οὐδὲν*, *οὐδὲν*, *οὐδὲν*, as being ever a Nurse. *Tactica* in *Lyoph.*

(n) He likens him to a Deer, both *διὰ τὸ δάκτυλον*, for his cowardize, *ἢ τὸ ἡμεῖς*, for his skill in Musicke, the Deer also (so *Aristotle*) delighting in Melody. The Deer hath its name, *ἡμεῖς*, from his drawing forth of Serpents, by eating whereof he cleanse his body, *ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, for his Hanes his head against a Rock, by charging him a warm vapour, which being perceived by the Snakes, they defer their holes, and are so seized by him. *Scelot.*

(o) *Gr. ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, that is, *unborn*, or else *Childless*. *Diogenes* in *Carthage* making *Dardan* the Son of *Paris* by *Helen*, adds here this Verse, not extant now in any Copy. *ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται ἢ ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*.

And never thy lov'd *Dardan* thou hadst yet Upon thy knee.

(p) *Πῶς τὸν ὡς ἀμυνεῖται ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, *ὡς ἀμυνεῖται*, All corporal accomplishments without answerable endowments of the mind, are vain and fruitless, *Εὐφῆ*.

(g) Gr. ἡ Ἀπία, that is either the *ἡ ἰσχυρὴ ἐνὶ γῆνι*, from far remote parts, or from *Ἀπία* a place in Peloponnesus, so call'd from *Ἀπία* the Son of *Phoroneus*. Schol.

(r) Τὸ πᾶν ἄλλοις. This passage *Enst.* observes to be very artificial and exquisite; *Homer* loading here many members of speech together without any ligature or copulative to conjoin and unite them, καὶ αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα, as *Hermogenes* titles them, dissolute figures, and disjointed sentences being gures, and disjointed passions, he ever aspreit to expresse passions, he that is in choise conceiving he can never vent his mind to soon. *Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα* καὶ αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα ὡς αὐτὸν *Caesop.* as *Enst.* says.

(s) So *Horace*, lib. 1. Od. 15.

*Nequequam Veneris praefidis ferox  
Felix calarem, grataque feminis  
Juchelli cithara carmina divides;  
Nequequam thalamo graves  
Hafas, & calami spicula Gnollis  
Vitibus, strepitumque, & celerem sequi  
Ajacem; tamen heu ferus adulterus  
Crines passove colles.*

In vain thou trusting *Venus* care,  
Shalt touch thy Harp, and crisp thy  
Haire;

Arts which to women grateful are:  
For when that thou account'st for

Lift,  
Thou shalt not scape a Shaft, or Speare,  
Or Ajax thee pursuing near,  
Threatning thy adulterous haire  
To powder trampled in the dult.

ἢ τὰ Πάριος ἡμῶν, ἢ τὸ ἄποδόν  
ἔπειτα. *Paris* his Harp being a dis-  
paragement to him, as singing to it  
Love-songs only and wanton Sonnets,  
*Alexander* the Great being presented  
with it at *Ilium*, refused so much as to  
see it, desiring rather to behold the  
Harp of *Achilles*; (*Asian* lib. var.  
Hist. p. c. 38.)

— ἀλλὰ καὶ καὶ ἀνδρῶν

— To which the Heroes *Alis*  
he sung.

(t) Beauty is made *Venus* Gift, ἡ  
ὡς αὐτὴ ἰσχυρὴ ἐνὶ γῆνι, in respect of its  
tendency that way. Others by *Venus*  
Gift understand *Helen*.

(u) Gr. ἀνδρῶν καὶ γυναικῶν, thou hadst  
had a Coat of Stone, that is, been in-  
terred in a Stone Coffin or Monument,  
whence one calls the Walls, the Cities  
Velt, or Garment. Others under-  
stand of being stoned to death.

(v) Golden *Venus*, i. e. fair. Others  
say, that *Venus* under the Epithete of  
*Aurea* golden, had her Temple at *Pro-  
phos*, or as others at *Larissa*. *Strabo*  
tells of a Golden Plain where *Venus*  
was honoured, and thence titled γυφ. *Enst.*

(y) *Enst.* observes hence the power and energie of speech, ὡς αὐτὸν ἡ δὲ *ἑλῆνα*, *Hector's* Oration alone prevailing with  
*Paris* to challenge *Menelaus*, a thing he had little mind to, and formerly declined. Thus History tells of *Tyrtaeus*, that his verse in  
Verse was such, ὡς ἐδυνάμην αὐτὸν ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐκτρέφειν, as to encourage even Cowards to fight.

Of

Of our own Tillage we'll resume the toyle,  
And they plow Billowes to their native Soyle,  
*Argos*, through all the World for Steeds renown'd,  
Or *Sparta*, with admired Beauties crown'd.

This pliant answer *Hector* well reffects,  
And stepping in before his Regiments,  
Their fury stops by holding up his Speare,  
At which they farther to engage forbear.  
But rage, and hope the *Grecians* more inflam'd,  
Who furiously at him their Javelins aym'd,  
Which mixt with Stones, like Tempests dim the Skies,  
When thus to stop their rage *Atrides* cries;

Your hands bold *Greeks* and fierce *Achivians* stay,  
Something of great concern would *Hector* say.

All silent did offensive Armes forbear,  
When *Hector* thus the business did declare.

Bold *Greeks* and *Trojans* now so long involv'd  
In wofull War, know *Paris* hath resolv'd  
(Whose Quarrell hath our Swords so often dy'd,)  
You laying all your glittering Armes aside,  
That here he will with *Menelaus* fight:

Whom Fortune doth entitle to the Right,  
And undisputed Victory allowes,  
Let him faire *Helen*, and her Wealth espouse;  
A solemn Covenant by both Nations sign'd,  
In Bands of lasting Amity combin'd.

Thése just Proposals silent all admir'd,  
When thus the *Spartan* with revenge inspir'd;  
Heare me whose Bowells with Compassion yerne,  
Whom these sad differences most concerne:  
This day my Sword both Nations shall release,  
And change long Sorrows to more lasting Peace.  
Since you for Me and Him thus turmoil'd are,  
Who by his Crime stird up this deadly War.

Let







(a) Antenor was the ἀντιφύλαξ, or Host of Menelaus and Ulysses, when they came in Embassy to Troy, to redemand Helen, and require Justice to be done upon the Ravisher: These ἀντιφύλακες, or executors of Embassies, were elected either by the people or Prince, & they upon whom the place was conferred, accounted it the greatest honour that could possibly be done them. It is sayd, that the Sons of Priam entering into a Conspiracy to make away privately Menelaus and Ulysses, the plot was discovered and disappointed by Antenor, whence Helen being well affected to Antenor's Family, as he that was the preferer of her Lord, Iris the rather afflued the shape of Ledaia, Antenor's Sonnes Wife, and when Antenor after remembering these civilities, Troy being taken, by hanging a Pards skin before the house, preserved it from spoyle and plunder.

(b) Antenor gives Menelaus, as a young man and a Spartan, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, a sure kind of eloquence, but apollite and to the purpose, but to Ulysses ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, a more full and different kinde of Rhetorick, enlarging and dilating it fette through the copiousness of the matter.

(c) His fixing his eyes upon the ground, speaks him, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, his thoughtfulness and study what to speak; his holding his Scepter Reddy, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, his anxiety and perplexity of mind. Demosthenes much affecting ever the motion of the hand, Aeschines his adversary ever clenched it. Ovid gives us the like character of Ulysses, Metam. l. 13.

Adfixit, atque oculos parum tellure morant.

Stiffly He stood, and on the flore held fix'd his eyes

A while;

(d) Gr. ἔκθερος, the word signifying such an one as fully conceals his wrath till he can wreak it.

(e) Homer resembles Ulysses his eloquence to drifts of Snow, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, for the quickness of his conception; ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, for this his matter was well and clothy couched, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, for its perspicuity and clearness, and lastly, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, for the seare and com-

(f) He calls Helen ἡρώδης, not only as ἡρώδης ἡρώδης, drawing her veile after her, as was the Roman mode, but also as ἡρώδης ἡρώδης, as being full bodied, and so bearing out and filling her Garment.

Best Queen, replies discreet (a) Antenor, you Have drawn his Character exactly true; When this admir'd Ulysses hither came, With Menelaus, such in vvorth as Fame, Joynd in Commisison from the Grecian State, On your concern to settle all debate, My mean, yet not unhospitable Roofe, How I affected stood, gave ample prooffe; Where with such homely treatments pleasd, I knew Their God-like persons and grave Counsels too. When at the Royall Palace, old and young To gaze upon the forren Kings did throng, Bold Menelaus then appeard so tall, By head and shoulders he surmounted all: Both sitting, Ithacus was more admird. When their Opinions they in words attird,

(b) Succinct vvas Menelaus, yet profound, Though lesse in years, no lesse in judgment found. When prudent Ithacus to speak did rise, (c) Down on the ground he cast his fixed eyes, Nor once his Scepter mov'd, you would have thought Him Foole, or mad, or with (d) blind Rage distraught: But when he spake, forth from his breast did flow, (e) A torrent swift as winters featherd Snow: Not any with Ulysses durst contend, Though vve his gesture could not much commend.

Priam Great Ajax spying, Daughter, sayd, Who may that Leader be, so strongly made, By head and shoulders higher then the rest, Then spake (f) the fairest Lady and the best, That valiant Ajax is, their sole defence; Idomeneus there the Cretan Prince:

for its perspicuity and clearness, and lastly, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, for the seare and com-

(f) He calls Helen ἡρώδης, not only as ἡρώδης ἡρώδης, drawing her veile after her, as was the Roman mode, but also as ἡρώδης ἡρώδης, as being full bodied, and so bearing out and filling her Garment.

Before

Before his Troops, a God resembling, stands, Bold Leaders round attending his commands; Whom oft my Husband treated in our Court, When he from Crete to Sparta did resort: Now all their Chiefs I see, and could declare Their names and characters, who ere they are; But (a) Castor I and (b) Pollux not behold, Greece boasts no Princes are more strong and bold:

staine by Ida, who was presently thunder-struck by Jupiter, who upon it putting Pollux to his election, whether he would be immortal by himselfe, or communicate life to his deceased Brother, Pollux made choice of the latter, after which they lived by turns, six month apiece. Of which thus Pindar.

Alternately they set and rise  
Capartners of the starry sky,  
This one day lives With glory crown'd,  
The other dead lies under ground  
Mould silent Ghosts, and shadowes pale,  
In Caves beneath Therapies Vale,  
And ere by turns from death redem'd:  
Pollux Callor so oft call'd,  
That rather he refus'd to breath,  
His Brother by alternate death,  
Then be immortal, and the skies  
Inhabit mould the Deities.  
Martiall Callor in the field  
Idas with his Tauris kill'd,  
Lyncus and he extremely wroth,  
Because the maids they did ravish,  
Castor and Pollux stole away,  
And ravish'd on the wedding day:  
From high Tageya's Lyncus flies  
(No mortal ere had cleaver eyes)  
Callor sitting gnaw'd on Oaks;  
Revenge their fury did provoke;  
The Brothers from the hill descend,  
Their course with speed to Callor bend,  
And basely their Corrivall flew,  
Which Jove reveng'd, and Pollux too,  
They saw him cleave pursuing come,  
And standing by their fathers tombs,  
Black Plutoes statue up did thrust,  
That Marble might the Heroes match,  
Which they at him, as on he press'd,  
Threw and hit upon the breast:  
The ponderous stone With mighty force  
Threw, nor hurt, nor stop his course;  
Now straight his fathers paine he dyde,  
In forward Lyncus naked fide,  
And Jove from Heaven thunder threw,  
Which wing'd With Lightning, Idas flew:

The brother whose much presum'd,  
Unspiced were by fire consum'd:  
Let all beware against such odds,  
To strive or meddle with the Gods,  
When Pollux his dear Brother found,  
Not cold, though mortal was his wound,  
Perceiv'd him draw a dying breath,  
Stiff with approaches of cold death,  
He pouring forth a flood of tears,  
Thus to great Jove his grief declares.  
Father Saturnus, what relief  
Remains for my tormenting grief?  
Be kinde heavens King, and quickly send,  
To me the like intiment end:  
With life of freind: our honours flye,  
And few but their affliction dye  
To be this Weir, a wofull fate  
None willingly participate.  
To him complaining Jove appeard,  
And thus with words of comfort cherd.  
Thou art my son, but Tyndat did  
Callor biget of mortal seed,  
Thou Heroe did his Mother wed,  
And get him in the Olympall bed,  
But take thy choice, wilt thou be free  
From Age and Death, and live with me,  
And amongst the Gods in Heaven reside,  
Like Mars and Pallas glorify?  
Or if thou Callor so esteem,  
And rather wouldst from death redem,  
Thou'lt be his share, by turns resort  
To Heaven and our Olympall Court,  
And thou for him in caves profound,  
As long conceal'd lie under ground.  
Thou Jove prop'd, he studyd not,  
But glad, accept'd of the lot,  
And opening Callors eyes, from Death  
Resord him, which re-created state.

The Latine Epigrammatist exemplifying the like affection, or greater, in two Brothers of his time, Tullus and Lucan, of which also Pliny is not silent, thus describes it, lib. i. Epigram.

Si Lacus tibi, vel fidi Tulle darentur,  
Qualia Ledi? fate Lacus habent:  
Nobilitas hoc pietatis rixa duobus,  
Dum pro fratre mori vellet atque prior;  
Diceret ad Stygias: qui priorisset ad undas,  
Vive tuo, frater, tempore, vive meo.

Thou Lucan or thou Tully would be glad,  
To have that fate the Spartan Brothers had.  
Then twist you two would be a pious strife,  
One Brother for the other offering life.  
And who first ferried fable's eye would say,  
For both our lives let my life, Brother, pay.

(b) Pollux was good at Cyllus, at which exercise he overcame Amicus the Son of Apollo, ἀντιφύλαξ ἀντιφύλαξ, whom none else could ever deale with, which duelt is described by Theocritus in his Idyl.

Q2

My



For breach of promise my designs pursue,  
Untill I end this War, and *Troy* subdue.

This sayd, the expiating Lambs he kil'd  
And left their panting bodies in the Feild:  
The Knife releas'd to ayre their harmeles fowles,  
Rich Wine from Bottles powrd in Golden Bowls:  
Vows to immortall Deities they made,  
Whilst some amongst the *Greeks* and *Trojans* prayd;  
You Gods! vvhho first shall break this sacred Oath,  
May their warm brains, their Sons & Nephews both,  
Run as this Wine, their Wives by worser Mates  
Produce foule issues for their fair Estates.

But no return they had to their request:  
When *Priam* thus the *Greeks* and *Trojans* prest;  
I from both Nations vvould so much procure,  
Streight to returne; I never shall indure  
A Sceane so tragick, such a horrid fight,  
To see my Son and *Menelaus* fight;  
*Jove* and the Gods know vvvhich of them must dye,  
And here conclude by death their Destiny:

Then in his Chariot he the <sup>(c)</sup> Lambs bestowd,  
And mounting rein'd his Horses like a God.  
*Antenor* next him did his seat ascend,  
And streight together they to *Ilium* bend.

<sup>(d)</sup> *Priam*s bold issue *Hector*, and renown'd  
*Ulysses*, measure the <sup>(e)</sup> inlited ground:  
Next <sup>(f)</sup> Lots they shuffle in a Helme, whom chance  
Should grant priority to throw his Lance;  
Whilst some of either Nation did declare  
Their Love to peace, by this conceived Prayer;

O *Jove*! in whom both Men and Gods confide,  
Who crown'st the Towers of Sky-saluting <sup>(g)</sup> *Ide*,  
Which of these two first did the other wrong,  
Causing a Warr so bloody and so long,

(c) *Priamus*, as being a Native of that place, takes the Bulls slain at their entering into Covenant into his Chariot, and burys them in the earth; the *Grecians*, as aliens, cast theirs into the Ocean, it being accounted piacular to eat the Bulls slain upon any the like occasion.

(d) *Lycophron* and others make *Hector* the Son of *Apollo*.

(e) In the Duell between *Hector* and *Ajax*, the danger being the Combatants onely, they fighting upon a private score only, not upon any publick account, we finde not the lots set out, or the ground measured; but either Army being interred in this Duell, the ground is set out, he being to be accounted conqueror, who transcended the Limits.

(f) These Lots were either *Aeneas* rings, or as *Sophocles*, *ῥῆσθ' ἄλυστ'*, a Clod of earth.

(g) *Jupiter* was worshipped upon *Ide*, and had there his Temple.

May he descend to *Pluto's* dismall shade;  
But ratifie the peace which we have made.

Plume-waving *Hector* streight performs his task,  
And looking backwards <sup>(b)</sup> shakes the brazen Cask;  
<sup>(c)</sup> The Lot to *Paris* fell, streight all the Ranks  
Sit downe, and lay their Armour on the Banks:  
*Paris* whom beauteous *Helen's* bosome warms,  
Claps on his spreading shoulders glorious Armes;  
His Brother weak <sup>(d)</sup> *Lycaons* Breastplate gets,  
And to his foster Chest compleatly fits:  
On his white Anckles purple Buskins tyde,  
Adorn'd vvith <sup>(e)</sup> Silver Buttons on the side;  
Next on his Thigh a Silver Falchion plac'd,  
And on his Arme an <sup>(f)</sup> ample Target brac'd;  
Then vvith a glittering <sup>(g)</sup> Helme his Brows impales,  
The horrid Crest adorn'd with Horses tailes;  
Which vvith each vvind or smalest motion shook:  
Compleatly arm'd, up he his Javelin took.  
So *Menelaus*, *Mars* his chiefe delight,  
Himselfe account'd fitt'ing for the Fight.

Thus being arm'd, from their owne Parties, they  
March'd twixt the Armies, which expecting lay,  
Viewing each other vvith a deadly look,  
(Whilst *Greeks* and *Trojans* were vvith terror struck:)  
They in the Lifts oppoled Stations take,  
And highly mov'd, their ponderous <sup>(h)</sup> Javelins shake:

First *Paris* bravely did his Speare discharge,  
Which hit, but did not pierce his orbed Targe,  
The point rebating hardly entrance made,  
When to Heavens King thus *Menelaus* <sup>(i)</sup> prayd;  
*Jove*, let thy Justice and my Vengeance meet;  
And lay injurious *Paris* at my feet,  
That after times such punishment may fear,  
And breach of Hospitality forbear.

(b) *Hector* looking back shakes his Cask or Helmet, *ἵνα οὐδ' ἄλλος ἔσθῃ*, that they should not think he had any foule play in drawing forth the Lots.

(c) The Lot fell to *Paris*, he being still favoured by Fortune, as *Menelaus* by vertue.

(d) *Euphronius* observes it as ominous, that his Corset was his Brother *Lycaon's*, one as poore-spirited as himselfe, & he moves *Andromache*, being not able to endure any hardship.

(e) *Paris* being noted for effeminacy, *ῥαυδὸν δὲ δ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ*, hee makes his Buskins to have Silver Buttons, a Female ornament, from which *Thetis* is called *ἄργυρεῖα*, Silver-footed.

(f) He makes his Shield thick and strong, to set forth the more the strength of *Menelaus*, who pierced it vvith his Javelin.

(g) Their Helmes were made anciently of the skin of the Dog-fish, and thence ever after, of whatever made, called still *σκῆλη*, from their first materials.

(h) He makes *Paris* and *Menelaus* their Speares to be of such Wood as grows in the shade, calling them thence *σκιόεντες*, those being apter for use, though those that grow in the Sun be stronger, *ἡλιαία καὶ ἀναισθητότερα*, *ἢ σκιόεντα καὶ ἀναισθητότερα*. *Enslath*.

(i) *Menelaus* presuming what hee should petition the Gods for to be but just, addresseth his prayer to *Jupiter Xenius*, but *Paris* conscious he could aske nothing apter for use, than what was unhandsome, puts up no prayer at all; upon the like account, happily, vvith that wicked Passenger, who in a tempest was being there, the Ships company got to pray, least the Gods taking notice of his being there, for his sake they fared all the worse.



Then like an ancient Matron which did cull,  
And spin for her in *Sparta* purest Wooll;  
Shook with a gentle touch her perfum'd Vest,  
And softly whispering, thus her selfe exprest;

Madam! your *Paris* cals, now home returnd,  
Who in his Chamber, sumptuously <sup>(a)</sup> adorn'd,  
Sits on your Ivory Bed, nor could you say,  
By his rich Habit, he had fought to day:  
A Reveller or Masker so comes drest,  
From splendid Sports returning to his Rest.

Thus did loves Queen vvarmer desires prepare:  
But when she saw her neck, so heavenly faire,  
Her lovely bosome, and celestiall eyes,  
Amazed to the Goddes she replyes;

Why wilt thou haples me once more betray,  
And to another wealthy Town convey,  
Where some new Favourite must, as now at *Troy*,  
With utter los of honour me enjoy?  
For *Menelaus*, since he hath orecome,  
Though I despised am, will take me Home.  
Now with some new devise thou vvouldst intrap  
Me and my Honour; Go! sit in his lap,  
Renounce the habitations of the Gods,  
And never set thy feet in their Aboads;  
But share his vvoes, and him in danger save,  
Untill his Wife he makes thee, or his Slave:  
No more vvill I his Bed with my owne shame  
Adorne, nor me you *Trojan* Ladies blame.  
In this sad bosome vvorlds of woes reside.

*Venus* incens'd vvith this Reply, replyd;  
Provoke me not, nor thus my Anger move,  
Left I should hate thee more then now I love,  
And *Greeks* and *Trojans* rage exasperate,  
And so thou perish by thy owne cros Fate.

R

This

(a) Greek, perfum'd. Homer assigns none of his Heroes save *Paris* only. Ομορφος τὸν τῶ μύρον φορεῖν εἰδὼς, ἐκ εὐπρόσμου μύρον ἀποροσφύει τὰς ἡμέρας πᾶσι τὸν Πάριον, ἢ τις ποτὶ Κάλαντι τι εἰλέων, for that by εἰλέων, beauty, the Poet means μύρον, ornament, hec makes good by this parallel place in his *Ulysses*, l. 118. v. 192. & seq.

Κάλαντι μὲν ἐστὶν ὁμορφος τὸν μύρον φορεῖν εἰδὼς, ὁμορφος, ὅτι ἂν ἐν χαρίτων ᾖεν ἡμετέραν.

She with a heavenly Fucus slick'd her face,  
Such as faire Venus beauteous cheeks  
doth grace,  
When she her Maskers leads With stately  
pace.

This touchd *Joves* beauteous Daughter to the Soule,  
 And silent she from th' *Ilian* Ladies stole,  
 Covering her beauty with a silver Veile,  
 Whom *Venus* thence conducting did conceale.  
 Soon as they entred *Paris* stately Hall,  
 Her Virgins to their severall busines fall ;  
 But *Helen* to the royall Chamber goes,  
 Whom to her feat the smiling Goddesse shoves,  
 And against *Paris* plac'd : Him when she spid,  
 Extreamely vext, she roundly thus did chide : (there,  
 Com'st thou from Battell? would th' hadst perisht  
 By him whom I more honour, love, and feare.  
 (1) Thou before his, thy Prowels didst advance,

Thy skill, thy strength preferring, and thy Lance;  
 But try him once againe, once more invite  
 (2) Faire *Menelaus* to a single fight.

But I am sure small Rhetorick would suffice  
 Thee to perswade from such an Enterprize,  
 Left for thy folly in th' unequall strife,  
 Thou on his vengefull Spear give up thy Life.

*Paris* replies ; Dear Princess, vvith such tart  
 And bitter tearms break not your Servants Heart.

(3) *Pallas* help'd him, and I may Victor be,  
 Ayded by favouring Gods, as vvell as He.  
 But come ! let us to Loves delights retire :

Not more I vvasted in his secret fire,  
 When Thee from *Sparta* through the briny Sea,  
 I did to (4) *Cyanaes* fertile shore convey ;  
 Where you in sweet embraces did comply,  
 Nor dy'd I more for thee then now I dye :

Thus charmd she follows, by her *Paris* led,  
 Where they repos'd upon their royall Bed :

(6) Of *Paris* boasting thus *Nereus* in  
*Heros* (A. Od. 15.

— *Ecce furto te reperire atrox*  
*Tydidæ, melior patre.*  
*Quam in, cernens nix, vallis in altera*  
*Vijam parva lupum, graminis inmemor,*  
*Sublimi fugias molis anhelitu,*  
*Non hoc pollicitus tua.*

See ! *Diomed* stronger than his Sire,  
 Is at thy heels, spur'd on with ire:  
 From whom thou fleeter then a Stag,  
 Shalt hasten, who a Woolf hath spy'd,  
 Out of breath and terrif'd,  
 Not mindfull of thy former bragg.

(7) A yellow hair was anciently  
 accounted an Ornament, and that in  
 either sex, onely to *Jupiter* and *Hep-*  
*stus* the Poets assigne v. 3. *gelos videret*,  
 a black head of hair, making *Jupiter*  
 also parted before.

(8) *Paris* being as the rest of his  
 brethren, *Alice*, a Lyar (for so *Phem-*  
*us* makes them. *Il. a. v. 261.*

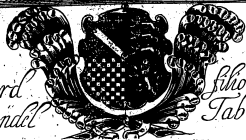
*Edon*, *lygonon*, *geolionon* *deon*.) to lessen his disgrace makes *Menelaus* not otherwise to conquer him then by the as-  
 stance of *Minerva*.

(9) Some making this onely an Epithet, make the Island it self either *Cythera*, or *Helene*, so called from such their meeting up-  
 on it.

Whilst *Menelaus* like a Lyon goes,  
 Seeking his vanquish'd Foe amongst his Foes ;  
 But neither *Trojans*, nor their Ayds could tell,  
 How he escap'd, nor vvhat to him befell ;  
 Nor did their favour from untimely Fate,  
 Preserve his Life whom more then Death they hate.  
 When thus aloud grea *Agamemnon* sayd ;  
 Bold *Trojans* ! hear, and all who *Trojans* ayd :  
 Since to my Brother Victory *Jove* allows,  
 He *Helen* and her vveath must re-espouse ;  
 And a considerable milt be payd.  
 The *Greeks* applaud what *Agamemnon* sayd.

*The end of the Third Book.*





Dom. Henrico Howard  
Howard Comit'is Arundel

filio natu secundo Henrica  
Tabulam hanc  
L.M.D.D.D.  
I.O.

Lib. 4. p. 74.



# HOMERS ILIADS.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

*Gods quaffing Nectar in Celestiall Courts,  
Look downe on humane actions as their Sports.  
Juno and Jove in contestation bot.  
Pallas descends. The Grecian's Champion shot.  
The Truce is broke: The Armies both ingage  
With various Fortunes, and commuall Rage.*



Meane while Great Jove, and all  
the Gods in State,  
On <sup>(a)</sup> Golden Thrones in Hea-  
vens Star-chamber sate:  
Bright <sup>(b)</sup> Hebe serv'd brisk Ne-  
ctar through the House,

Which freely they in massie Bowls carouse;  
Amidst their Cups at pleasure looking downe  
Upon the Fleet, both Armies, and the Towne.

*Quia confecta sidera fecit.* Since Stars our Fates foretell.  
... Fate being no-  
thing else, say some, then a certain position of the Stars, which portending infallibly future events, are sayd to be Jupiters All-floors.  
Women skinning likely at Banquets, the other servides were performed by men. The golden bowles wherein they entertain one  
another, intimate the amicable and friendly, that cordiall concord and sympathy that is between the stars, by which yet others un-  
derstand the Sun, & the planets, he exhaling and drawing up all terrene moisture. This some make to be the Ambrosia of the  
Gods, as being no other then a rare and pure substance, which is raised up from the earth, and is not returned but spent above as the nutriment of the Stars, their fuel or food.  
Thus the Greeks making Nectar drink, and saying it was made of the same substance, an exhalation never to be exhausted, still recruiting and be-  
ving fresh supplies, make it more than necessary, their drink.

<sup>(a)</sup> *Homer speaking of the strength and solidity of Heaven, calls it  $\alpha\mu\beta\rho\sigma\iota\alpha$ , as if it were compact of solid braffe, but entreating of its beauty, he styles it  $\chi\rho\upsilon\sigma\epsilon\iota$ , as though it were made of burnisht or massie gold. By this golden pavement, hee meane-  
th  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$  the stars, the upper Region of the aire, which is free from clouds.  
<sup>(b)</sup> *Hebe was the Daughter of Jove, and wife of Hercules: she is sayd never to attend Jove, but when her Father and she are friends. Shee is assign'd to minister unto the Gods,  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\epsilon\iota\varsigma$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , for that all divine things are ever in their vigour and  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , their nature being uncapable of any decline, a thing im-  
plied in their fare and diet.  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$  being so called  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$ , for that it is ever fresh and never wastes: or  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , from its renewing nature; and  $\alpha\mu\beta\rho\sigma\iota\alpha$   $\epsilon\iota\varsigma$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , for that the Gods need no food at all, or none but that.  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$  (who is made to retain to Jupiter, as the  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$ , the prime mind, it being the property of that only  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , to be delighted with meditation) mini-  
stred not here to the vulgar Gods, as being  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$  peculiar. Others say, hee was not permitted to be present at this conference concerning the affaires of Troy, least the sight and favour of him might have inclined Jupiter to milder thoughts. By the Gods here some understand the Stars, the Planets especially,  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$  for their rapid and swifter motion, and by Hebe  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , who is sayd to be ever youthfull, their never impairing nature.  $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$   $\tau\omega$   $\alpha\delta\alpha\mu\alpha\tau\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$  they are made affi-  
nians to Jupiter, as being of the coun-  
sell to Jovian.**

When

When Saturns off-spring, *Juno* to provoke,  
 Thus glancingly in nipping language spoke;  
 (2) Two Goddesses did *Menelaus* ayd,  
 The *Argive* Queen, and (4) th' *Alalcomian* Maid;  
 Who full of joy beheld a bloodless fight,  
 Sitting apart; but maugre all their spight,  
*Venus* at ease her Favorite alsifts,  
 And carries off in safety from the Lifts,  
 No lesse then death expecting on the spot:  
 But yet the better *Menelaus* got.  
 Let us more seriously this point debate,  
 And neerer view, as a concern of State.  
 Shall vve deplored War, and deadly Feud  
 Stir up againe: Or happy peace conclude:  
 If so both sides were pleas'd, *Priam* might *Troy*,  
 And *Menelaus* his fair Queen injoy.

Thus *Jove*; whilst *Juno* and the vvarlike Maid,  
 (1) Muttering, dire plots against the *Trojans* layd.  
*Pallas*, though (2) vext, her answer did suspend,  
 Nor durst her Father vvith harsh vvords offend;  
 When *Juno* swelling passion (3) not containes,  
 But venting her displeasure, streight complains;  
 Why thus, most cruell *Jove*, do'st thou declare:  
 Must all my labour (4) vanish into ayre:  
 My Steeds are tyrd in mustering up a Foe,  
 Should *Priam* and his off-spring overthrow;  
 Doe! disappoint the vengeance I intend,  
 Yet all the Gods vvill never condescend.  
 When much (5) incens'd cloud-gathering *Jove* begun;  
 What vvith a mischeif hath King *Priam* done?

(c) He derides *Juno* and *Minerva*, that being two, and looking on, they should suffer *Juno* to convey away *Parris*.

(d) She was so called, either from *Alalcomene*, one of the Heroets, who erected the Statue of *Minerva* in a Towne of *Bœotia* built by him, and called by his name; or from a Mountaine of like name in *Africa*. *Testes* relates, that anciently they portrayed *Minerva* upon the Gates both of their Cities and Houses, and *Adrian* in their Suburbs, to intimate that the way to keep the enemy from their gates, was to take good advice and counsel at home. Hence *Lyophron* calls *Minerva* *παραστάς*, from her being portrayed upon their Portals. Thus the *Romans* erecting a Temple to *Mars*, as he was *Quirinus*, that is, quiet and peaceable, within their Walls, *ad tranquillitatem Urbis custodiendam*, to preserve the peace of the people, erected another to him without their Gates, as he was *Gradivus*, that is, turbulent and cruell, *ad invicem vendicandis hostes*, to keep off their Foes.

(e) *Greek*, *ἐπιπλοῦν*, which notes properly that intricate noise which is made through the Noise when the lips are shut, a sound proper to such as mourne. Others expound *ἐπιπλοῦν* by *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπιπλοῦν*, to mutter and make a confused sound by the collision of one lip against the other, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις* is *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, a thing incident to those who are angry and unable to revenge themselves. In the Comedian it signifies, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, to mutter and make a confused sound by the collision of the letter *ω*, of which the word principally consists; thus the *Greeks*, the better to declare any rattling sound, have purposely formed the word *ἐπιπλοῦν* by borrowing it from the letter *ω*, as by *εὐπλοῦν*, they express any hissing or whistling noise, like that of a red hot Iron quenched in a Smiths Forge, imitating in it the sound of the letter *ε*.

(f) *Greek*, *ἐπιπλοῦν*, a metaphor culling out *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις* from a snarling Dog, which grumbling onely barks not out, or *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, a Lyons Whelp; or *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, from them of *Scythia*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, who being very much inclined to cholere, being in passion drew up their eye brows.

(g) *Greek*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, a metaphor from Vessels running over.

(h) *Greek*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, a word borrowed from the Sea, whose water was useless before the invention of Navigation and Fishing, or because *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, its water is not potable, or lastly it is a metaphor and is the *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, from a thing cast into the Sea, which presently disappears without hope of recovery.

(i) *Greek*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, a metaphor from a River, which swolne by the occasion of Land-waters is not contained within its Channel and Banks.

How did his Warlike off-spring thee incense,  
 That thou must ruine *Troy* for their offence?  
 If now thou wert within the *Dardan* Wall,  
 (2) To quench the bitter risings of thy Gall,  
 Nor *Priam*, nor his issue should survive,  
 (3) But King and People thou wouldst eate alive.  
 Well! take your course; and that no more there be  
 Such lowd diffention betwixt thee and me,  
 Mark what I say, and lock up in thy Heart:  
 When I resolve some City to subvert,  
 Much priz'd by Thee, be sure Thou not ingage,  
 Nor interpose to pacifie my Rage;  
 Let me their Cup of indignation fill,  
 (4) Since I, against my owne, grant thee thy Will:  
 Under the Sun, and constellated Sky,  
 There is no City in the World that I  
 More love then (5) Sacred *Troy*, nor more in grace  
 With me, then (6) vvarlike *Priam*, and his Race;  
 My (7) Altars there vvith frequent Offrings smoak:  
 So Mortalls us still honour and invoke.

Then *Juno* thus; Three Cities me observe,  
 Which I before all others would preserve,  
*Argos*, faire *Sparta*, and *Micene* built  
 With spacious Streets, These (2) ruine when thou wilt,  
 I shall not intercede, nor yet repine  
 When waiste they lye, nor hinder thy Designe.  
 And should I, twere in vain, since Thou the ods  
 Hast both of me, and all immortall Gods.  
 But it behoves me to preserve my Fame,  
 And work my ends out, who a Goddess am,  
 Deriv'd with thee from one illustrious Houfe,  
 Great *Saturns* race, thy Sister and thy Spouse:  
 Whom all great Heavens Inhabitants obey,  
 So you, and I reciprocally may

(k) *Greek*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, being no other then a disafe, or malady, its proper remedy and cure is patience. *Engl*.  
 (l) *Perseus* in his Satyrs falling upon a Poet minor, one *Labeus*, blaming him for turning *Homer* verbatim into Verse, inflameth in this.

*Ὁμοῖον δὲ τὸν ὁμοῖον ὁμοῖον, ὁμοῖον τὸν ὁμοῖον*.

Thus rendred by him,  
*Crudum manducet Priamum, Priamique pifum.*

(m) *Jupiter* condescends to *Juno's* desire, as the Merchant, *καὶ οὐκ ἀναστὶς ὁ δῶκεν*, in a Storm contents to the lighting of the Ship, because he could not help it, there being no quiet otherwise to be expected; that is, *volens velens*, partly willingly, as yielding to his wife and filter, partly against his will, as delivering up a people, by whom he was so much honoured.

(n) *Troy* is filed here sacred, not only in the common notion of other Cities, but for the frequent Feasts and Sacrifices, an instance whereof amongst others, was that national or provincial Festival, called after the name of the City it self, *Iliia*. The Scholiast saith, that *Troy* was called *Sacred* in regard of its great extent, and multitude of people.

(o) *Greek*, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, that is, *ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις ἐπὶ ὤφθαλμοις*, that is, expert at his Spear, *μολα* being that tree whereof they were usually made.

(p) Sacrifices were ever accompanied with a Feast, which was eaten in common, and called *εὐφροσύνη*. Hence that of *Seneca*, *Vilceratio sine amico Lænis & Lupi vicia est*. That a full Table without a friend, becomes beasts rather then men. Only when the *Prodigia* *Æglia* were offered there was no colation.

(q) *Spendanus* observes here the stomach of *Juno*, the disposition indeed of all revengefull natures, who sicken not to give up their dearest friends, that they may have their wills upon their enemies. Thus the *Triumviri* delivered up their nearest relations to each other to be slaughtered, *Antipater*, *Tullius*, *Adrianus*, C. *Gracchus* his Uncle, and *Lepidus*, *Paulus* his own brother, contrary to the caution of *Alexander*, whose advice it was, *ἐχθρὸς ἀνὴρ, οὐκ ἔστι φίλος ἀνὴρ*. Taking revenge, before thy self thou lovest.











*Thomas Boteler Equiti  
Vicecomiti Thork*  
LMDDDIO Lib. 4. Vol. 300.

Fitting thy Favour Il'e performe this day ;  
But make the other Regiments array,  
That for the Onset we no time protract :  
And since they have by this perjurious Fact  
Infring'd their League, and sacred Peace reject,  
They Death and utter Ruine must expect.

Cheer'd with these words; no more *Arides* droops,  
But through the wel-arm'd ranks, & glittering Troops  
Went where now eith'r *Ajax* ready stood ;  
Whose Foot shew'd like a storm or swallowing flood ;

As when some Shepheard from a Prospect spies,  
Blacker then Pitch, a fable Cloud arise,  
With Night and Tempest freighted from the Deep,  
He troubled hafts, and houses all his Sheepe :

So <sup>(d)</sup> thick the *Ajaxes* bold Squadrons march,  
Their bright Armes dim Heavens faint reflecting arch,  
And drawing up, the Earths great Body shade :  
Then much rejoicing, *Agamemnon* sayd ;

(d) Before they engaged they held  
their Shields and Lances upright,  
whence *Eustathius* expounds *mesolus*  
here, by *isidorus*.

You Princes whom these well arm'd Troops attend,  
I come not to advise you, but commend ;  
So well you Order and Encourage too :  
Ah ! would to Heaven, that all were like to you,  
Then soon this War we should dispatch, and *Troy*  
Took by our Prowess, utterly destroy.

This said, He left them, and old *Nestor* found  
(Through all the World for Eloquence renown'd,)  
Ordering his Squadrons, and with powerfull words  
Cheering them up, and whetting new their Swords:  
*Alastor*, *Pelagon*, and *Chromius* were

Bold *Hemon*, and illustrious *Byas* there ;  
The <sup>(e)</sup> Chariots in the Front stood all along,  
The Foote behind, innumerable and strong :  
These the maine Bulwark were, amidst he thrust  
The weak, and those who fight but vvhhen they must.

(e) *Nestor* drew up his Bodie 222  
all in Front or a breast, not  
223 *in aribus*, or *caduce*, not into deepe  
Files. *Hecodorus* and *Apian* say, That  
he divided it 224 *in aribus*, into  
two deep Bodies or Wings, either  
consisting of an equal number, be-  
tween which they left a vacant space  
or intervall, through which men might  
freely march up or retreat as occasion  
required ; these Avenues they called  
225 *aribus*.

First,

First he commands the Charioteers to curb  
 Their Horses in, least they their Ranks disturb:  
 That none before the rest his Steeds should vvhith,  
 Confiding in his strength and Horsmanship,  
 Nor by retreat enjoin't the vvell link Front.  
 When any shall anothers Chariot mount,  
 Let him not undertake the Steeds to guide,  
 But vvvith his Javelin couch'd, as Champion ride;  
 That is much better, and far more extold,  
 Walld Townes our Fathers so destroyd of old,  
 These Rules observe, and lock up in your heart,  
 The Master sayd of military Art.

The King vvvith joy beholding *Nestor*, said;  
 Ah, would thy Spirits spent and strength decayd  
 Heaven would restore, old Father, and impart  
 Fresh force to answer thy courageous Heart!  
 But <sup>(f)</sup> trembling Age hath all thy joynts unstrung,  
 Would one of these vvere Old, so thou wert Young.

Then *Nestor*; Ah, could I, *Atrides*, vvreild  
 A Spear, as vvvhen I <sup>(g)</sup> *Ereuthalion* kild!  
 But Heaven not grants us all things at one time,  
 Now I am Old, then flourishd in my Prime;  
 Yet I my daring Squadrons can engage,  
 With words and Counsell: This besitteth Age;  
 Who younger are with brandisht Spears should ride,  
 And in their Valour and their Strength confide.

Thence cheerfully *Atrides* marching on,  
 Beheld the bold *Menestheus*, *Peteus* Son,  
 Whom stout *Athenian* Squadrons did surround;  
 And next *Ulysses*, fam'd for prudence, found:  
 Whole *Cephalenians* scarce had took th' Alarm,  
 And standing doubtfull, not prepar'd to arme,  
 (So late both sides had rallied up their Bands)  
 They yet expected to receive Commands.

And

And that some <sup>(h)</sup> Squadron would in readier plight,  
 Charging the *Trojans*, first begin the Fight.

Whom thus displeas'd, *Atrides* did reprove;  
 Bold *Peteus* Progeny, so dear to *Iove*,  
 And you who Mischiefs Master-peeces forge,  
 Why shrink you back, and stay till others charge?  
 It would become you better to have set  
 First on the Foe, and them advancing met.  
 I never of your tardiness complain'd,  
 When we at Feasts the Princes entertain'd;  
 Where, highly treated, you in malsie Gold  
 Drank richest Wines so long as ere you could.  
 Now you'd look on, your Stomachs well asswag'd,  
 Though twice five Troops before you were engag'd.

When thus *Ulysses*; Sir, You might have spar'd  
 What now hath scap'd your Teeth, that Ivory Guard.  
 Why say you that vve shrink, vvvhilst others go  
 So cheerfully to enter tain the Foe?  
 If that will please thee, soon thou shalt behold  
 The Father of *Telemachus* as bold.  
 As any Leader, fighting in the Front,  
 And thou these vaine Aspersions shalt recant.

When *Agamemnon* him offended spy'd,  
 Thus he recanting with a smile reply'd;  
 O, thou unwearied in Wars endless toile!  
 I neither did command thee, nor revile.  
 Mature advise restrains thy hotter Blood,  
 VVe tender both alike the Common good.  
 Said I amiss, I'll make amends again,  
 So shall such Pieques forgotten be as vain.

This said, the King departing march'd on,  
 VVhere valiant *Diomed* bold *Tydeus* Son,  
 Guarded with Horse, and Stately Chariots round,  
 VVith *Sthenelus*, *Capaneus* Race, he found,

T

And

(f) Old Age hath this sad inconvenience, or mischiefe, amongst others, that rendering men knowing of what is requisite to be done, it depriving them of strength, disables them to effect it and put it in execution; of which *Pherecrates* thus complains in *Stichus*.

Ὁ γῆρας ἀρετῆς ἀποστρέφει τὴν  
 καὶ ἀνὰ τὴν ἀρετὴν ἔχοντα τὴν αἰσίδα  
 ἐν τῇ βίᾳ δυνάμει, καὶ ἰσχυρίᾳ  
 καὶ ἀνὰ τὴν αἰσίδα δυνάμει καὶ ἰσχυρίᾳ.

How hateful Age art thou! Which can  
 So many ways our wretched Man,  
 When when our strength and courage dyes.  
 Then begin'st to make us wiser.

(g) The *Pylans* and *Arcadians* contending de *suibus*, concerning the limits and boundaries of their Countreys, being ready to joine *Battell*, *Nestor* killing *Ereuthalion* in a duell, by whom he was challenged, for joy transcended the appointed Lists, whereupon the *Arcadians* setting upon the *Pylans*, *Ereuthalion* yet becalming, obtained a notable Victory; burying *Ereuthalion* with them that were lost in the Service, with this Inscription.

Εὐδαίμων Ἐρεῦθάλωνα φόνος τῷ δαδὶ θύετο  
 ἔργον  
 ἀρετῆς ἰσχυρῆς ἰσχυρῆς ἰσχυρῆς ἰσχυρῆς  
 ἰσχυρῆς.

The *Arcadian Kings* sprung from *Hippodamia*, here  
 Did *Ereuthalion* with his friends interre,  
 When *Nestor* and his *Pylans* conquerd were.

(h) *Gr. μίσση* is a body of Soldiers consisting of three hundred and sixty, *μίσση* *μίσση*, so called from its quadrangular form. Hence the word *Burgum*, which being first used by the *Germans* for any well fenced place, whether by art, or nature, is since taken vulgarly for any Town.



(i) He was so call'd from his love of contention, as the Poet *Philostratus* has call'd him *Philostratus* (i.e. *Philostratus*), as being of a quarrelsome and litigious nature: and the Historian *Strabo*, *Strabo*, for his carping and censuring. *Herodotus*.

(k) That is, *poetis maxime magis*, without an Army, for any greater force. *Oedipus* divorcing *Jocasta*, espoused *Ismene*, who lately accusing his former Children as attempting her, he felted the succellion upon *Eteocles*, he the Country in blood. *Eteocles*, being the elder, ejects his Brother *Polynices*, who repairing to *Argos* meets there with *Tydeus*, who also fled his Country, for having slain his Kinsman, in Arms against his Father. *Adriastus* observing how they were habited, *Tydeus* in the skin of a wild Boar. *Polynices* of a Lyon, re-minding the Oracle, that he should wed his Daughters to a Boar and a Lyon, married *Diippe* to one, *Tydeus*, and *Argos* to the other, sending his Son-in-law to *Mycene* to desire succours against *Thebes*, which was readily yielded by *Orestes*, but disappointed by some dismal Omens. Being returned *Polynices* the *Argives* send *Tydeus* on an Embassy to *Thebes*, where challenging many *Cadmean*, by the assistance of *Minerva* he subdues all who ever entered the Lists against him, together with fifty select Troop men, who lay in ambush to intercept him in his return. *Scholiast*. He was call'd *Tydeus* *magis*, i.e. *magis*, because he was low of stature.

(l) The dislike was attested by Thunder and Lightning, which happening in the day was ascribed to *Jupiter*, call'd thence *Diominus*; by night, to *Suammann*; whence we find *Jupiter* still'd *tyden*.

(m) Hence Rivers are usually portrayed, their Temples bound with Sedge and Reeds; whence *Symposium* brings in the Reed thus speaking to, and of her self, *Dulcis amica Dei, semper vicina profundi*. The Gods dear friend, still near his pleasant stream.

(n) Some conceive *Maon* to have been an Herul, and therefore *spared*, such being esteem'd sacred by the Law of Nations; and their persons not to be violated or secur'd.

(o) *Diomed* and *Sthenelus* only of all the *Epigoni* and *Post-nati* (so were they call'd who descended of those *Agamemnon* and *Odysseus*, the seven Captains that fought before *Thebes*) serv'd in the Trojan War. Some of these *Epigoni* reckon nine: *Agamemnon* the Son of *Atreus*, *Thersander* the son of *Polydorus*, *Diomed* the son of *Tydeus*, *Sthenelus* the son of *Capanus*, *Alcemon*, and *Amphiclus* the sons of *Amphiarau*, *Stratolau*, or *Promachus* the son of *Parthenopus*, *Polydorus* the son of *Hippomedon*, and *Melan* the son of *Ereocles*. When the *Epigoni* sack'd *Thebes*, *Leontides* the son of *Ereocles* reign'd there, who was slain in the War. *Apollodorus* makes *Euryphilus* the son of *Mezophilus*, one of the *Epigoni*. Better

And much displeas'd, thus boldly us'd his Tongue;

Why standst thou here, who art from *Tydeus* sprung,  
Expecting other Princes should begin?

Thy Sire ne're guilty was of such a Sin,  
He far before the rest would still engage.

As they report, who saw him in his Rage:

For I that famous Heroe ne're beheld,  
Whose strength and valour was unparalel'd.

(i) In peaceful manner, to the *Micene* Court,

With (k) *Polynices* he did once resort,

Who then against the *Thebans* war maintaind,

Desiring aid, and had assistance gaind,

But that with dreadful Omens (l) *Jove* withstood.

Thence they departed to *Asopus* Flood,

Whose streams green Sedge, and Osier-shade defend.

Back to *Micene* him once more they send,

Where many *Thebans* found he at a Feast,

With Prince *Eteocles*; no bashfull Guest,

Hem'd in with hostile faces on each side,

The proudest at the Table he desir'd,

And dar'd them all to Combate; whom he lists

Working with ease, so *Pallas* him assists.

But a revenge the incens'd *Cadmeans* plot,

Bold *Lycophon* and Godlike *Maon* got

Fifty stout Youth, all these in Ambush lay,

At his return to kill him in the way.

But *Maon* all he flew, whom he let scape

To make relation of their sad mishap,

Obeying so the pleasure of the Gods:

Such *Tydeus* vvas, and conquer'd so much odds.

But his degenerate Son, not half so stout,

Better in winning Language fights it out.

Honoring the King, he took his royal Cheeks, (speaks,

And not replies; when thus rough (o) *Sthenelus*

Better

(p) Better you are inform'd, Sir, in these Wars,

How far we have (q) out-gon our Ancestors;

With lesser force vve took the fertile Gleabs

And (r) *Mars* his Bulwarks of seven-ported *Thebes*;

Trusting in Omens, and Celestiall ayde,

When dearly for their wilfulness they payd.

Then not with us our Ancestors compare:

When thus bold *Diomed*; Dear friend, forbear

At my request, for I against our Prince,

Cheering the valiant *Greeks*, take no offence:

Great glory him attends, could we destroy

These perjurd Troops, and sack perfidious *Troy*:

But utter ruine, should we get a blow.

Come, let us end this difference on the Foe.

Then he from's Chariot leapt compleatly arm'd,

His Curafs, Maile, and Brest-plate, fresh allarm'd

His stoutest Foes, new terrors them confound,

So lowd did they, and dreadfully rebound.

As when' gainst murmuring shores a Western Breeze

Drives frequent Billows on, vvhich by degrees

At Sea first mustering, quickly after reach

The Land, vvind-driven, with a thundring breach,

The trending Bayes congested waters charge,

And briny Mountaines troubled Foame disgorge.

So thick the *Greeks* vvve up in Bodies drawn,

Each Captain leading his owne Squadron on:

So silent were they, you would say, among

Such numerous Bands, not any had a Tongue:

Their Officers obeying on they march

In armes which emulate Heavens glittering Arch;

But clamorous *Trojans* shout; like fleecy Flocks,

Which within Foulds the wealthy Shepherd locks,

At milking from their Young, when wofull Dams

Answer the bleatings of their tender Lambs:

T 2

With

(p) He makes *Sthenelus* *Patrisfilius*, his Fathers son, the son of *Atreus* one of the *Epigoni*, whom *Strabo* brings in insulting against *Jupiter* himself, and spitting against Heaven, whence he is said to be slain by *Thunder*, his being beat from the wall of *Thebes*, by a huge pile of stone, giving the rife unto that Fable.

(q) He prefers himselfe and his friend *Diomed* before their Fathers: First for that they took *Thebes*, with much smaller force: Secondly, that their Fathers perishing in the attempt (all the seven but *Adriastus*, and but one in the second expedition) they carried the place, none misarrying in the second expedition, save his son only, who alone survived in the first, *Agamemnon* the son of *Atreus*. Thirdly, in that whereas no Gods were favourable to their Progenitors, save *Minerva* only, who assisted *Tydeus*, the *Epigoni* were aided and befriended by the whole Company of Gods, and by *Jupiter* himself.

(r) *Troy* & *Agamemnon*, that is, consecrate to *Mars*: Or for that the Walls were stronger either then those before them, those of *Troy*, or those former Walls of *Thebes*, when their Fathers besieg'd it.



Feld by some Artift with relentleſs Steele,  
 Hewing out Fellies for a Chariot wheel;  
 Upon the banke the Trunck remaining dryes;  
 So ſlaine by *Ajax*, tall *Simeſus* lyes.  
*Antiphus*, *Priams* Son, againſt him draws,  
 And threw a Javelin to revenge his cauſe,  
 But miſing, *Leucus* groine the point went through,  
*Ulyſſes* friend, as off the Corps he drew;  
 He from the body drops, and it from him.  
 To ſee one ſlain, ſo much in his eſteem,  
*Ulyſſes* ragd, then formoſt did advance,  
 In glittering arms, and threw a ponderous Lance;  
 The *Trojans* ſhrink, vvhhen they beheld him there,  
 For he threw no unſignifying Speare,  
 It lighted on King *Priams* naturall <sup>(b)</sup> Son,  
 Who from *Abydos* came, *Democoon*;  
 Incenſd *Ulyſſes* for his deareſt Friend,  
 Quite through his Temples did his Javelin ſend,  
 Deaths ſable Curtains did his eyes ſurround,  
 He falls, Earth thunders, and his Armes reſound:  
 At this the *Trojans* ſhrunk, and *Heſtor* too,  
 The *Grecians* ſhowt, and off the bodyes drew;  
 And ground recovering, up they boldly draw.  
 When *Phæbus* this from lofty *Pergam* ſaw,  
 Inrag'd, alowd the *Trojans* thus he cheerd;  
 Shrink not for ſhame, why are you ſo afeard?  
 They are not Steel, nor made of ſolid Flint,  
 Wounds on their breatts your Javelins will imprint;  
 Nor vvvill *Achilles*, *Thetis* ſon, ingage,  
 He lies tormented at his Fleet with rage.  
 Thus ſpake *Apollo* from the *Ilian* towre,  
 But *Pallas* brought up all the *Grecian* flowre,  
 Who chidden or encouraged came on.  
 Here Fate deſtroyd *Diores* with a ſtone,

Throwne

(b) The Scholiaſt obſerves that *Homer* makes mention of four kinds of Births or Iſſues: *γῆμιον*, the legitimate born in lawfull Wedlock: *παιδίον*, illegitimate, or natural, begot of a Concubine: *νόμιον*, Clandefſtine, or ſecret, who is ignorant of his Father, *Iliad*, ζ. v. 24.

— *Cubitus* δ' ἰσχυρὰς ἔκταν.  
*μηδ' αὖτε*, born of one reputed a Virgin, *Iliad* α. v. 180.  
*Παρθένον*, by *Vindicta* 7219. ἡ δὲ Πάρις-  
 ἡ μήτηρ.

Thrown by ſtout *Peirus* who from *Ænus* came,  
 Which hitting his right Ankle ſtrook him lame:  
 His Sinewes were contuſed with the ſtroke,  
 And the diſjoynted Bones in Splinters broke:  
 He falling back lay gasping on the Sands,  
 For aid extending to his Friends his Hands.  
 But *Peirus*, who his well-aim'd Flint had watch'd,  
 Runs in, and him there ſuddainly diſpatch'd,  
 Ripping his Belly, out his Bowels fell,  
 And laſting darkneſs up his Eyes did ſeal.  
 At him his Speare *Thoas* advancing caſt,  
 Which his Breſt peircing, in his Lungs ſtuck faſt;  
 Which plucking back, his Falchion ſtreight he drew,  
 And him athwart the Belly cut in two:  
 But could not gain his Armes, becauſe the ſtout  
*Thracians* did guard his Body round about,  
 Arm'd with long Speares, *Thoas* though ſtrong and  
 They over-powr'd, inforcing to retreat. (great,  
 Thus fell two Princes, one the *Thracians* ſway'd,  
 Th' other the well-arm'd *Epirots* obey'd,  
 And many Chiefs lay round about them kill'd.  
 Who ere invulnerable had beheld,  
 This Battel, through it ſafe by *Pallas* brought,  
 Would ſay, that never Feild was better fought:  
 So many on both Sides, that bloody Day,  
 Weltring in gore, without diſtinction lay.

HOMERS.



E. Clark. del. W. Hollar. fecit.

Honoratiss: Domina Do:  
Bedfordia, Baro Russell  
Tabulam hanc



Guilermo Russell Comiti  
de Thom-Haugh  
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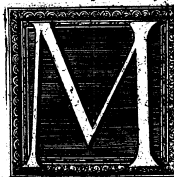


# HOMERS ILIADS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Diomedes great Exploits our Poet sings,  
Bove Trojan Princes, and the Grecian Kings,  
How he inspir'd by Pallas, scorns all odds,  
Of Men, of Heroes, and Immortall Gods:  
Pandarus he kill'd, Æneas hurt, and shed  
Faïre Venus blood, Mars from his Fury fled  
Roaring to Heaven, where no redress he found,  
But that faïre Hebe straight should heale his Wound.



Minerva then <sup>(a)</sup> Tydides Bolome  
warmes,  
And with strange Courage,  
and fresh <sup>(b)</sup> vigour armes,  
That hee from all the Greeke  
might beare the Name,

By Prowess purchasing Immortall Fame.  
Such dazling <sup>(c)</sup> Beams dart from his Helm and Shield,  
As from <sup>(d)</sup> that Star whose Rayes in Autumne guild

in his Atticks adds, that *Selenus* his succeeding great successe and felicity, was prefigured by a fire proceeding out of *Loge*, which appeared to burn of their own accord. Thus *Bacchus* his Cradle seemd to burn, his body untouched. *P. luv. 1. Sympos.* Thus *Arifides* *Orat. 5.* faith, it was accounted *aiens enlour*, a lucky Omen, when Lightning pass'd by the head, not injuring the least his hair. *Enripides* in his *Medea*, distributing a fatal disaster, makes it to be portended by a devouring fire.

<sup>(a)</sup> From golden Tresses grac'd his Head,  
Streams of devouring flames he shed.  
Some say *Diomed* had some such device of Glasse upon his Crest and Shield, as dazled their eyes who looked upon him against the Son, such as that of *Archimedes*, whereby as with lightning he fir'd, and that at a great distance, the *Romane Fleet* riding in the *Syracusan Bay*. *Enstathius* tells of one *Anthemius*, who being molested with a wicked Neighbour, by such another Invention as this, forc'd him to remove.

<sup>(d)</sup> The Summer Dog-Star which ariseth a little before Autumne. The *Orion* *Heliacus* of this Star hapning about that season, occasioneth many Cautions or Feavers, whence elsewhere he files it *Canis*, *II. 72.*

(e) *Homer* makes *Oceanus* to be that River which incircles the Earth, and the Father of all Waters. *Enfl.* makes it the *Equator* which divides the *Africa* and *Antarctic* Pole.

(f) So called from his fleeing the Sacrifices, the Office properly of the Priest.

The (e) *Oceans* briny Pathes with glimmering light;  
Thus him she sends where hottest was the Fight.

Old (f) *Dares*, *Vulcan's* Priest, who did abound  
In riches, and for Piety renownd,  
Two Sons had, *Phægeus*, and *Ideus*, who  
In *Armes* experienc'd well, as well could do;  
These left their Party, and pickeerd at large,  
Their Chariot driving, *Diomed* to charge;  
But he alighting, did on Foot advance,  
And ran within the danger of his Launce;  
Bold *Phægeus* firft his ponderous Javelin caft,  
Which ore *Tydid's* shoulder finging paft:  
Then *Diomed* runs back, and fiercely threw,  
(From him no Speare unfignifying flew)  
The Javelin through his Bosome paffage found,  
And from his Horfes flung him on the ground;  
*Ideus* leaping from his Chariot, fled,  
Not staying to (g) protect his Brother dead:

(g) *Gr. antilais*, go round him: a Metaphor from Lyons and Dogs who defend their young ones by encompassing them.

Nor had he scap'd, if *Vulcan* in a mist  
Him had not veild, pitying his aged Priest.  
But stout *Tydid's* did their Horfes get,  
And gave command to drive them to the Fleet.  
Soon as the *Trojans Dares* Sons beheld,  
Th' one flying, th' other by his Chariot kill'd,  
They troubled at their fall were much dismayd;  
To bloody *Mars* then bright-Ey'd *Pallas* sayd;

(h) Scourge of man-kind, with blood imbrud, whose  
Are Cities ruines, and great Princes Courts; (sports  
Why strive we thus? who rather should delight  
To sit, and see the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fight;  
Let *Jove* bestow the Glory of the day  
On whom he please, and let us him obey.

This sayd, (i) she led him from th' engaged Rancks,  
Placing in quiet on *Scamander's* Banks.

The

Then *Trojans* flye, and slaughtering *Greeks* pursue:  
Firft *Agamemnon* from his Chariot threw  
*Odius*, who brought the (k) *Halizonians* on,  
Betwixt his shoulders he his Javelin ran,  
The deadly point way through his Bosome found,  
Falling the Corps and ponderous *Armes* resound.

(k) The *Halizonians* were a people of *Thrace*, so the *Shaliast*, they were so called because begirt round with the Sea, they inhabited between *Myfis*, *Cerie*, and *Lydia*. So *Epiphanius* cited by *Steph. Biscant*, who thinks them so called for their excessive wealth, *quasi Antilais*, as priding themselves in it.

*Idomeneus Phæstus* slaughter'd, born  
Where (l) *Tarnes* fertile Glebe abounds with Corn.  
The *Cretan* Leader, for his Spear renownd,  
Him mounting tumbled headlong to the Ground,  
Through the right shoulder run, Night seals his Eyes,  
Whose *Armes* became his greedy Souldiers prize.

(l) A City of *Lydia*, called after-ward *Sardis*.

*Scamandrius*, *Strophius* Off-spring, who excell'd  
In th' Art of hunting *Menelaus* kill'd.  
So much *Diana* did his Bow improve,  
Wild Beasts inhabiting the shady Grove  
He never mist, but now the Goddess faild,  
And all the Arts she taught him not availd;  
Whom the bold King pursuing over-took,  
And twixt his Shoulders with his Javelin strook:  
Through Back and Breast the point a paffage found,  
He falls, Earth thunders, and his *Armes* resound.

*Pherclus Hermonides* Son, *Meones* kill'd,  
Who in Mechanick Sciences excell'd,  
(m) By *Pallas* deerly lov'd, the Fleet he built,  
Which *Paris* launch'd, and freighted home with Guilt;  
That him both ruin'd, and his native Land,  
Because (n) the God he did not understand.  
Through his right Hip in the Scyatick Joyn't,  
Close by his Bladder, strook the deadly point.  
Whom roaring on his knee, cold Death did seize,  
And from all anguish gave him suddain ease.

(m) *Minerva* ficks not to deliver up a friend, to have her will of those she disfaffected, according to that saying of *Tullie*, and the usage of men, *Peraunt amici, dum sua inimici interest*; Let my Friends perish, so my Enemies perish with them.

(n) *Apollo* advising the *Lacedæmonians*, the Pellicence raging amongst them, to atone the Gods of *Ilium*, *Menelaus* was elected for that service, which performed, he returned with *Paris* in his Company. Being after both together at *Delphi*, *Menelaus* consulting the Oracle concerning *Uffe*, but *Paris* concerning his Wife, they had this Reponse given them by the *Pythian* Virgin.

Why Sparta's King and Prince of *Ilium*,  
Do you to us with crost intentions come,  
This begs a Foale, and That would steal the Mare:

What then intendst by this great Jove declare?  
The *Trojans* had another Oracle given them, which was this, *Nullo modo vincetis, si vos, si vos, si vos*, that waving Navigation they should apply themselves to Husbandry, otherwise they should ruine their Country and Nation, which they did.





And durst have sworn to *Pluto* I had sent,  
Yet still he lives: Some Power is discontent.  
I have no Horse and Chariot here to charge,  
*Lycæon* hath eleven, new, rich, and large:  
Each by two Horses drawn of generous Breed,  
Who on pure Oakes, and whiter Barley feed.

The stout old Shouldier gave me grave advice,  
Departing from his royall Edifice,  
I Horse and Chariot should myself provide,  
And mongst <sup>(\*)</sup> the *Trojans* to the Battell ride.  
I (which I now repent) did not regard  
His Precepts, but those pamper'd Horses spar'd,  
Lest they should in so strickt a League need,  
Who were accusom'd liberally to feed:  
And marcht on foot, confiding in my Bow,

Which useles proves, and onely serves for show:  
I from two Princes drew unfeign'd <sup>(b)</sup> Gore,  
Which stir'd but Animosities the more.  
A fatall Choice of this vile Bow I made,  
When I brought *Heñor* and the *Trojans* aide:  
If to my Native Soil I ere with life  
Return, and see my House and dearest Wife,  
Let me, by one that hates me most, expire,  
If I not <sup>(c)</sup> break, and cast into the fire

The Bowes I have reserved, since they be  
Such faithles and unuseles Friends to me.

The *Trojan* Prince *Æneus* then reply'd,  
Come, say not so, before that we have try'd  
That Princes Valour, and Experience show,  
Whether he be a Deity, or no;  
Ascend my Chariot straight, that thou mayst see  
How well our *Trojan* Horses <sup>(d)</sup> mannag'd bee;

How

How here and there they wheel, and through the  
Or flye, or follow with ejected Reins, (Plains,  
Who will in safety us to *Troy* convey,  
Should *Jove* grant him the honour of the Day.  
Take thou this Whip, these Supple Reins, and mount,  
And I will call yon Champion to account:  
Or else take thou my place, and charge the Foe,  
And I my skill in Horse-manship will show.

Then thus *Lycæons* valiant Son reply'd;  
Renownd *Æneus*, thy own Chariot guide,  
Thy <sup>(e)</sup> Steeds accusom'd are to thy command;  
Should we retreat, not *Diomed* withstand,  
And they once boggling stop, surpriz'd with feare,  
Wanting thy Voice which they were wont to hear,  
*Tydidès* then would us of life deprive,  
And them so purchas'd to the Navy drive;  
Take thou the Steeds and Chariot to thy care,  
And I will entertain him with this Speare.

Their Seats, this said, together they ascend,  
And feircely both against *Tydidès* bend.  
First *Sibeneus* perceiv'd the approaching Storme,  
And thus his bold Associate did informe;  
Yonder, dear Friend, two Princes I behold  
Wil charge thee straight, both Heroes young and bold:  
That skilfull Archer *Pandarus* is one,  
Who files himself the bold *Lycæons* Son:  
Th' other *Æneus*, whom faire *Venus* bore  
To great *Anchises*, neere swift *Simois* shore.  
Retreat a little, leave the Front a while,  
Lest purchas'd Fame thou hazard by the Foile.

Then frowning valiant *Diomed* replies;  
Against thy Judgment sure thou dost advise;  
I scorn to feare, will ne're to thee consent,  
With toile my strength and Spirits are not spent:  
X  
I scorn

(\*) That is, the *Trojans* that inhabited in *Zelia*: or for that *Zelia* was a *Trojan* City.

(b) The *Lacedæmonians* in their Wars wore Garments of a Purple dy, that what blood they lost might not appear outwardly, to the discouraging themselves, or others.

(c) Passion spares nothing, nor is any thing sacred, saith *Plutarch*, to Choller, this lying upon Friends as well as enemies, upon Children, Parents, nay the Gods themselves, nay very Bruits, and inanimate Creatures cannot escape it. *Thamyris* breaking his Golden Horn, and *Harp*, and *Serpes* threatening to stigmatize and lash the Ocean, and sending menacing Letters to the Mountain *Atbo*, to dig him down and cast him into the Sea, if he afforded him not Stones and Materials to compleat his Works and Fortifications.

(d) These were of the Race of the Horses of *Troy*, which were given him in recompence for the Rape of *Ganymede*. These Horses were said to be immortall. *Anchises* getting some Mares to be covered by stealth by these Horses, by that means got some of the Breed: Of which thus *Virgil*. l. 7.  
*Alfentis* *Ænea* *carum*, *geminusque* *jugali*.

*Semine ab æthere, spirantes natiui*  
*ignem*,  
*illorum de gente patri quos* *Dadala*  
*Circæ*  
*Suppositæ de matre notius sunt æcreavit*.  
For these Steeds *Hercules* sackt *Troy*, *Laomedon* having promised them to him, upon condition he should free his Daughter *Hesione* expos'd to a Sea-monster. Horses memorable in Story are these, *Pegasus*, the Horses *Bucirus*, *Diomedes* and *Glaucon*, which last devoured their Masters, the twelve Colts begot by *Boreas*, amongst *Dardanus* three thousand Mares, *Ædon* begot by *Nephele*, transformed to a horse of *Eryne*, which given *Adrastus* by *Hercules*, brought him off alive at the Battell before *Tricler*. *Plagus* and *Harpagus* given the *Disicuri* (*Cassus* and *Pollux*) by *Mercurie*, and *Exaltem* and *Cyllarus* by *Juno*: *Dimos* and *Phobos* the Horses of *Mars*: *Encladus*, *Eriotes*, *Glaucon*, and *Stemon* of *Neptunus*: *Alstor*, *Æikon*, *Nycteus*, and *Orpheus*, *Plutus*: of *Pyrus*, *Eous*, *Phlegon*, and *Lampon*, the Sun's. It is reported of *Xanthus*, the horse of *Achilles* that he spake to his master.

(e) Thus *Cæsar*'s Horse would suffer none to back him but that Emperor, so *Suetonius* reports: as *Bracephalus* would admit none to ride him but *Alexander*: the like *Vincentius Bellav.* relates of the Steed of one *Rodatus*, who served against the *Saracens* after the death of *Caroli* *Magnus*, being before a Monk professed.



I scorn to mount my Chariot, undismaid  
 I'll meet them thus, trusting *Minerva's* aid :  
 Their fleetest Steeds shall not from us convey  
 Them both in safety, one perhaps they may :  
 But if it be the bright *Minerva's* will,  
 That to my Glory both of them I kill,  
 Be sure their generous Horses then you get,  
 And them with speed conduct unto the Fleet :  
 They are <sup>(f)</sup> the Race of that Celestiall Breed,  
 Which *Jove* presented *Tros* for *Ganymed*,  
 The best that ere beheld the Glorious Sun,  
 Which Prince *Anchises* from *Laomedon*,  
 Getting his Mares in private cover'd, stole :  
 In his high Stables six of them did Foale ;  
 Foure he reserv'd, and two *Aeneas* gave,  
 Which are so swift, and so much beauty have.  
 If these we get, great Honour we shall gain.

Thus they discour'd, whilst those come up amain.  
 Then to *Tydid* thus *Lycaons* Son ;

Thou who in Armes so great repute hast won,  
 Whom no plum'd Shaft, nor winged Steel can kill,  
 Now I'll make tryall if this Javelin will.

This sayd, at him a ponderous Speare he threw,  
 Which peirc'd his Target and his Breast-plate through.

Then *Pandarus* cry'd, Thou hast a deadly Wound,  
 Soon thou wilt fall, and I shall be renown'd.

Who thus replies with an undaunted heart ;

I am not hurt, and thou mistaken art :  
 But I suppose that one of you at least,  
 Ere we depart, *Mars* with his blood shall feast.

This sayd, he throws ; the Lance <sup>(g)</sup> *Minerva* guides,  
 Which through his Nose and Teeth his <sup>(h)</sup> Tongue di-  
 Out at his Chin the sharp point passage found, (vides  
 He from the Chariot falls, his Armes resound :  
 The frighted Horses tremble, whilst cold Death  
 Arrests his Body, and dischargeth breath.

But

But stout *Aeneas* with his Speare and Sheild,  
 Fearing the Foe should drag him off the Feild,  
 Went round him as a Lyon rounds his Charge,  
 Covering his Body with his ample Targe :  
 Resolv'd to kill the first durst venter on :  
 At whom *Tydid* cast <sup>(i)</sup> a ponderous Stone ;  
 Which two such men hardly from Earth could raise,  
 Such as weak Nature brings forth now a daies :  
 Which hit him on the <sup>(k)</sup> Thigh, the sharp edg'd point  
 Dissects the Nerves knit the Scyatick Joynt :  
 He fell on's Knees, his Hand up on the Ground,  
 His Eyes Nights Sable Curtain circling round ;  
 And here this *Trojan* Generall had dy'd,  
 Had not *Joves* Daughter, *Venus* then espy'd  
 Her belov'd Son, got in *Anchises* Bed,  
 When he his Flocks neere flowry *Simois* fed.  
 Her Snowy Armes his Body did impale,  
 Protecting him with her Celestiall <sup>(l)</sup> Veile,  
 Least that his dearest Blood had there been spill'd,  
 So brought him off in safety from the Field.  
 But *Sthenelus* remembring the Command  
 Of *Diomed*, made his swift Horses stand :  
 The Steeds he seiz'd, so beauteous, strong, and large,  
 And left them to *Deiphilus* his Charge,  
 Who most did honour him, and best could find  
 The likeliest Objects to content his Mind.

This done, his Chariot he with speed ascends,  
 And with loose Reins after *Tydid* bends :  
 He with his fiery Horses at the Heel,  
 Pursu'd faire *Venus* with infesting Steel.  
 The tender Goddesses well he understood,  
 Detested War, nor took delight in blood.  
 No dreadfull *Pallas*, nor *Bellona*, who  
 Cities destroy, and mighty Realms undoe.

X 2

(i) Of the like Stone thrown after  
 by Ajax, thus Agathias, lib. 1.  
 Μία μὲν λίθον ἀνὰ κράτος ἔβαλε  
 Πύρρον, ἀνὰ κράτος αὖτε ἑκατόμβην  
 ἑπὶ μάλα τραχὺς τῇ, αἶ δ' ἄρα οὕτω  
 ἔπεσε  
 Πῶς τὸν Πεισιστρίδην ἔκλειπεν ἄλγος  
 Νῦν δ' ἔμμελε βαλὼν μὲ περὶ χροῖον ἀβέ-  
 ρος  
 Ἀνδρῶν, φησὶ ἀνὰ κράτος ἄνδρα.

Not move me Passenger, but let me rest,  
 is so once great Hector hit upon the  
 Breast :  
 I'm black and rough, atk Homer, he  
 will tell  
 How Priams Offspring I to earth did  
 fell.

Now many me With Leavers [scars] can  
 wag.  
 The scorn of this weak age my self brag,  
 Which argues the decline of strength  
 in the men of succeeding Ages, whence  
 Juvenal entreating of the vast stones  
 taken up, and thrown by the Heroes of  
 old, concludes that discourse with this  
 observation, Sat. 15.

Terra malos homines nunc educat at-  
 que pusillos,  
 Earth now breeds men in nought but  
 mischief great.

To which passage parallel is this of  
 Lucretius lib. 2.  
 Jamque adeo fracta est aetas, effataque  
 tellus :  
 Vix animalia parva creat, quae cunctis  
 creavit  
 Secula, deditque serarum ingentia corpora  
 partem.

And now this broken age and barren  
 earth,  
 which all things broad scarce brings small  
 Insects forth,  
 That gave wild Beasts huge bodies as  
 their birth.

Such another Stone Euripides in his  
 Phoenissae calls ἐκείνου, a Court-lad,  
 and speaking of that taken up and  
 thrown by Polyphemos, he thus de-  
 scribes it in his Cyclops.

Τοσαύτην ἐπέπεσε  
 Ἀργείοισιν βάρος.

The ponderous Stone contains

A last World and three worlds more.  
 This excessive strength of those of  
 that age Cora Calpurnius imputes to their  
 stirring and active life, and tem-  
 perate Dyet, by reason whereof our  
 Poet subjects the Greeks to such Dis-  
 eases only as had in them 70 Sons,  
 and were infected by some igne'd, and  
 thence angry Deity ; whence they had  
 few Physicians amongst them, and  
 those vers'd more in Surgery than Me-  
 dicine.

(k) Gr. ἰατρίη, i. Acetabulum comes,  
 the hollows wherein the Huckle-  
 bone runs.

(l) Not that it was of proof to de-  
 fend him from their Weapons, but on-  
 ly to conceal and cover him from their  
 sight.

(f) See Note (d) before.

(g) Homer makes *Minerva* direct  
 the Weapon, it being otherwise im-  
 probable that *Diomed* being on foot  
 should wound *Pandarus* in his Cha-  
 riot, that the point of the Speare en-  
 tering at his Nose near the great Angle  
 of the Eye, should come out again  
 at his Chin.

(h) In quo quis peccat in eodem pla-  
 cetur ; *Pandarus* receives his death  
 by a wound in his mouth, as having in  
 that part principally offended in his  
 Tongue, by Perjury and boasting.  
 Thus *Pherecles* who built *Paris* his  
 Ship, wherein he made his lascivious  
 expedition, receives a dishonourable  
 wound in his Thigh : thus *Venus* is  
 hurt in her hand, which she made use of  
 to seduce her Sex to lewdness ; and a-  
 nother toseth his hand, whose Father  
 employed him in receiving Bribes, *Paris*  
 out-bidding *Menelaus*.



Orus, and Ephialtes the Renownd,  
 Olaus Off-spring, Mars <sup>(a)</sup> in Fetters bound,  
 Lockt thirteen Months up in a Brazen Tower,  
 So that the God had perisht in his Flower,  
 If their faire Step-Dame <sup>(\*)</sup> Eribaa had  
 Not a discovery <sup>(v)</sup> to Hermes made;  
 Who secretly him from his Dungeon led,  
 With macerating Fetters almost dead.

What grief did Jumo from Alcides feel?  
 Her breast he wounded with three-fork Steel:  
 And the like favour did grim Pluto show,  
 A sad Remembrance sending from his Bow;  
 Just at th' Infernall Gates and Ports which lead  
 To Hell, and woefull Mansions of the dead,  
 He shot him through the Shoulder, Anguish drove  
 Him to Heavens Court, and Seats of Thundring Jove,  
 Where Peon drew the Shaft, and did apply  
 Soft Anodynes, although he could not dye:  
 He not to perpetrate Offences car'd,  
 Nor Heavens Inhabitants his Arrowes spar'd.  
 'Twas Pallas set him on, who little knows  
 How short their lives are, who the Gods oppose:  
 No more shall he his Native Country see,  
 Nor him his Sons call Father on his Knee.

(a) This some understand literally and historically, others allegorically, and mythologically, and that divers waies. Some say, that Orus and Ephialtes being persons truly valiant, the Sons of Iphimedia and Olaus (otherwise Neptune) subduing their Enemies round about, settled peace in all their Dominions, being thence feigned to keep Mars in Prison in a brazen Vessel, sayd to be of Brais, for its strength, and a Jarr, or Pitcher, for that the Cyprians so filled their Prison (Aqueus) which yet some make a City of Caria. Others by this Fable understand *Ἰσχυρὸς ὁμοῖον τῷ Διὶ*, the mastering, or binding of Passion, which restraint Mars suffers, both from Orus, that is, in *τῷ παλαιῷ ἔργῳ*, *ἡ δὲ δούλη, τῆς δούλης ἑστραφείας*, by such literature, and documents as we derive by the Eare, and also from Ephialtes, that is, *ἡ δὲ δούλη* *ἡ δὲ δούλη* *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, by such instructions and doctrines as are naturally infild into us. Demos interprets it Mathematically of some Passion or affection of the Mind, making this Brazen Vessel to be Heaven, and his imprisonment that which the Greeks call *ἑστραφείας*, and the Author of the Book *De Munda*, makes the irradition, or beaming of a Planet, calling it *προσώπια ἰδούρα*, which restraint Mars suffers thirteen months, eight under Cancer and Leo, and five under other Constellations of the Zodiac. Others say, that these two imprisoned Mars for killing Adonis, the son of Cinyra as he was hunting upon Libanus, a Mountain of Arabia. With Aristot., Orus is a Bird which hath wings upon its eares, and is taken by commending it, from whence such as are vainglorious are called *Oris*. The Scholiast makes the brazen Vessel, (*ἑστραφείας*), and Ephialtes, the sons of Olaus) those Constellations of the Zodiac, the Lyon, and Crab, for that the Sun being in those Signs, *ἡ δὲ δούλη* *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, parching the Fruits of the Earth, is the cause of *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, of Harvest, according to that of Aratus.

*Ἦν δὲ πῶς ἰσχυρὸς ὁμοῖον τῷ Διὶ*  
*Ἄλ' ἦν δὲ δούλη ἡ δὲ δούλη*  
*Ἥταν δὲ τῷ ἑστραφείας ὁμοῖον*

Orus and Ephialtes attempting, to force Jumo and Diana, the last in revenge of it caused them to shoot one the other, as they were levelling at a Deer, the presenting her self in that form purposely before them. They grew every month in breadth a Cubit, and in height the length of the Ulna: see *Apollod. lib. 1.*

(\*) Eribaa was the Step-mother of Mercury. Hermes, that is, *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, reason, which intimates not only all things to be feasible and easie to reason, but also the good use that may be made of the passions, when reason and judgment permit them the Reins, as, for the vindication of our lives and liberties, and the defence of our Country and Relations. *ἑστραφείας*, and *Schol.* The Poets make four *Mercuries*, or *Hermes*, *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, the Earthly, *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, speech, or reason; *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, the Heavenly, the Interpreter of *Jupiter*, *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, belonging to the Ocean; and *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, internal, it being his Office to conduct Souls to *Elysium*, and if need were, to reduce them, whence the Greeks called him, *ἡ δὲ δούλη* and *ἡ δὲ δούλη*.

(v) Eurystheus King of Greece, promising his Daughter in Marriage to him that shooting with him, *ἡ δὲ δούλη* having gratified him with that Art, should have the better, being worsted at that Exercise by *Hercules*, he refused to perform his promise, whereat *Hercules* being highly incensed, plunders *Oenone*, carries away *Iole* by force, and kills the sons of *Eurystheus*. Of which blood being purified by *Delphobus*, he slew *Nelus* and his sons, who had formerly refused him, in whose defence Jumo interposing was wounded by him in his right Breast.

(a) Adrastus had three Daughters, *Argia*, the Wife of *Polynices*, *Deiops* of *Tydenus*, and *Aglaia* the Wife of his son *Diomed*. *Jumo* being not able to revenge her self on *Diomed*, he being protected till by *Pallas*, makes his Wife enamoured of *Cometes* the son of *Sthenelus*, to whom her husband going for *Troy* had committed the charge and tuition of his Kingdom and Estate, who forced *Diomed* returning home to flee to *Minerva's* Altar, and after to sail for *Italy*, where his Companions, being almost famished, were transformed by *Minerva* into *Storks*.

Though

Though thou Tydides do'st such Courage vant,  
 Beware of meeting one more Valiant:  
 Not long <sup>(a)</sup> Egiale whom thou didst Wed  
 A Virgin, shall preserve thy Marriage Bed:  
 Sighing for thee, and early rising all  
 Her Servants to their severall Busines call.

This sayd, her wounded Hand which festring rag'd,  
 Cleansing she cur'd, and bitter pain asswag'd.  
 When Jumo set on Pallas to provoke  
 Jove once again, <sup>(b)</sup> who glancingly thus spoke;

For my Relation, Father, me not blame,  
 Venus enticing of a Grecian Dame,  
 To wait upon her to the Phrygian Coast,  
 And love some Trojan whom she honours most,  
 Her tender hand, endeavouring to prevail,  
 Raz'd on the Golden Button of her Veil.  
 At this Jove smild, and then to Venus spake;

Dear Daughter, Wars Affaires not undertake:  
 Look thou to Joyes of Love, and Nuptiall Rites,  
 Leaving to Mars, and Pallas bloody Fights.

Thus they discoursing did the Battell view:  
 But stout Tydides at Aeneas flew,  
 Knowing that him <sup>(c)</sup> Apollo did protect,  
 And to the Deity gave no respect:  
 He still desir'd the Trojan to destroy,

And, having slain him, his faire Armes enjoy.  
 Three times he rush'd attempting to have kill'd,  
 As oft Apollo interpos'd his Sheild:

When a fourth time making a deadly blow,  
 Thus Phobus did his high displeasure show;

Adventure not, Tydides, gainst such odds,  
 Nor think thy self an equall to the Gods:  
 Celestiall Powers vvhoo walk Heavens Starry round,  
 Are not like Mortals crawling on the ground.

(a) See the last Note of the Page foregoing.

(b) Homer makes *Minerva*, not *Juno* to deride *Venus*, as the younger, of the two, and her professed Enemy: Mythologically, *ἡ δὲ δούλη* *ἡ δὲ δούλη*; one that was chaff and unblemished her that was loose: Allegorically, *ἡ δὲ δούλη* *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, one that was judicious her who was inconsiderate, *ἑστραφείας*.

(c) This *ἑστραφείας*, understands *ἡ δὲ δούλη* of Fate saying, it was long of *ἡ δὲ δούλη*, that is, *Destiny*, that *Diomed* flew not *Aeneas*.

This

This said, the *Grecian* by degrees retreats,  
Waving the danger of *Apollo's* Threats.  
The God conveyd *Aeneas* from the Plain,  
To Sacred *Troy*, where stood his stately Fane,  
There him *Latona* and *Diana* cur'd,  
And of their future Care and Love assur'd.  
But *Phæbus* like *Aeneas* to the Feild  
An Image brought, so arm'd, and such a Sheild:  
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* round about it throng,  
Light Targets then, and <sup>(d)</sup> Bull-skin Bucklers rung.  
When thus to cruel! *Mars Tydides* call's;

(d) *Gr. Aspidion*, so called, either for that they were *adans* rough, being made of untann'd or raw Hides, the hair left on. or *did* *nd* *de* *nd* *Chalcid* *phos*, *das*, for that they wore them on the left Arm only. These were tight, as being of a final compass, and made of the skins of Goats.

Thou who delightst in Blood and battering Walls;  
Will thou not take this fierce *Tydides* off:  
Who now dares fight with *Jove*, and thunder scoff.  
*Venus* he hurt, Blood from her faire hand gush'd,  
Next like a God gainst me the Mortall rush'd.

*Phæbus* this said, repos'd on *Pergam's* Tower,  
VVhilst *Mars* cheers up the fainting *Trojan* Power,  
Remembling *Achamas* who *Thracians* led,  
And thus to *Priams* Off-spring chiding, said;

How long vvill you suffer your Men to fall:  
Untill the *Greeks* shall scale *Troyes* lofty Wall:  
*Aeneas*, Son of that Renowned Sire,  
Whom vve like *Hector* for his Parts admire,  
Lies now hemd in with Foes; Come let us strive  
To dilengage, and bring him off alive.  
These vvords gave force to Nerves vvith toile relax'd,  
When thus *Sarpedon* Noble *Hector* tax'd:

Where is thy former strength and Courage gone:  
Thou once didst glory, that thou wouldst alone,  
Defend gainst all the *Grecian* Army, *Troy*,  
And onely <sup>(e)</sup> Brothers and thy Kin employ:  
But these, I see, fight at no better Rate,  
Then fearful Hounds when they a Lyon bait.

(e) So numerous was *Priams* Progeny, he having fifty Sons, besides Daughters, whereof seventeen were wedded.

'Tis we Auxiliars carry on the War:  
From *Lycian* Realms, and Countries distant far,  
I an Alsistant did from *Xanthus* come,  
Leaving my dearest Wife, and Son at home,  
With large Possessions, Gold and Silver store,  
The late and early wishes of the Poor:  
Yet I my *Lycians* cheer, and do prepare  
To enterchange with yon bold *Greek* a Spear,  
Though I have nothing here that lies at Stake,  
Of which the greedy Foe may purchase make.  
But thou standst still, nor dost thy Troops excite,  
For their dear Country, and their Wives to fight.  
They spred their <sup>(f)</sup> Nets, and here like Hunters lurk,  
And how to ruine you make all their work;  
Then soon this lofty City they'll destroy.  
You night and day should all your Care employ,  
Th' Auxiliary Princes to perswade  
Bravely to fight, and Factions to evade.

(f) *Engl.* Observes, that in the Heroick Age Fishing was not in use, nor yet Fowling, Fish and Fowl not being in all their Bill of fare, saving only in case of extreme hunger and penury.

Great *Hector* with *Sarpedon's* Language nip'd,  
Compleatly arm'd, down from his Chariot leap'd,  
And shaking Javelins' mongst the Squadrons flew,  
Cheering them up: the Battell they renew,  
The *Trojans* turn, what ground the *Greeks* had got,  
Closing their Ranks, they kept, nor shrink one jot:

As lighter Husks with winnowing Breezes borne,  
When *Ceres* fans on <sup>(g)</sup> sacred Floore her Corn;  
The whistling Gale the dusty Shower beats off,  
Till heaps condense with empty silver Chaff:  
So the bold *Grecians* shew'd with dust involv'd,  
Which Horses feet to Atomes had dissolv'd:  
The Chariots turn and furiously assaile,  
Whilst *Mars* drawes o're the Feild a misty Veile,  
And Aid each where the *Trojans* did afford,  
Obeying *Phæbus* with the golden Sword.

(g) He calls the threshing Floor sacred, not only as being consecrate to *Ceres*, and in a fort her Temple, but in regard also of the great commodity that accrues thence to men, for which cause Cities also before are filled sacred, *Engl.*

When

When he perceiv'd *Minerva* left the Feild,  
The *Greeks* Protectres with her ample Shield:  
He from the Temple then *Aeneas* brought,  
And with recruited strength his Bosome fraught;  
But when the *Trojans* saw their Prince alive,  
Fresh resolution did their Souls revive,  
Rejoycing to behold him safe and sound,  
Standing amongst his Squadrons circled round:  
But *Mars* and *Phœbus* had so hard a task  
Impos'd on these, they could no questions ask.  
Both th' *Ajaxes* and bold *Tydidēs* here,  
With wife *Ulysses*, did the *Grecians* cheer:  
Nor did th' advancing *Trojans* them deject;  
But standing firmly they their Charge expect,

As gloomy Clouds drawn up by *Jove's* command,  
Guarding a Mountain, in one posture stand,  
When in a calme the Winds all silent lye,  
Which Vapours should disperse and cleer the Sky:

So stood the *Greeks*, whilst *Agamemnon* goes (Foes;  
Through Ranks & Files, thus cheering Friends 'gainst

Souldiers, both comfort, and fresh courage take,  
Shew your selves men, do not your Ranks forsake:

(4) In fight the Timorous, not the Valiant dye,  
Safety and Honour flies from them that flye.

This said, (1) his Spear he 'mongst the formost threw,  
And stout *Aeneas* Friend, *Deicoon* slew,

Honour'd like *Priams* Sons, who oft the brunt  
So bravely had sustained in the Front:  
He on his Shield took *Agamemnons* Spear,  
Which met so slender opposition there,  
That it through Belt and Belly passage found:  
He falls, Earth thunders, and his Armes rebound.

Enrag'd at his mischance, *Aeneas* two  
Princes, admired for their valour, slew,

*Orfilochus*

(b) So *Tirans* in *Stobæus*.

"Οὐδ' ἄν τις παρὰ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἰσχυρὸς  
ἔλιν' αἰσχυρὸν δὲ σαρματικὸν ἵππον,  
Παυκότερον δὲ τὸν αἰσχυρὸν, οὐκ ἔστιν ἰσχυρὸν  
ἵππον δὲ τὸν αἰσχυρὸν μὴ ἀντιπαραστήσει.

They who refuse'd to come another stand,  
Loft self's, and preserve whom they  
command.

Charge boldly then, your qualities and  
parts  
Signify nothing without valiant hearts.

(i) Homer propounding *Agamemnon* as the Exemplar of a Commander in chief, brings him in not only encouraging his Army, but engaging in person with them that dared most, nothing more encouraging, the common Soldier then the example of their General. Hence that *Adage* of *Philip*, *αἰσχυρὸν δὲνα σαρματικὸν ἵππον ἀντιπαραστήσει* ἢ, &c. That better was a heard of Deer, a Lion being their Leader, then an Army of Lyons commanded by a Deer, those last being but a headless body, and meer Trunk, according to that of *Epaminondas* the *Theban*, who upon the fight of a goodly Army which wanted one to command it, cried out, *ἀδυνάτος δὲνα σαρματικὸν ἵππον*. How goodly a Beast, yet hath it no head.

*Orfilochus* and *Crethon*, *Diocles* Sons,  
Whose Wealthy Father Stately Mansions  
In *Phera* had, who from (k) *Alpheus* Flood,  
Which sandy *Pylus* laves, deriv'd his Blood;  
The River got *Arfilochus* the King,  
And from *Arfilochus* *Diocles* did spring:  
From him (1) *Arfilochus* and *Crethon* sprung,  
Both valiant Princes, beautifull and young:  
Who with the *Grecians* left the *Argive* shore,  
And Armes, to honour *Agamemnon*, bore;  
Saying with him to *Ilium* through the Main:  
But here they met their Fates, and thus were slain.

Like Mountain (m) Lyons whom their Mother bred  
In shady Coverts, by their Fury led,  
Kill foulded Sheep, and Cattell in the Stall,  
Till by revengefull Shepherds Steel they fall:  
So did *Aeneas* shed these Princes blood;  
They fell, that like two Stately Cedars stood.  
But *Menelaus* pitying their mischance,  
Came to the Front, and boldly shook his Lance,  
In shining Armes, by *Mars* provok'd, that hee  
Might slaughter'd by *Aeneas* make up Three.  
When *Nestor's* Son *Antilochus* beheld  
Him undertaking one in Armes exceld,  
He doubted much the overweening King  
Might by his suffering all in Danger bring:  
Now they 'gainst one another did advance,  
And shook their Spears, resolv'd to take their Chance:  
Then straight *Antilochus* came to his side,  
But when *Aeneas* two to one espy'd,  
Though valiant, he retir'd, and straight they two  
Off their Friends Bodies by him slaughter'd, drew,  
And with such wofull Gifts their Men present,  
Then back into the bloody Battell went:

Y 2

Where

(k) *Alpheus* a River in *Elis*, so called from its Medicinable quality, a virtue of curing, *τὸ ἀσπῆ*, the Leprosie.

(1) Grand-children anciently bore the name of their Grand-fathers, that so they might remember their Progenitors, and perpetuate, and, if possible, eternize their Name: *Enst*, adds, *ἡ ἐξομότης τοῦ ἐπώνυμου*, that they might make good that name of their Ancestors by imitation of their commendable Actions.

(m) Naturalists write of the Lyons, that having two Teats only, the never hath more then two at a time, and that only once, her young ones so tearing her Breast, that she is ever after barren. *Enst*.



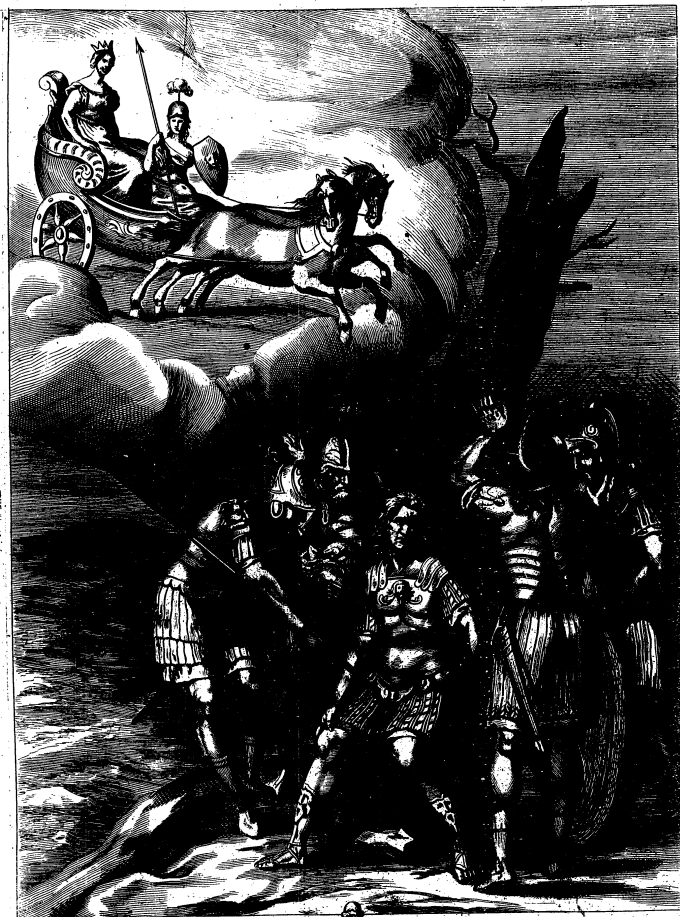
And all those Heroes didst in Arms excell,  
This hand should fix thee to the Gates of Hell.

*Sarpedon* then; *Pilepolemus* 'tis true,  
Thy Father sacred *Ilium* over-threw:  
*Laomedon* too rashly him deny'd,  
And with harsh words his kindness gratify'd;  
Detaining promis'd Steeds, for which so far  
He ventur'd, brought that unsuccessfull War:  
But I thy death and wofull slaughter beare,  
Which I present thee by this ponderous Speare:  
Here thou shalt fall, and I the Honour boast,  
To send thy Soul to the Infernall Coast.

This say'd, they both at once their Javelins cast,  
Quite through *Pilepolemus*'s Neck *Sarpedon*'s past,  
Closing his Eyes in everlasting Night,  
But *Jove* averts the others fatal flight:  
Yet in *Sarpedon*'s Thigh, close by the Joyn,  
Amongst the Bones fast stuck the cruell point.  
His carefull Friends thence straight *Sarpedon* beare,  
Extreamly torur'd with the festring Speare:  
And none (such toil they had to get him off,)  
Once thought of drawing out the knotty Staff:  
Mean while the sturdy *Grecians* not delay,  
But from the Feild *Pilepolemus* convey.

When this Magnanimous *Ulysses* saw,  
His Prudence scarce could give his Pasion Law:  
A while he with himself debating stood,  
Should he in vengeance shed *Sarpedon*'s blood,  
Or with his Souldiers slaughter dye his Steel;  
But Fate denies *Jove*'s Issue he should kill.  
By *Pallas* mov'd, he on the *Lycians* flew,  
*Ceranus*, *Chromius*, and *Alastor* slew,  
*Alcander*, *Halius*, *Prytanis*, *Noamon*,  
And many more had been by him o'rethrown;

But



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But that bold *Hector* saw him, who straight through  
The Ranks, compleatly arm'd, like Lightning flew;  
Striking a feare, at which *Sarpedon* glad,  
In hope of rescue, thus complaining said;

Let not the *Grecians* me, great *Hector*, make  
A Purchase, but to thy protection take,  
That in your City I may end my life;  
Since I my House, my Son, and loving Wife  
No more shall see. The *Trojan* not reply'd,  
But fiercely on amongst his Foes did ride:  
Striving to put the Enemy to flight,  
He many Souls sent to eternall Night.  
Whilst his stout Friends *Sarpedon* thence convey'd,  
Placing him under a tall Beeches shade,  
Bold *Pelagon* of all to him most deare,  
Drew from his wounded Thigh the knotty Speare:  
At which he fainting (\*) swoons, and neer his Death  
Had not fresh Gales restor'd his vitall Breath.

The *Greeks* though charg'd by *Mars* and *Hector*, yet  
Did never flye, but made a faire Retreat,  
Withdrawing still, and little did resist,  
So much the God of War did *Troy* assift.  
How many first and last were overthrowne  
By bloody *Mars*, and *Priams* valiant Son:  
They *Teuthras*, *Threbus*, *Oenomaus* kill'd,  
And bold *Orestes* well in *Horfes* skill'd;  
*Helenus* their fury, and *Oresbius* felt,  
Who wore a Myter, and in (1) *Hyla* dwelt,  
Neer the *Cepheisan* Lake, 'mongst people which  
*Bæotia* plant, condemned to be Rich.

When *Juno* saw the Foe such havock make,  
Slaughtring the *Grecians*, she to *Pallas* spake;  
O thou unconquerd Birth of thundring *Jove*!  
Vain will our Grant to *Menelaus* prove,

Him

(\*) Hence *Epicurus* endeavours to prove the mortality of the soul; from that when men are in a Trance they are no more sensible then if they were not animated, or informed with any: Of which thus *Lucretius*. l. 3.

*Quin etiam finis dum vita veritur intra,  
Sæpe aliqua tamen è causa labefacta videtur*

*Ire animæ, & toto solvi de corpore membra:*

*Quod genus, esse animæ malefactum cum perhibetur.*

Ere life hath from our Bosomes taken flight,  
The Soul oft seems to be extinguish'd quite.

The Body stiff and cold, which oft doth chance  
To those who swoond, or fall into a Trance.

(1) *Hyla* a City of *Cyprus* where *Apollus* was honoured, and thence call'd *Hylæus*. A City also of *Laerus* was so called, *Bæotia* also had its *Hyla*, as *lib. 2.* so call'd from *Hyle* the Daughter of *Thestius*, or for that it was well woodded. There was also another of this name between the *Sabinus* Territories, and the *Romans*, *Steph. Byzant.*











## THE SIXTH BOOK

Hector, advis'd by Helenus, resorts  
To Ilium, and King Priam's stately Courts :  
Bids Hecuba, with all her Trojan Dames,  
Crave Pallas Aid : Effeminate Paris blames :  
Cheers up faire Helen full of Discontents :  
His Love unto Andromache presents.  
At last, inspir'd, foretells his owne sad Fate,  
And utter ruine of the Trojan State.

(a) He makes *Ajax Telamon* not to need the assistance of any Deity, which yet stood by *Ulysses*, *Dionis*, *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*: Nay, himself professeth and boasts as less, as appears in *Euripides*, where the Messenger thus relates the words of *Calchas*.

[illegible]

The graver Sire this answer gave  
At their departing thus began  
All others, as they Spoke on—  
Have not divine assistance thence,  
I have no ready aid to courage want;  
May by Gods help be valiant;  
But I without their aid believe  
I be height of honour so obscure.  
Thus in proud rapture the R. enter said  
And after, when the Ministers Adairs  
Encourag'd him to charge the Foe,  
He proudly thus, Minerva, go  
And others help, you need not fear,  
The'st shall not bring whiff a line betw.

**N**OW by themselves the *Greeks*  
and *Trojans* Fight,  
The Gods departed all, or put to  
Flight;  
Various Successes hurried here,  
and there.

Whilst stormes of aduerſe Javelins cloud the Sphere.  
Twixt *Simois* Streams and *Xanthus* flowry Banks.

First <sup>(a)</sup> *Ajax Telamon* the *Trojan* Ranks  
Breaking, the *Grecians* Courage did renew,  
And *Achamas* a valiant *Thracian* slew,

**Bold**

Bold *Eufors* Son, of a Gygantick size,  
He fix'd his Javelin just betwixt his Eyes,  
Peircing his Brain, and not to be repeald,  
Deaths up his sight with Nights black Signet seald.

So stern *Tydidēs* with <sup>(b)</sup> *Axylus* dealt,  
Who wealthy in renown'd <sup>(c)</sup> *Arisba* dwelt,  
Whose Palace to <sup>(d)</sup> all Commers did afford  
Reception, and an Hospitable Board :

Yet none of them so oft he feasted at  
Full Tables, helpt him 'gainst approaching Fate;  
But here he fell, slain by *Tydidēs* Speare,  
And his old Servant, his stout Charioteer,  
*Calefus* by him ; thence their wofull Ghosts  
Together wandred to Infernall Coasts.

*Euryalus*, *Drefus* and *Opbelius* slew,  
Charg'd *Pedafus* and bold *Æsepus* too,  
Which to Renown'd *Bencolion* that faire  
And Water-Nymph *Abarbarea* bare :  
He eldest of *Laomedons* high Stock,

<sup>(e)</sup> Obscurely born, attending on his Flock,  
This Virgin Courts, and her affection wins,  
Who for his love return'd these beauteous Twins.  
These two he kill'd, then in the Heroe leaps,  
And from their shoulders both their Armours strips.

Then *Polypet Astialus* o'rethrew ;  
*Ulysses*, *Percos* and *Pichtes* slew :  
*Teucer* left *Areteon* on the Feild,  
And bold *Antylochus Ablerus* kill'd :  
So *Agamemnon* with *Elatus* dealt,  
Who neer *Satnoian* Streams at <sup>(f)</sup> *Pedus* dwelt :  
*Leitus* then slaughter'd *Phylachus*, as he fled,  
And stern *Euryphylus Melanthius* sped.

But yet *Adrastus Menelaus* spar'd,  
Whose Horses tangling Myrtle did repard ;

They

They from the binding Team the Chariot tore,  
Striving to reach those, routed, fled before :  
Down on his Face he tumbles neer the Wheel,  
In rush'd *Atrides* with revengfull Steel :  
He on his Knees about his Knees did cling,  
And thus beg'd Quarter of the Conquering King ;

O let me live, and Gifts of great esteem,  
As Ransome take, your Prisoner to redeem :  
My Wealthy Father hath conceal'd enough  
Of Gold and Silver, and rich Household-stuff ;  
Of which he shall a worthy Present give,  
When once he heares I by your Mercy live.

Eare to his Promise *Menelaus* lent,  
And to the Fleet *Adrastus* he had sent :  
But at that instant *Agamemnon* came,  
And thus reproving, did his rage inflame.

And why soft *Menelaus* wouldst thou spare  
The *Trojans* thus ? becaule so kind they were,  
In answering your Civilities at home.  
No not the Infant in the Mothers Womb,  
Must be exempted, we must all destroy,  
And unlamented bury them in *Troy*.

With these perswasions chang'd, himself he frees,  
And shakes him off, from his embraced Knees ;  
Whom *Agamemnon* through the Bowels thrust :  
Who falling on his back in bloody dust,  
*Atrides* treading on, drevv forth his Speare.

When *Nestor* said, Bold *Greeks*, vvho knowv no fear,  
Whose onely pleasure is in Martiall Toyles,  
Take my advice, <sup>(h)</sup> let none look after Spoyles,  
Greedy his Coffers at the Fleet to fill,  
Make it your onely businefs first to kill :  
After in quiet range about the Plain,  
And plunder all the Bodies of the Slain.

A a

These

(b) *Axylus* and his Servant *Calefus* take their names from their Hospitality, and *Arisba* is said, from their reception and invitation of strangers. *Enst.*

(c) A *Trojan* City, and Colony of the *Chitrylians*.

(d) *Plata* being kindly treated by a stranger, observing his use to be the same to all, disdained his reception, and for the future refused it, *Id.*

(e) *Gr. Zalusos*, such Births being so called as were the *Adphorizos* *phos*, where *Hymens* Torch was not lighted at the Marriage.

(f) A Town which took its name, say some, from *Pegasus*, the Natives of this Country promising *Bellerophon* as much Land as with his horse he could encompass in a day and night ; whence their Coynes had the Effigies of a horse. There was another of the same name neer *Ida*, which *Achilles* having long in vain beleagured, and being about to raise his Siege, took by reason of an Apple thrown over the wall by *Pandus*, who was enamoured of him, the writing in it the great extremity the Town was reduced to for want of water. *Byth. Steph. Bieant*, writes them both, the Town and Horse, with *z*, *not* *z*.

(h) The *Lacedemonians* made a Law, that during the time of Battell ; none should fall to plunder, of which Law they elected three hundred to see it put in execution. *Spond.*

These words, both Strength and Courage did re-  
And then the valiant *Greeks* without dispute, (Cruit,  
Once more had given the *Trojans* a Defeat,  
And forc'd them to their City to retreat:  
Had not wife *Helena* the *Augure* stay'd,  
And thus to *Hector* and *Aeneas* say'd.

Since on you two the Care and Conduct lies,  
Not of us onely, but th' *Auxiliaries*:  
Because you best th' impetuous Foe withstand,  
And best in Councell are, and best Command:  
Straight get betwixt the *Trojans* and the Gate,  
And stop their thus disorderly Retreat;  
Left their sad Wives, their Husbands see cut off  
Under our Walls, and heare the Conquerors scoff.

When you have rallied our disorder'd Bands,  
And cheer'd by your Example and Commands,  
Leave them to us, and we shall undertake,  
The pressing Foe, since all now lyes at Stake.  
*Hector* do thou to *Troy* repaire with speed,  
And having found thine and my Mother, bid  
Her straight with all the Ladies in a Train,  
Implore <sup>(i)</sup> *Minerva* in her Sacred Fane;

And bring with her that Glorious Vestment, which  
She most esteems, so Glorious and so Rich:  
And down before the bright-ey'd Virgin lay,  
And at her Altar twelve wild <sup>(k)</sup> *Bullocks* pay:  
That so to pity, her thou mayst perswade,  
To give our City, Wives, and Children aid:  
That *Tydeus* Son she would from *Ilium* drive,  
And us in our necessity relieve:  
That Flower of all the *Grecian* Chivalrie  
*Achilles*, not so dreadfull was as he,

(i) In *Troy* *Minerva* had her Temple and *Palladium*, or Image, *don't*, which dropt from the Clouds, covered with the skin of a man, a Distaff in her left hand, a Spear in her right, and a Cap upon her head.

(k) *Pallas* her Sacrifice was an Heifer young and unwrought, the being *temper Virgo*, ever a Virgin, *Ovid*. *Met.* speaking of the *Lampadophoria*, a Feast of hers.

*Dis tribui ille focus totidem de cespite ponti,  
Luvum Mercurio dextram tibi bellica Virgo,  
Ara Jovis media est, mactatur vacca Minerva,  
Alpitii vitulus, taurum tibi summe deorum.*

*Forthwith three Altars he of Truff erects  
To Hermes, Jove, and her who War afflicts:  
Minerva's on the right, on the left hand  
Stood Mercurie's, Jove's in th' midst did stand,  
To Mercurie a Calf they sacrifice,  
To Jove a Bull, a Cow to Pallas diet.*

Mr. G. Sandy.

Although

Although they give him out a Goddes's Son,  
None ever did what *Diomed* hath done.

*Hector* obeys, with this grave Counsell charm'd,  
And from his Chariot leaps compleatly arm'd;  
Shaking two Javelins in his strenuous hands,  
Straight recollects the dissipated Bands;  
Who now made sensible of what disgrace  
Attends base Flight, once more the *Grecians* Face,  
And stood embodied boldly to receive,  
Who by degrees retreat, and Slaughter leave,  
Thinking some God descending from the Sky,  
From Heaven had brought the *Trojans* fresh supply.

Then *Hector* said, *Trojans*, and all who are  
From Realms remote invited to this War,  
Your Strength, your Valour, and Experience shew,  
Whilst I on our concern to *Ilium* go;  
That all our Wives and States-men may repaire  
The Gods to seek with Offerings, Vowes, and Prayer.

The bright-Helm'd Prince this said, forlook the Field;  
The black Oxe hide which fortifi'd his Shield,  
And did with <sup>(l)</sup> large and fable Margents deck,  
Knock'd in his speed his Anckles and his Neck.

Here *Glauco* and *Tydid* did advance,  
Betwixt both Armies to exchange a Launce:  
As they drew neer, and ready were to throw,  
Thus *Diomed* question'd first his daring Foe:

What art thou, who dar'st up so boldly draw,  
Whom in this War before I never saw?  
Yet now hast made the *Trojan* Van thy Rear,  
Ventring within the danger of our Spear:  
Those who so hardy are to cope with me,  
Shall hapless Sons of wofull Parents be:  
If thou Immortal art that dost invite  
Me to the Combate, know I will not fight.

A a 2

Not

(l) The form of these Targets *Homer* thus describes, *Il. v. 478.*

*Πάντ' ὅππῃσι καὶ πῦρ καὶ σάκος καὶ  
Πάσιον δουρίων· αὐτὸ δ' ἄσπερον βάδιον  
παυλὸν.  
Τελευτὰ, κυκλωθὲν, ἐν δ' ἀρτίῳ τελευτῇ,  
Πύρρ' ὃ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ καὶ καλὸν ἔργον.*

*And first he availed out a mighty  
Shield,  
Then round the ample Margents troble  
field;  
Neer to the Work, a silver Baldrick  
joynd,  
And strongly with five pleated Quil-  
tings lin'd.*

*Homer* making *Minerva's* Statue sitting; so *Strabo* collects from *Quintus Adrian* that *Pythion*, he himself makes it standing.







As soon as *Hector* to the *Scean* Gates  
And Beech arriv'd; Women of all Estates,  
Sad Virgins, Wives, and Matrons, old, and young,  
For Husbands, Sons, and Brothers asking, Throng:  
He straight commands that to the Temples they  
Should go, and there for Heavens Assistance pray.

But when he came to *Priams* royall Seat,  
(With Porticoes, Magnificent and Neat;  
Compos'd of fifty Structures rarely built,  
Where *Priams* Sons, their Wives and Children dwell;  
Oppos'd to which, his twelve faire Daughters did,  
In *Parian* polish'd Marble Courts reside;  
Whose Lords returning thither from the Fight,  
Enjoy'd their chaste and loving Wives at Night.)  
He met his Mother, on a Visit she  
Was going to the bright *Laodice*,  
The fair'st of *Priams* Daughters, him she stayd,  
And wringing by the Hand, thus weeping sayd.

Why quist thou, Son, the Field? Do<sup>(i)</sup> they pre-  
Will these accursed *Greeks* our Walls assail? (vail:  
That prompted by thy Zeal, thou com'st to move,  
With Hands erected, for Assistance, *Jove*:  
But stay untill I fetch delicious<sup>(k)</sup> Wine,  
That thou to him and all the Powers Divine;  
Mayst offer; then with Cups, appeasing care,  
Thy Spirits and Strength, waffed with toile, repaire:  
With charging oft, and bringing on fresh Aid,  
Thou mayst be tyr'd, Then bright-Helm'd *Hector* said,

Mother, no Wine, lest the deceitfull Bowl  
Unnerve my Strength, and stupifie my Soul:  
Nor I<sup>(l)</sup> defiled thus with Blood and Gore,  
Must pay Libations, nor great *Jove* Implore.  
But go you straight attended with a Train  
Of pious Matrons to *Minerva's* Fane:

Beare

Beare Incense with you, and that Vestment which  
You most esteem, so Glorious and so Rich:  
And at the Virgins Foot the Present lay,  
Then twelve fat Bullocks promise her to pay  
In Sacrifice, if shee'l commiserate  
Our Wives, and Children, and the *Trojan* State.  
That *Tydeus* Son she will from *Ilium* drive,  
And us in this sad Exigent relieve;  
Whilst to *Minerva* thou these Offerings payst,  
I will enquire out *Paris*, who disgrac'd,  
His Honour may by my Advice retrieve:  
Ah! that the Earth would swallow him alive;  
Whom *Jove* preserv'd a direfull Curse to be,  
To *Troy*, to *Priam*, and his Progeny:  
Could I but see his Soul to shades descend,  
I should find ease, and all my Sorrowes end.

This said, the Queen straight to her Lodgings went,  
And Damfels to the noble Matrons sent:  
Then She descended to a stately Room,  
Where curious Garments lay in rich Perfume;  
Wrought by *Sidonian* Dames with wonderous Art,  
Which *Paris* with faire *Helen* did transport  
Through swelling Billowes, from<sup>(n)</sup> the *Tyrian* shore.  
For *Pallas* one she chooseth from her Store,  
Whose various Colours gloriously did shine,  
Like Radiant Stars in some Celestiall Signe:  
Which in the bottome lying, came out last.

And now the Matrons all assembled hast  
Down to the Temple in a numerous Train,  
For whom<sup>(o)</sup> *Theano* straight unlocks the Fane.

This *Cyfeus* Daughter, and *Antenor's* Spouse,  
Priestess to *Pallas* kep'd her sacred House;  
Hands with a<sup>(p)</sup> Cry they to the Goddess heave,  
Whilst her faire Votress did the Vest receive:

B b

And

This Note belongs to the word (defiled)  
four lines before.

(m) The very Heathens conceived  
that no Sacrifice was accepted but such  
as was offered with pure hands; and  
that nothing so defiled as the effusion  
of humane blood: Hence that passion-  
ate Exclamation of *Hecuba* in the  
Tragedy, after he had slain his Wife  
and Children.

*Quis Tanais, aut quis Nilus, aut quis*  
*Perseus*  
*Violentus unda Tigris, aut Rheus fe-*  
*rox,*  
*Tagnisve libera turbida gaza flumens*  
*Abluere dextram poteris?*

What Tanais, Rhine, or flowing Nile,  
Or Tigris washing Perils Nile,  
Or Tagus robbing golden Sand  
Can wash from guilt this bloody hand?

Whence *Hector* gives this Present  
to his Brother *Perseus* in his Ep.

*Μαδ' ἐπὶ τῷ ποτὶ δὴν ἄλκυον ἄλκυον ἀνὴρ*  
*ἔσπετο δαΐμονος, μὴδ' ἄγοιτο δαΐμονα.*

To *Jove*, nor any of the Powers Divine,  
With unwash'd hands not early offer  
Wine.

And *Tibullus* speaking of *Sulpicia*  
ready to sacrifice, thus describes her  
preparation for it.

*Natalis Juno, sanctos cape thuris ho-*  
*nores,*

*Quos tibi dix tenera docta puella ma-*  
*nus:*

*Luxa tibi est hodie, tibi se lassissima com-*  
*pi.*

*Staret ne tuas conspicienda fecer.*

Blest *Juno* take that sacred Frankin-  
cense;

The Virgin in her tender hands pyg-  
ments;

This day the bath'd for thee, and  
com'd her Haire,

That to thy Altars clean she might  
repaire.

(n) Albeit he that penn'd *τὴν ὁδοῖαν*  
affirm that *Paris* had a speedy passage  
back from *Spuria*; yet others make  
the Grecian Agents to arrive at *Troy*  
before his return, he being either di-  
verted by *Tempe*, or purposely fetch-  
ing a compass to elude such as should  
pursue. In this Voyage of his he put in  
at *Sidon*, where killing that King, by  
he who was kindly treated, contrary  
to the Lawes of Hospitality, he plun-  
dered his Palace, carrying off thence  
much treasure and many Captives.

(o) In *Homer's* time married women  
might officiate as Priests to their Gods,  
after Virgins only: so the Vestals with  
the Romans.

(p) This custome to be clamorous  
at their Sacrifice, the *Trojans* derived  
from the *Lybians*, with whom it was  
principally in use, to *Hercules* in his  
*Atelopment*.

(i) *Gr. ἀνομήτως, i. ἀνομήτως, i.*  
*ill-named*, either because the conceived  
them not worthy or fit to be named, or  
as deeming it ominous and unlucky;  
*ἀνομήτως ὁ γὰρ ἀνομήτως, ἀνομήτως*, the  
word *Achivi*, relating and alluding to  
*Achilles*, which notes pain, or grief: thus  
*Hector* files *Paris* *ἀνομήτως*, *Troy*, *ἀ-*  
*νομήτως*. Thus *Sophocles* calls *Ajax*, *ἀ-*  
*νομήτως*, or having his name *μῦθος*, *ἡ δὲ*  
*ἡ δὲ ἀνομήτως*, from mourning. *Emst.*

(k) Some *Libations* were *divine*,  
had no Wine in them at all, as that to  
*Apollo*, which was performed onely  
with Honey. *Emst.*

(l) *Ἐργασίας*, as if Wine were an  
enemy to the Nerves and loofned the  
Joints: Hence that Epigram of *Bac-*  
*chus* and *Venus*, the frequent use of  
them.

*Ἀμπαλὲς βότρυς, ὃν ἔχοντες ὡς ἄνθρωποι*  
*τὴν δὲ θεῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων.*

*Bacchus* and *Venus* banefull to the  
Nerves,  
A Dragger gets the Gout, which worse  
deserves.

(\*) Gr. *ἐν γυναικί, upon her knees*, whence some conjecture this Image of hers to be in a Seditary posture. This her Statue was called *Palladium*, and *ἀνέστη*, as falling from Heaven, and was attended with this Destiny, that *Troy* could not be sack'd, whilst that continued safe, and the *Trojans* Masters of it.

(g) Gr. *ἱστῶναι διὰ δούλων*, they praying not only for his untimely and violent death, but dishonourable end also, viz. that he may fall forward, not *εὐθείᾳ*, but *ὀπίσθῃ*; that is, be slain flying.

(\*) This Ring fastned the Steel-point of the Speare to the Staff, and was called *ῥαβδος*.

And humbly \* down before *Minerva* lay'd,  
The Matron then to *Jove's* bright Daughter pray'd;

Guardian of *Troy*, chaste *Pallas* here our Prayer,

Break, greatest Goddess, stern *Tydid's* Speare:

Let him before the *Scæan* Gates (\*) be slain,

And twelve vild Bullocks in thy sacred Fane

WVve then shall pay, wilt thou commiserate

Us, and our Children, and the *Trojan* State?

Thus prayd she, in whose Prayer the Matrons joynd:

But th'angry Goddess their Requests declin'd.

*Hector* mean while to *Paris* did resort,

Where he had built himself a stately Court;

On which the skilfullest in severall Arts,

That dwelt in Wealthy *Troy*, had done their parts:

A Hall, Bed-Chamber, and a Room of State,

Nere *Priam* and his eldest Brothers Gate.

Here *Jove*-lovd *Hector* enters with a strong

Well-pointed Javelin, eleven Cubits long:

The deadly Steel before him entring shin'd,

The Staff (\*) a golden Annulet did bind;

Whom here he found preparing for the Field

His Bow, his Breast-plate, and his glittering Shield:

Whilst Beauteous *Helen* mongst her Maids in State,

Their severall Works and Tasks disposing, sat.

*Hector* thus *Paris* chides; Ah! most accurst,

Whilst thou thus triffling stand'st, We get the worst.

Is this a time 'gainst us to vent thy Spight,

When We are beaten thus, and put to flight?

For thy sake Showtes, and Clamours scale the Skies,

And *Troy* will straight become the Victors prize;

When thou shouldst help our rowted Troops to turn:

Haste, lest in hostile Flames the City burn.

To whom thus *Paris* modestly reply'd;

Me, noble *Hector*, thou dost justly chide;

But

But yet no Quarrell, nor conceived Spleen,

Made me retire, but Grief kept thus within:

And now my Wife (to which I willing yield,

As best advice) perswades me to the Field:

Victory scatters Favours, here, now there,

And they are conquer'd oft, who conquer'd were.

But stay untill I arme, or go before,

And I will follow; *Hector* said no more.

But thus to him the *Spartan* Queen replies;

Me both the Nations like a Dog despise;

And as the source of all their Woes abhorre,

Ah! would that I, when me my Mother bore,

On barren Mountains, or the boystrous Main,

Had perish'd, carry'd by some *Heuricane*:

Before this hainous Crime I did commit;

Since *Jove* is pleas'd that I must suffer yet,

Ah! would that I had chose a better Lord,

Who more his Reputation would regard;

This never had, nor ere will gain Repute,

But he, I feare, shall reap the bitter Fruit.

Yet dearest Brother, here a while repose,

Since for our sakes you suffer all these Woes:

Hard Fortune joyn'd his hand and mine, that we

In after-ages (\*) infamous should be.

Then He, to stay perswade me not, although

Your reall Love, Sister to me you shew:

I presently our Squadrons must asist,

Who for this absence am already mist;

But, Madam, now your Rethorick imploy,

To hasten *Paris*, whilst I stay in *Troy*;

For I must see in what condition are

My Wife, and onely Son, and home repair:

Perhaps I never shall return again,

But by the *Greeks* and conquering Gods be slain.

Bb 2

*Hector*

(/) Gr. *ἠσθησάντων*, have Songs and Sonnets made of us, *πῶς ἂν ἴσθαι παραμυθίας* *ἡσθῶν*. *Schol.*

*Heſtor* this ſaid, went to his ſtately Houſe,  
But found not there *Andromache* his Spouſe;  
She, with her Son, and one Attendant more,  
Lamenting ſtood upon a lofty Tower:  
Whom miſing, to her Damſels thus ſaid He;  
Where is my Wife? went ſhe abroad to ſee  
Her Siſters, or attended in the Train,  
T' implore *Minerva* in her ſacred Fane?

Then one reply'd, no Viſit hath ſhe made,  
Nor went the Goddeſs *Pallas* to perſwade;  
But weeping to a lofty Tower is gone;  
Hearing the *Trojans* were quite overthrow'n,  
She to the Walls diſtractedly did run,  
Only attended with her Nurſe and Son.

Thus answered by the Damſell, he retreats,  
Through uniform, and rarely builded Streets  
The way he came, and to the *ſcean* Ports  
By which he entred, he again reſorts:

There his faire Wife *Andromache* he met,  
The Daughter of King *Etion* ſtil'd the Great;  
Whoſe Court in woody <sup>(1)</sup> *Hypolac* did ſtand,  
And in rich *Thebes*, *Cilicians*, did Command:  
On War-like *Heſtor* her he did beſtow.  
Towards him his Lady and her Nurſe did go:  
Bearing his onely Off-ſpring and delight,  
Whoſe dawning Beauty was then Stars more bright;  
Whom he *ſcamandrius*, but all *Troy*, the Child  
\* *Aſtyanax*, in *Heſtors* Honour ſtil'd.

Viewing his Son, a Smile the Heroe ſtole,  
But ſhe, whilſt down her Cheeks ſalt Teares did rowle,  
Wringing her Huſbands Hand, thus ſaid; Dear Love,  
Thy two much daring will thy ruine prove;  
Nor pitieſt thou thy Son, nor wofull Me,  
Who may, alas, too ſoon thy Widow be:

For

For all the *Greeks* their Forces do imploy,  
Thee, alwaies venturing foremoſt, to deſtroy:  
If thee I loſe, what Comfort can be found?  
What Joy above, when thou art under-ground?  
For Conſolation, Miſery is left,  
When I of thy Embraces am bereft.  
Dead is my Mother, and my Father too;  
Renowned *Etion* ſtern *Achilles* ſlew,  
And ſtately *Thebes*, which he by right enjoy'd,  
Well Peopled with *Cilicians* deſtroy'd:  
Yet him (fearing the Gods) he did not ſpoyle,  
But gave his Armes, and Corps, one Funerall Pile;  
And Mountain Nymphs, who boaſt their high deſcent  
From *Jove*; <sup>(u)</sup> Elms planted round his Monument.

With me ſeven Brothers dwelt in our Aboads,  
Who one ſad day ſent to the *ſtygian* Floods;  
Slain by *Achilles*, where they uſ'd to keep,  
Clove-footed Heards, and ſilver-fleeced Sheep.  
My Mother who in *Hypoplacus* ſway'd,  
He, with her Riches, Captive thence convey'd;  
And after for great Ranſome let her go:

*Diana* drawing then a deadly Bow,  
Highly diſpleaſed <sup>(v)</sup> ſhot her through the Heart:  
So <sup>(v)</sup> thou my Father, and my Mother art;  
My Brother, and my royall Huſband too:  
Oh tarry on this Tower, and pity ſhew:  
Nor me a Widow, this an Orphan make,  
But to the <sup>(z)</sup> Fig-tree draw thy Forces back;  
Where ſhallow Trenches guard an eaſie Wall,  
Where thrice th' *Ajaxes* fiercely on did fall,  
With ſtout *Idomeneus*; ſeconded  
By both th' *Atrides*, and bold *Diomed*:  
Which weakneſs they by Augury did find,  
Or by the inſtigation of their mind.

Then

(1) *Atramus*, a *Peleſſan* by birth coming to *Ida* in *Cilicia*, built there a City called after his own name *Atramusium*. Having a Daughter fit to marry, named *Thebe*, who promiſed her to him, who in a Tournament, or exerciſe of Armes purpoſely appointed ſhould behave himſelf beſt, he was carried by *Hercules*, who erecting a City at the foot of the Mountain, *Placius* in *Cilicia*, and called it after the name of his wife *Thebe Hypoplacia*. *Schoſt.*

\* *Acidrae*, i. the Ruler of the City, one who governed it, *Acidrae*.

(u) They planted ſuch Trees onely about Sepulchers as were Barren, as an emblem of the dead: thus *Strabo* ſpeaking of *Auguſtus* his Monument, ſaith, that it was *isſus dyſſeius* *isſidipſis*, ſet about with Alders; the *Arbores ſeboles* alſo, ſuch as they conſtantly tied in their roots, or Funerall Piles, were ſuch onely as were barren, amongst which the moſt principal was the Pine, and that for this very reaſon, whence *Craſſus* menaced them of *Lampacum*, that he would deſtroy them as the Pine Tree, of which *Herodotus* in his ſixth Mule renders this reaſon, "Οὐκ ἀνέχετο δὲ τὸν ἄλφιον ἰσχυρὰν, ὅτι αὐτὸν ἐπὶ τῇ κεφαλῇ ἔκειτο, καὶ τὸν ἄλφιον ἐπὶ τῇ κεφαλῇ ἔκειτο, for that this Tree alone being ſeld, never puts out the leaſt ſprout, or Cion.

(v) This he ſaith, becauſe the died preſently after, and that by an untimely end. See note before.

(y) So *Briſeis* to her *Achilles* in *Ovid. Epif.*

*Tu tamen amiſſiſe, te compenſavimus a-*  
*tu. Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater e-*  
*ris.*

All my loſt friends thou muſt ſupply  
and be  
A Father, Spouſe, and Brother unto  
me.

(z) *Gr. βερύκη*, which ſaith *Strabo* *β. 1. 13*, was *ορεγία* *in* *ἑλίου* *ἡ* *βερύκη*, a rough place abounding with wild Fig-trees, neerly adjoining to old *Ilium*, a little lower then this flood the Beech mentioned before.

Then *Hector*; Dearest *VV*ife, leave off despaire,  
 Such Businesses are list'd in my care:  
 Should I the Fight decline; th' aspersing Lips  
 Of high, and low, my Glory would eclipse:  
 As if I basely had forlook the Field,  
 Who never to the proudest Foe did yield;  
 But oft, beyond the foremost, charg'd alone,  
 To save our Countries Honour, and my own.

I know the time drawes neer, when they will *Troy*,  
 King *Priam* and his War-like Sons destroy.  
 But not so neer my Heart my Grief I lay,  
 For *Troy*, my Father, nor for *Hecuba*;  
 Nor all my valiant Brothers, ah! who must  
 By haughty Foes be trampled in the dust:  
 As when I think some cruell *Greek* shall lead  
 Thee Captive, weeping, to his loathed Bed:  
 And thou at *Argos* ply a forrein Web,  
 Or make cleare <sup>(a)</sup> *Meffius*, or *Hyperia* ebb;  
 Drawing their *VV*aters vvith unwilling hands;  
 But such are dire Necessities commands.

*VV*hen some vvill say, seeing thee drown'd in Tears,  
 That's *Hector*'s *VV*ife, of all those Cavaliers,  
*VV*hich, vvith such Prowels kept the *Trojan VV*all,  
 He vv as for Valour most renown'd of all:  
 Then thou vvilt grieve for loss of such a Lord,  
*VV*as able to redeem thee vvith his Sword:  
*VV*hen under pil'd up <sup>(b)</sup> Earth thy *Hector* lyes,  
 Taking no notice of thy dolefull Cries.

Soon as he had his vvofull Preface done,  
 He stretcht his *Armes* out to embrace his Son;  
*VV*ho frighted at his Fathers aspect skreeks,  
 And refuge in his Nurles Bosome seeks.  
 To see bright *Armes*, the Infants courage failes,  
 And vvaving Crests adorn'd vvith *Horses* Tails:

At

(a) *Messia* was a Fountaine of  
*Thessaly*, *Hyperia* of *Argos*.

(b) *Xanthus*, that earth alone being so  
 called, as was cast upon such as were  
 interred.



Johanni Morley de  
Suffex Arm. Tabulam



Hahnaker in Comitatu  
hanc. L. M. D. D. D.  
I. O.

At which his Father and his Mother smil'd.  
Illustrious *Hector* then to still the Child,  
Took off his dreadful Cask, and glittering Armes,  
Then having kiss'd and dandled in his arms  
His dearest Son, he thus to mighty *Jove*  
Did make his Prayer, and all the Gods above.

You Heavenly Powers! let this Boyes Glory shine  
Beyond his Ancestors, eclipsing mine:  
And let him rule, that all the World may say,  
Better then me he doth his Kingdome sway:  
When he in Triumph shewes the bloody Spoile  
Of slaughtered Foes, and makes his Mother smile.

This said, *Astyanax* to her he gives,  
Who in her fragrant Bosome him receives.  
Bold *Hector* then, perceiving her dismay'd,  
Grasping her tender Hand, thus pitying said;  
My Absence cease so sadly to resent,  
My life's secured, by the Fates consent;  
Both Good and Bad, All that are born must dye,  
There's no avoiding of our Destiny:  
Look thou unto thy Womens Tasks at home;  
Command them ply the Spindle and the Loom,  
Leave Warlike Cares to Citizens of *Troy*,  
And Me, whom as their Generall they employ.

This said, illustrious *Hector* re-assumes  
His glittering Helmet, stuck with horrid Plumes:  
But sad *Andromache* to Court repairs,  
Of looking back, and shedding many Teares.

Soon as she entred, and her Servants found,  
Her Grief fermenting theirs, the Palace drown'd  
In Teares; for *Hector* yet alive they mourn,  
As he were slain, and never to return.

Whilst *Paris* not delays, but strait comes down  
In glorious Armes, and hastens through the Town:  
As

(c) Thus *Ajax* in *Sophocles* puts up  
the like Petition for his;

ὦ πάτερ ἦτορ πομπὴν δόλομαι  
τῷ δ' ἄνδρ' ἔγωγε θέμις ἔστω.

Be thy more fortunate than I thy Sire,  
In all things else alike.

Which yet seldom happens. most  
Children coming short of their Parents  
perfections, according to that of *Is-  
lans* to *Demophoon* in *Euripides*.

ὅς τις ἄνθρωπος ὅς τις  
ὅστις καὶ οὐκ ἀνθρώπων γένος πομπὴν  
Πατρὸς παρ' ἑσέως· τίς γὰρ οὐκ ἀνθρώπου  
ἔσται.

Ther from good Parents born,  
Their many Vertues do adore;  
One amongst many scarce we find,  
Who not degenerates from his kind.  
Albeit in his *Alex.* cited by *Stobaeus*,  
he seems otherwise minded.

ὦ πάτερ ἦτορ, δὲ δαδὸς ἐμὲ δέξαι  
ἐδιδόκα' ἀνδρῶν ἰδέσθαι· γένεσθαι τέλει,  
καὶ οὐκ ἐμῶν τῶν φόνων τῶν ὅτι μάλιστα.  
Down Creons Son this *Alexandria* set;  
Good Parents virtuous Children get,  
Knaves were got any honest yet.

Whence *Jove* sends presters the generous  
Off-spring of an ingooble Stock, before  
the degenerating issue of a nobler  
house.

Μηλο πατρὶς ἱβὶς γὰρ *Thersites*, δαμνιο-  
δὸς τῶν γῆν.  
Æscida similit, Vulcanique, arma cepa-  
scia  
Quam to *Thersia* similitm producat *A-  
chilles*.

I'de rather thou *Thersites* Off-spring  
were,  
Hadst thou *Achilles* Armes and valiant  
heart,  
Then sprung from him to act *Thersites*  
part.

(d) Paralell to this is that sentence  
cited by *Enst.* here, out of *Ælian* de  
*Providentia*.

Μήτερος οὐδ' ἀνδρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὅστις ἄνθρωπος,  
τίς οὐκ ἀνθρώπου γένος πομπὴν καὶ ἑσέως ἔσται.

It is impossible that fate to doom,  
Which at our birth, *Jove* fix'd for every  
one.

As when a Horse flies out in broken Reins,  
 And Stables left, enjoys the open Plains:  
 Either through Meads he seeks a Stud of Mares,  
 Or to accustom'd <sup>(e)</sup> watering repaires,  
 Wanton, his Head erected, loud he neighs,  
 His Mane upon his Neck and Shoulder plays,  
 So from the Palace did Prince *Paris* run,  
 In Armes whose Beams out-vi'd the glorious Sun:  
 His nimble Feet scarce seem'd to touch the Ground,  
 So in a moment he his Brother found  
 Neer to the place, where with his Wife he spake,  
 And first this short Apology did make.

(e) *Aristotle* writes of the Horse that he delights much in water and frequent washing, and therefore pastures in Rivers especially, and Marthens, οὐκ ἀνίσταται ἔξω τῶν ὕδατος, ἀλλὰ παύεται ἐν αὐτοῖς.

(f) *Gr.* ὄνη, an Appellation, or Title given only to a Brother, as ὄνη to a Tutor, or Guardian, ὄνη to a friend, and ὄνη to a Father.

I feare, <sup>(f)</sup> deare Brother, thou too long hast stay'd,  
 Nor I thy pleasure punctually obey'd:  
 Who in complacent Language made reply;  
 Not any, dearest *Paris*, can deny  
 (Whose Judgment is not byals'd) thy Desert,  
 Nor Prowess question, for thou valiant art;  
 But thou too often shrink'st into the Reare,  
 And wilt not fight: I much am griev'd to heare  
 The scoffing *Trojans* Thee their by-word make,

(g) The Heathen having repulld the enemy, consecrated certain Cups to their God for their good success, in way of gratitude. Of this kind (sappily) were those Goblets, stiled by the *Greeks* ποταμὸν δαίμονα, by the *Latines* pocula literata, two whereof we find mentioned in *Athenians*, the one inscribed, ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ, the other, ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΥ.

Who I confess much suffer for thy sake.  
 But let us hast, this will blow ore, when *Jove*  
 Shall grant to us (and all the Gods above)  
<sup>(g)</sup> Our liberties: then Bowls with *Bacchus* swell'd  
 Wee'l drink for *Troy* preserv'd, and *Greeks* repell'd.

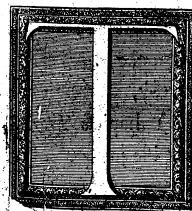


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

He<sup>c</sup>tor's bold Challenge all the Greeks decline:  
Stirr'd up by Nestor's sharp Oration, Nine  
Princes arise to answer, but the Lot  
The Trojan to encounter Ajax got.  
When they had one anothers Prowess felt,  
They interchange rich Gifts: Ajax a Belt  
Bestowes on He<sup>c</sup>tor, He on him a Sword;  
Presents that Fatall prov'd to either Lord.



Hrough open Gates, this said,  
both Champions go,  
Resolv'd to try the Valour of  
the Foe.

As when <sup>(a)</sup> God heares poor  
Sea-mens earnest Prayer,  
And sends faire Winds to calm  
the troubled Aire:

Who tyr'd with plying Oares, and raging Seas,  
At last obtain their wish'd-for Port, and ease.

C c

Such

(a) Plato writing to a friend, tells him he should then take him to be in earnest, when he should preface his Epistle to him with the name of a single Deity. For indeed as *Soran*.

*Jupiter omnipotens, regum, rerumque, deumque Progenitor, gentisque dolum, Deus unus & omnes.*

Great Jove, whom Father we and Mother call  
Of Kings, Things, Deities, one God and all.



*Domino Johanni Pettus  
Equiti Aurato Tabulam*

*de Cheston Com. Suffolciae  
hanc. L. M. D. D. D.  
I.O.*

Such Joy reviv'd the *Trojans*, when they view'd  
These Princes, and the Battell they renew'd.

(b) *Paris*, *Menesthius* first, (c) *Areithous* Son,  
Who govern'd *Arm*, did through the Body run:  
Whom faire *Phylomedusa* forth did bring,  
To that Club-bearer, the Gygantic King.

Through *Eions* Neck *Hector* his Javelin thrust  
Beneath his Helm, and layes him in the dust.  
*Glaucus Iphinous* slew, bold *Dexias* Heire,

Peircing his Shoulder with a ponderous Speare  
Upon his Steed, downfalls he on the Ground,  
Life's purple Atomes issuing at the Wound.

Soon as the (d) bright-eyed Goddess understood,  
How great the effusion was of *Grecian* Blood,  
Down from *Olympus* lofty Tops She flies,  
Cutting to Sacred *Troy* untract'd Skies:

Her, *Phæbus* busied on the *Trojan* side,  
Sitting on Towry *Pergamus* espied:  
Straight he descends, and the Illustrious Maid,  
At the old Beech encountering, thus said;

What business draws thee from *Joves* Starry Court?  
No trifle sure, but matter of Import.  
Must worsted *Greeks* the day re-gain at last?  
Since small Regret for wofull *Troy* thou hast,  
Slight not what I propose, my Counsell take:  
Let both the Armies a Cessation make;  
And after fight it out, till they destroy,  
(Since so (e) you Gods will have it) hapless *Troy*.

Agreed said *Pallas*, in this Plot I'll joine,  
It is my business; on the same Designe  
From Heaven to Earth I made this speedy flight:  
But how shall We compose this bloody Fight?

Then *Phæbus* I'll inflame great *Hector's* Breast,  
To make a Challenge, and the Valiantest

(b) He was otherwise called *Alexander*, the reason whereof is thus rendered by *Ovid*, in that Epistle of his to *Helena*.

*Pene puer casti abducta armenta recepit  
Heliophis, et causam nominis inde tuli.*

Where but a Boy, the Foe Tover came,  
And from our Heards recover'd, got my name.

(c) *Areithous* was the most memorable person of his time; he making an incursion into *Arcadia*, whose Inhabitants were at difference with his *Boeotians* about the limits and boundaries of their Territories, carried thence a great Booty, which the *Arcadians* homaging, laid an Ambuscado for him in his return, where he was slain by *Lycurgus*, and the Booty regain'd, who also enjoy'd his Arms and Club, wherewith he constantly fought, which (happily) was no other than a Scepter, the Badge and Emblem of Regal power and authority, those being no other anciently than *εφεδρι κεραυτοισι*, headed Clubs: so *Pausanias*.

(d) That is *Minerva*, by whom *Ensl.* understands, *τις* *Κουβη* *αυτοκρατο* *εστίν*, the customary and discreet courage of the *Greeks*; as by *Apollo*, *τις* *δ* *μολισ* *εξελ*, the power of Fate or Destiny on the part of the *Trojans*.

(e) She and *Juno* more eagerly then the rest, and not to be removed.

Of all the *Greeks*, dare forth to try his chance,  
And single interchange with him a Launce.  
Then wondering they shall through the Army seek  
For the bold *Trojan* out as bold a *Greek*.

*Pallas* consented to *Apollo's* Plot;  
This (f) *Helenu*s by Divination got,  
And thus to *Hector* did the Business move;  
Thou that in Prudence equall art to *Jove*,  
Take my Advice, I make it my Request,  
Who am thy Brother: Let both Parties rest;  
And straight the Valiant't of thy Foes invite  
Thee to encounter in a single Fight:  
Thy Fate's not ripe, of Death be not afraid,  
This (g) from Immortall Deities I heard.

Pleas'd with this Counsell, gladly he consents,  
Anc straight before the *Trojan* Regiments  
(h) Raiseth his Speare; they at the Signall stand,  
Straight *Agamemnon* gave the like Command;  
Whilston (i) *Joves* Beech *Pallas* and *Phæbus* light,  
Like (k) *Vultures* perching to behold the Fight:  
The thick-ranckt Squadrons fate, and all the Fields  
Glitter'd with Arms, Helms, Spears, & dazling Shields.

Deities elected such Trees as were fruitless, having respect to their straightness, shade, or strength, the made choice of such an one as was useful and beneficial to men, the Olive.

(k) *Homer* as he represents his Gods in the Effigies of Fowls, these, as being of an airy constitution, better expressing their nature than any greater Animals, in whom earth is predominant: So among Fowls, he makes choice of such only as are *εναεσις* *εξελ*, as excel in magnitude, and are of the ablet wing, those of the Eagle kind; as here of the Vulture, or Griffin. *Ensl.* Vultures were especially observed in the heathenish divination by *Augury*, of which kind of Prophecie, with the reason, or cause of it, thus *Statius* lib. 3. *Theb.*

—*Occlides solita prece numen amicat.  
Jupiter omnipotens, nam te parvulus alio  
Addere consilium, volucresq; implere futuri,  
Omniaq; et casus cælo deferre latentes  
Accipimus; non Cythere Deum promissa retro  
Certe, aut fraudes lucis jamque Melastis,  
Chaois non sisse tibi: licet arides Hamman  
Iovidae, Lycæus parent contendere sortes,  
Nilivæq; pecus, patriosq; equalis honori  
Branchus, & undola qui rusticus accela Pifa  
Pana Lycæonia noturnum exandis in umbra.  
Dicitur ille avis, qui in Dilectis, secundum  
Impulsi manifestus avis: Mærum unde, sed olim  
Hic honor altibus: Supra cu candelæ aule  
Jus dedit, effusum Chaos in nova semina texent:  
Sic qui mutata nostraq; ab origine versis  
Corporibus subire Notis: sen purior ævis,  
Amantissimæ, & rarum insistere terris  
Vera decet, &c.*

(f) *Helenu*s being skilled in *Augury*, had the gift of understanding the Notes and flights of Birds, or Fowls, and over hearing the very whisperings of the Gods themselves. *Philologists* write, that his and his Sister *Cassandra's* Eares (these two were twins) were purified by Serpents licking them in the Temple of *Apollo* *Thymbræus*, on the Feast of their Nativities, when playing they were left upon the place all night, through the negligence of those that tended them. The Serpents the next morning being discovered betook themselves into an adjoining Grove of Laurel. *Schol.* Others say, they were *Pythonissæ*, and so foretell things without any infection or tryal, or observation of Fowls, only by divine instinct, as did the *Sibyls*. So *Spandanus*, *Apollodorus* lib. 3. makes him begotten on *Hecuba*, by *Apollo*, and so to have had the faculty of gift, *ex tradere*, by extraction, or descent.

(g) Thus *Socrates*, *Minos*, and others were said to be inspired by *μυσαι* *θεω*, which accompany with the Gods, and to hold communication with them. *Spand.*

(h) To hold a Speare erected by the middle, was a Signal of a cessation from all acts of Hostility for that time, as on the contrary, *εγχε* *εχρησασθαι*, to extend, or hold it forth, of present engaging.

(i) Every God having a Tree sacred to them, *Jove* made choice of the Beech, with Garlands of which some Nations crowned his Altars. In *Rome* he had a Temple called *Fagutal*, from a Beech growing in it. *Minerva* is commended for that when the other

Almighty *Jove*, from whom all Power is given  
To th' winged crew, that Birds know what's to come,  
Discovering Heavens advice, and secret doom,  
Not *Cyrrha's* Oracle speaks the God more plain,  
Nor the *Chaonian* Oaks, which men do feign  
Do answer These: Though duty *Hammon* first,  
And *Paraden* Lots contend, or yet  
Nile's Oxe, or *Branchus* equal to his Father,  
Or watry *Pis's* Swains, when they do gather  
Pans nightly Answers in the dark. Those Souls  
To Birds, tis ancient: Either when the Frame  
Of th' World was moulded on th' Oke's, then  
The great Creator gave it, Or once when  
They chang'd their Shapes, and chose t' inhabit in  
The Aire: Or their pure Climate, where no Sin  
Does nettle, whilst they seldom touch the Earth,  
Has taught them truth, &c.

Mr. Tho. Stephens.





And shall this proud Insulter undertake,  
And if not worst, at least him quiet make.

Thus *Agamemnon* chang'd his Brothers Mind,  
Who to his graver Reasons straight inclin'd :  
His Squires rejoycing off his Armour took,  
When thus *Gerenian Nestor* rising spoke ;

Ah the disgrace ! How will our Native Shore,  
And aged *Pelex* this Affront deplore,  
To whom for Justice *Mirmidons* resort.

Once he was pleas'd to ask <sup>(9)</sup> Me in his Court,  
The Names of our Commanders : Should he heare,  
How now our Chiefs do all one *Hector* feare,  
He would implore, who plant the Starry Pole,  
To send to *Pluto's* Court his troubled Soul.

Ah! would my Veins enjoy'd such youthfull Heat,  
 As when the *Pyleans* and *Arcadians* met,  
 And stain'd swift *Celadon* with reeking Blood,  
 Neer *Phean* Towers embrac'd with *Fardans* Flood.

There *Erythalion*, first in all Alarmes,  
Bore on his Shoulders King *Arcibous* Armes:  
Not only Men, but long veild Matrons, All  
This dreadfull Champion did the Club-man call;  
Because without a Speare, or bended Bow,  
Thus Arm'd whole Regiments he would o're-throw.  
*Lycurgus* plotting flew him in a Pafs,

And Death Arrested him who bore the Mace:  
Through his vast Body he his Javelin thrust,  
And whilst he measur'd with his Trunck the Dust,  
Stript off those Armes *Mars* had on him bestow'd,  
Which after did in Fight his Shoulders load.

*Lycurgus* old, forsaking *Martiall*: *Toyles*,  
Gave *Erythalion*, once his Squire, these Spoyles :  
Thus Arm'd he challeng'd all esteem'd for worth,  
And all did feare, not one adventuring forth :

## When

Lib.VII. HOMER'S ILIADS.

(1) When my own sprightly Genius did invite,  
Though youngest, Me this Champion to fight.  
And up I ventur'd to him in the List,  
Where *Pallas* gave me Fame, and did assit;  
Dead on the Spot this Combatant I lay,  
And his huge Limbs were here and there displayd.  
Would now I had like Strength, and youthfull heat,  
And soon this daring *Hector* should be met.  
But you whom Valour, Strength, and Youth enflame,  
Coldly prepare, and sit like Statues tame.

Nine Princes rise, as he his Speech did close,  
Long before others *Agamemnon* rose,  
*Tydid*es next, then both *Ajaxes* rise,  
*Idomeneus*, and *Meriones* ;  
*Eurypilus* and *Thoas* who surpast  
In Chivalry, subtle *Ulysses* last:  
'And all to Combate *Hector* stood prepar'd.  
When *Nestor* his Opinion thus declar'd :

Lots fairly draw, and whom it lights upon,  
We joyfully shall stile our Champion;  
And let him joyfull be, if he this Night  
Come off with Credit from the dangerous Fight.

As *Nestor* said, each Leader <sup>(1)</sup> sign'd his Lot;  
Which they in *Agamemnon's* Helmet put :  
The People all with Hands erect'd <sup>(2)</sup> pray'd,  
When One, the ample Sky beholding, said ;

Oh! may this <sup>(u)</sup> Lot, great *Jove*, to *Ajax* fall,  
*Tydidēs*, or the Illustrious Generall.

Nestor the Helmet shook, and Ajax got  
(As many there had much <sup>(x)</sup> desir'd) the Lot,  
Which was by th' Herauld round, in order shown,  
To all the Chiefs, but none <sup>(y)</sup> th' Inscription own'd:  
Passing from hand to hand, it came at last  
To Ajax, who into the Helm did cast,

Th'in-

(5) Persons that be aged often iterate their youthfull exploits, as fearing least their many years, which disable them for atchieving new ones, should render them contemptible, thinking by this means to keep up their Reputation.

(1) Hence the *Scholias* collects that Writing, or Letters, were not in uſin the time of *Homers* Heroes, in that every one ſigned the Lot he caſt in with ſome Character, or Sculpture. Concerning theſe Lots, of what matter they were compoſed, together with the way or manner of their formation, ſee *Adrian. Jun. Animad. l. 2. cap. 5.* Thus at the Olympick Games ſeveral Balls ſeverally ſigned being put into an Helmet, they that drew Lots alike marked were marched together.

(\*) 'Ας ὄντων ἐν καρδίᾳ τοῦ θεοῦ τοῦ ἐν-  
 ρμήσαντος, ἢ τοῦ ὡς ἀποκαταλαμβάνοντος τὴν ἐκείθεν  
 ἀνίστασθαι, they that pray attesting by  
 such their posture their dependance  
 upon God, and that they desire to be  
 upheld and supported by him. *Enst.*

(u) The going forth of the Lot, a thing where, in the opinion of men, Chance and Fortune seem to have their Empire, the greatest stroke and influence, *Homer* religiously ascribes to God, making the *Greeks* here to address their Petitions for that purpose to him onely.

(x) *Euseb. Hist.* observes that, *ὅτι πᾶσα τῶν ποιεῖν ἐκείνῳ ἀπαισθησὶς διέκειτο ἐν Χρῆστῳ*; That every righteous Prayer in *Homer* hath a gracious re-

(j) Every one knowing his own  
Inscription onely, and not anothers,  
they being privily made to prevent  
Collusion.

(q) 1. When he was sent on an Embassy to him concerning *Achilles*.

(r) Celadon and Jardan River  
of Elis, or as others, of Arcadia.

(a) Otherwise *Capaneus* rants it in *Statius*.

*Virtus mihi Numen & ensi  
Quem tenet.*

— My Courage, and this Sword I  
grasp,

The God is I adore. —  
As also *Mecentius* in *Virgil*.

*Dextra mihi deus est & quod gero mis-  
sile telum.*

My right hand and this Javelin is my  
God.

(a) Left they collect thence that  
we are troubled or dismayed.

(b) *Aja* being *μυδωνία*, born  
in a poor City (for so was *Salamis*) is  
no more ashamed of the meanness of his  
Country, then *Ulysses* of the barren-  
ness of his, & yet *ἡ μυδωνία λωγέως  
πρωτοῦ αἰσῆος ἀγέτω*, the poverty of  
the place of a mans birth being no ob-  
stacle or prejudice to his Vertue. *Enst.*

(c) *Ide* a Mountain of *Crete*, the  
place of *Jupiter's* birth, and (supposed-  
ly) of his Buriall, according to that of  
*Callimachus* in his Hymne of him.

*Ζεὺς αἰετὸν Ἰδαιόθεν ἐν ἑσέσι ποτὶ γῆρας  
Ζεὺς, αἰετὸν Ἰδαιόθεν ἐν ἑσέσι ποτὶ γῆρας*

*Κρήνη δὲ Ἰδαιόθεν ἡ δὲ νῆσος ἡ Ἰδα  
Κρήνη Ἰνδοῦ αἰετὸν αἰετὸν Ἰδαιόθεν*

*Some say, Iden Jove was born in Acta-  
die.*

*Others on Ida, which, O Father, he:  
Cretans still he, who say in Crete thou*

*lyst.*  
*When thou for ever liv'st, and never*

*dy'st.*  
With which *Juno* also upbraids him,

— *Pleas't Ida nocent, mentisq; ma-*

*Crete*  
Thou impious *Ida* lov'st, and lying

*Crete*  
Which boasts thy Tomb. —

(d) From his Majestick gate, stiled  
*Gradivus*.

(e) This *Smile* was, faith *Enst.*  
*ἄσπετος ἰδὸν ἀνέμενον*, *ἀσπετος*

*ἰδὸν ἀνέμενον*, an austere kind of  
laughter, and remissive kind of severe-

ness or austerity, there being in it a  
mixture of passion and joy.

*Tullie* in his fourth *Memorie*, siding  
with the *Greeks*, from *Hectors* going

here to cheerfully to fight, confutes  
that assertion of the *Peripateticks*, who

affirmed that *Ira* was *ἡ fortitudine*,  
thick Choller was the Whetstone of  
Courage, or Fortitude.

(f) These Bucklers were not orbi-  
cular as a Target, but in the form of a  
long Square, as appears by that of  
*Hector* 1.6. which being put behind  
him, knock'd both his heels and head,

called hence *Synepes*, for that in fashion  
it resembled a door.

(g) *Homer* after he was blind removed from *Cydon*, and resided at *Smyrna*, where coming to *Neon Teichos*, a Colony of the  
*Campanians*, and being courteously treated there of *Tychius*, he inferred his name in his Poem; this being all the return he could make  
him. *Enst.* Thus being highly offended with his unworthy Guardian *Thersites*, he left that upon him will never be taken off, having  
no other way to right or revenge himself. *Id.* (h) *Hyle* was a City in *Laetia*, *ἡλίου πόλις*, so called from their wearing think-  
ing and undressed Hides.

Th' inscribed Lot; straight his own Mark he knew,  
And glad, thus saying, down the Ball he threw;

The Lot is mine, and I rejoyce, because  
I shall from *Hector* carry the Applause:  
But whilst I Arme, 'twere not amiss (a) to move  
In my behalf the all-alsifting Jove;  
Private Devotions use, lest (a) *Trojans* heare;  
Or publicly, since I not any feare:

None Me shall force to what he'l have Me do,  
Nor will I act what I me unwilling too:  
Let none my Ignorance, nor Roughness scorn,  
Who was in (b) *Salamis* bred up and born.  
This short Speech done, to Heavens great King they  
When One, the ample Skie beholding, said; Prayd,

Great King of Gods, who hast on (c) *Ide* thy Seat,  
Let *Ajax* high Renown, and Victory get:  
But if thou *Hector's* Honour dost regard  
An equall Glory unto both award.

By this time *Ajax* girt in shining Armes,  
Stalkt like great (d) *Mars* employ'd to raise Alarmes  
By Jove, 'mongst Nations who delighted are  
In dire Rebellions, Strife, and bloody War.

The big-bon'd *Heroe* sternly did advance,  
And grimly (e) smiling shook his ponderous Launce.  
The *Greeks* rejoyce their Champion to behold;  
The *Trojans* shake surpriz'd with trembling Cold:  
Stout *Hector* Symptomes felt of Aguish feare,  
But would not shrink to shelter in the Reare,  
Who had defid'd the *Greeks* in open Feild.

*Ajax* drew nigh, bearing a Tower-like (f) Shield  
Of Brags, with seaven Hides lin'd, (g) by *Tychius* drest,  
Of all the Curriers in rich (h) *Hyle* the best:

He with seaven Skins of Bullocks fed at Grafs,  
Cover'd his Shield, o're all a Plate of Brags;  
Defended with this Breast-work, *Ajax* made  
Straight up to *Hector* and thus threatening said;  
*Trojan*! this hand alone shall thee instruct  
What valiant Leaders yet the *Greeks* conduct:  
Although *Achilles* of so high Defert,  
That Squadron-Router, with a Lions Heart,  
Lies at his Navie, nor will now engage,  
Provok'd by Royall *Agamemmons* Rage;  
Such We have many (though I stand the first)  
Dare meet Thee, but We talk; come, do thy worst.

Then *Hector*, Thou who art for Valour stild  
The *Greeks* Defence, suppose me not a Child,  
Or tender Woman, who unskilfull are  
In harder Rudiments of crabbed War:  
I have seen Fights, and many a bloody Feild,  
Can to the right and left Hand move my Shield:  
These are my Sports, of which I most account,  
I know my Stands, and when my Steeds to mount.  
Yet I'le of Thee take (i) no advantage here,  
But if I can, kill fairely with this Speare.

*Hector*, this said, his ponderous Javelin threw,  
Which to great *Ajax* seven-fold Target flew,  
Plated with Brags, which peircing first, through fix  
Bull-Hides it went, and in the seventh did fix:  
Then his huge Javelin mighty *Ajax* throwes,  
The point through *Hectors* ample Target goes,  
Breast-plate and Maile, and had a passage found  
To peirce his Bowells with a mortall Wound,  
But that he Death by bending did avoid.  
To draw these Spears they both their Hands imployd:  
Like Lions then, or Salvage Boares they charg'd,  
Whose Strength and Courage Fury hath enlarg'd.

D d Then

(i) It was *Alexanders* saying, *οὐκ  
ὄκνησεν μάχεσθαι τῷ εἰσῶν*, that he loved  
not to steal a Victory, which he learnt,  
faith *Enst.* from this passage here in  
*Homer*.

Then *Hector* struck his Target with his Lance,  
Which with the point rebating, off did glance,  
Repuls'd by Steel: but *Ajax* peir'd his Targe,  
Stopping fierce *Hector* in his furious Charge;  
And hurt his Neck, out starts the purple Gore,  
But bright Helm'd *Hector* would not so give o're:  
But stepping back, lifts up a ponderous Stone,  
Which lay hard by, a sharp and scraggie one;  
And throws at *Ajax* Shield: so well he flung,  
That the Circumference and Center rung.  
The *Grecian* then takes up a greater Flint,  
Which with more force, and higher Rage he sent;  
On *Hectors* Shield a horrid breach it made,  
And on his back the Heroe staggering laid;  
Whom straight <sup>(k)</sup> *Apollo* raised from the Ground:  
And now drawn Swords had printed many a Wound:  
Had not the Messengers of Gods, and Men,  
A *Greek*, and *Trojan* <sup>(l)</sup> Herald stept between:  
*Talibibius*, and *Idæus*, each discreet,  
Who interposing with rais'd Scepters meet  
Amidst them both, when thus *Idæus* spake,  
Desist my Valiant Sons, the Lifts forsake;  
For each of you *Jove* takes a special care,  
You have done well, both Strong and Expert are:  
Besides, 'tis late, <sup>(m)</sup> and Night must be obey'd.  
Command off *Hector* first, stout *Ajax* said;  
Who challeng'd all our Princes to the Field,  
Let him surcease, and I'll Obedience yeild.

(k) He being ever propitious to the *Trojans*.

(l) These were deemed sacred as the Deputies or Delegates of *Mercurius*, whose Office it was to proclaim silence at Duels and Sacrifices, to assist at Oblations for concluding Peace, to denounce War, to command a cessation at Duels between Combatants, and to despatch and proclaim the Conquests.

(m) The Night inviting to rest and repose as the day to labour, according to that of *Hesiod* *Eglog.*

Ἦκε δὲ τὸν ἥρηνος ὀφείλον ἀντιπαύσθαι ἄνθρωποι.  
Ἦκε τοι νεκρῶντος ἀπὸ τοῦ νεκρῶντος ὁ νόμος.  
Ἦκε τὴν γὰρ παύσιν πολεμῶν ἐνδύσιν ἀνδρῶν.  
Ἀρπύριον, μέλαινα δὲ γῆ (τοῦ) βοῶντος ἀνδρῶν.

The third part of your work, *Aurora* pay,  
*Aurora* furthers both your work and way;  
Many set forth as soon as she appears,  
And snubbing *Troaks* are put on flurried Steers.

Nor gave they ever working only at Evening, but after it was once high noon, if so the Author of this Distick may be credited.

Ἦκε δὲ τὸν ἥρηνος ὀφείλον ἀντιπαύσθαι ἄνθρωποι.  
Ἦκε τοι νεκρῶντος ἀπὸ τοῦ νεκρῶντος ὁ νόμος.

Six hours for work; how to bestow the rest.  
The following Letters thus teach us best.

A Conceit taken from the Arithmetical Characters in the Greek Alphabet, whereof the six first being assigned for labour, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth joyned together make up *ἥρα*, which signifies to live, as in *ἥρα* we see the word for *happiness*, and in *ἥρα* the word for *happiness*, the six hours work before noon impairing our spirits, the afternoons cessation and rest recruited them.

Then



Roberto Andren, de  
Armigero. Tabulam



Harleston Com. Northampton.  
hanc. L.M. D.D.D. I.O.

Libro Vicesimo

Then *Hector* thus; *Ajax*, since on thee God  
Such Courage, Strength, and Prudence hath bestow'd;  
Since none of all the *Grecians* throws a Speare  
Equall to thee, let Us this Day forbear:  
After let's fight till *Jove* our Fury calme,  
Granting to one of us a Signall Palme:  
And since tis late, let us to Night submit,  
That thou may'st glad thy Squadron at thy Fleet;  
And to the joyfull *Trojans* I'll repaire,  
Who will for me return a gratefull Prayer:  
Nor Gifts reciprocally let us delay,  
That 'mong the *Greeks* and *Trojans* some may say,  
They fought with all their Fury, Force, and Art,  
And though like Foes encounter'd, Friends did part.

This said, <sup>(n)</sup> a Sword with an enammel'd Hilt  
*Hector* presents, the Sheath and Hangers guilt:  
*Ajax* a Belt with purple Silk adorn'd;  
Then off they went, and to their Friends return'd.  
The drooping *Trojans* Hearts with joy revive,  
When him they saw in safety come alive,  
Escap'd from *Ajax*; those who late despair'd,  
With him in Triumph now to *Troy* repair'd.  
The *Grecians* so to *Agamemnon* led  
*Ajax*, rejoicing he so well had sped.

Soon as they came unto the Royall Tent,  
Gratefull *Atrides* did an <sup>(o)</sup> Oxe present  
Of five years old to *Jove*, as he appoints,  
They flea the Victim, then divide in Joynts;  
Then spit the rest in lesser peeces cut,  
And roasted drawing off in Chargars put:

Thus having done, to Banquet they repaire,  
All of the frugal Treatment had their share.  
But *Agamemnon* as a favouring Signe,  
Before great *Ajax* set the lusty <sup>(p)</sup> Chine.

Dd 2

When

<sup>(n)</sup> *Ajax* falling upon this Sword, and *Hector* being dragged in this Belt by *Achilles* about the walls of *Troy*, gave rise to that common Adage, uttered by *Ajax* himself in *Sophocles*.  
Ἐχθρῶν ἀδελφὸς δῖος ἦ ἐκ δόλου, That the mutual presents of Enemies are fatal for the most part and unfortunate. This passage is thus expressed in the *Anthologie*.

<sup>(o)</sup> *Ajax* gave *Hector*, he a Sword  
To *Ajax*, either fatal to their Lord.

<sup>(o)</sup> It being ominous and of an ill presage to offer a Bull, Barrow hog, or Ram to *Jupiter*, and interdicted by their Pontifical or Canon Law. However *Solos* permitted not an Oxe to be sacrificed for his good service and use in Husbandry, and it was as Capital anciently to slay an Oxe, as kill a Citizen.

<sup>(p)</sup> *Ajax* was feasted with the Chine, for that *ἡ χάρις νύκτα τοῦ μακρίου*, he turned not his back upon the Enemy: Besides *Agamemnon* the more to honour him, parted with his own Dish and service to him, the skins and Chines of all Sacrifices, being reserved for the Kings of *Sparta*, as their Dues or Honorary Fees, as amongst the Hebrews, the King and Priest onely were allowed the Shoulders, to re-mind them of the charge and burthen that lay upon them.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
Grave *Nestor* then for Council did prepare:  
He who so oft advised for the best,  
Now with much Prudence thus himself exprest.

*Atrides* and you Leaders of the Host,  
Since We so many valiant Men have lost;  
Whose purple Blood hath dy'd *Scamanders* Waves,  
Sent by stern *Mars* to their untimely Graves:  
It will be fit We give no fresh Alarms  
Next day to *Troy*, but acquiesc from Armes;  
That Mules and Oxen may the Bodies beare

(4) Off from the Fleet, where (5) Funeral Piles we'll rear:  
That We their Parents Reliques, kept in th' Urn,  
May to their Off-spring beare at our Return.  
Let us a place seek out convenient, where  
Without the Camp the (6) Toomb we high may rear;  
About the Pire then lofty Towers erect,  
And Works which may our selves and Fleet protect:  
Next hang on Gates with Bars well fortifi'd,  
Through which our Horses may and Chariots ride,  
And last draw Trenches round, both large and deep,  
The better off both Foot and Horse to keep,  
If the proud *Trojans* should our Works invade.  
The Princes all approv'd what *Nestor* said.

Mean while the *Trojans* at a Council fate,  
In the high Tower, neer *Priam's* Pallace Gate:  
Strange Fears and Jealousies amongst them were,  
When thus his Mind *Antenor* did declare.

(1) *Trojans* and bold Auxliars I'll impart  
To you the Dictates of my thoughtfull Heart:  
Straight let the *Spartan* Prince's be restor'd,  
With all her Riches, to her former Lord:  
Since We engage and perjur'd break our Vow,  
Can We expect that ought shall prosper now?

This said, *Antenor* fate, and *Paris* rose,  
Who most concern'd this Motion did (u) oppose:

(v) I take *Antenor* at these words distast,  
Thou other Councils, and more pleasing hast:  
But if thou seriously perform'st this part,  
Thou by the Gods infatuated art.  
But thus much I affirm, VVhilst I have life,  
I will not part with *Menelaus* Wife;  
But whatso're with her from *Greece* I bore,  
That with a large Addition I'll shall restore.

Down *Paris* fate, and up old *Priam* stood,  
For Parts and Person equall to a God.

You *Trojans* and Auxiliars, I'll impart  
To you the suddain Dictates of my Heart:  
Now let the Army some Refreshment take,  
Then their Guards doubled, strong their VVatches  
And let *Idæus* go by break of day, (make;  
That *Agamemnon*, and his Brother may  
*Paris* Proposals know, upon whose score  
So much We suffer, and shall suffer more:  
And if they will so long from Armes surcease,  
Untill our Dead have (7) solemn Obsequies;  
After we'll fight till God our Fury calme,  
Or grant to one of us the Signall Palme.

This Council pleas'd, straight they their Supper get,  
And early sent *Idæus* to the Fleet;  
Who found those Princes, who in Armes out-strip  
The God of War, in *Agamemnons* Ship,  
Sitting in Council, thus then undismaid  
The cleare-voyc'd Herald to the Heroes said;

*Atrides*, and you well arm'd *Greeks*, our King  
And all the Illustrious *Trojans* bid me bring  
Prince *Paris* proffer, who first caus'd this War:  
And may it please all here assembled are,

What

(4) They burnt them at distance from their Fleet to avoid any noyome and offensive favour, hence the Romans, for prevention of this, not only mingled much Cypress and Spices amongst the other fuel of the funeral Pire or Pile, but prohibited also any but Emperors and Vestalls to be burnt intra pomeria within the walls, a place being designed and set apart for that purpose in the Suburbs.

(5) Some assign this as the prime reason of the Ancients burning their dead, viz. to prevent all misuse of their Corps by their Enemies: Besides what ever wrong was done, or Rite undone due to the dead, was deeply, they believed, revented by the *Manes*, and this made them so punctual in performing their Rites and Ceremonies at the Obits, or Exequies of the dead. *Ælian* var. *Hist.* lib. 1. c. 27. commends it as a high Civility in *Hercules* to his Enemies, that he was the first that permitted their Allies to take the bodies of those he had slain, and to intert them, which before his time were expos'd *καὶ οὐκ ἐκταφίσαντο*, to feast the Dogs; or as *Homer* elsewhere, *Il.*

— καὶ οὐκ ἐκταφίσαντο, *Il.*  
A care in which the very bruits are not wanting, the Ants and Elephants covering their dead, and concealing them from the sight of any, as the same Author relates, *Hist. animal.* l. 5. c. 49. & lib. 6. c. 43.

(1) Hence *P. Iatarch* saith, that *Homer* first makes mention, *ἡρώων ἀπὸ τοῦ ἱ. ἡρώων*, of a common Tomb, or Bust. In these were placed, round about, certain *ἡρώων*, or Chells, in which were reserved the Ashes and Reliques of those they burnt.

(2) *Dyctis Cretensis*, & *Dares Phrygius*, make *Paris* to be dead before *Antenor* made this proposition, whence the last of the forecited Authors brings in *Antenor* replying to, and opposing *Antenor's* motion. Besides *Dyctis* intimates as though *Antenor* (he and *Æneas*) should play false, and treat with the *Grecians* about the rendition of the Town.

(u) Of this motion of *Antenor* and *Paris* his peremptory denial, thus *Horace*, lib. 1. *Epist.* 2.

*Antenor censet belli praevidere casus: Quid Paris? ut saluus regnet, vivatque beatus Cogi posse negat.*

*Antenor* voted Peace: what *Paris* he Could not in safety reign, nor happy be *Helen* restored. —

(x) As though his fancy and humour were to be preferred before the welfare of the people: *ἄνδρες ἡῶν* *ἄνδρες τῆς πόλεως*, as if *Troy* contained in it nothing of like value. *Enf.*

What Wealth with *Helen* he from *Sparta* bore,  
 (Would it had perisht first) he will restore,  
 With large Additions to compose all strife,  
 But nere will part with *Menelaus* Wife:  
 Next, if you please, we would from *Armes* surcease,  
 Untill our dead have Funerall Obsequies:  
 And after fight till *Jove* our Fury calme,  
 Or grant to one of us the Signall Palme.

*Idæus* thus; but none an Answer made,  
 Till bold *Tydidēs* breaking silence, said;

Here, let not any *Paris* Proffer take,  
 Nor *Helen*: unwean'd Infants, could they speak,  
 Would tell Destruction doth on *Troy* attend.  
 The Princes, all admiring, condescend;  
 Pleas'd with the Answer which *Tydidēs* made;  
 Then to *Idæus* *Agamemnon* said;  
 You heare the Sentence of this Court, and how  
 They answer thee, their Judgment I allow;  
 That you shall burn your dead, we not refuse,  
 Since Carcasses are but of little use;

You may with Fire their Services reward:

Witness this <sup>(c)</sup> Truce great *Juno's* thundring Lord;

Raising his Scepter to the Gods; this said,

*Idæus* speed to sacred *Ilium* made;

Where they in Council sitting, him expect,  
 Straight he delivers them the whole Effect.

The *Trojans* then in Multitudes prepare,  
 To cut down Fuell, others Bodies beare;  
 The *Greeks* like Order at the Fleet receive,  
 Corpſes to carry, and dry Wood to cleave.  
 Soon as the Sun tip'd with a trembling Ray  
 The Oceans Brine, and sprinkled Silver Day  
 On Pearly Meads, promiscuously they go,  
 And none could well distinguish Friend from Foe.

They

(c) He means not the former Truce broke by the *Trojans*, but the present cessation condescended to on both sides, for performing the Funerall Rites of such as were slain.

They wash the Dead, distain'd in Dust and Gore,  
 And ore them weeping, thence in Chariots bore:  
*Priam* loud Complaints forbidding, silent they  
 On Funerall Pires Bodies congested lay;  
 And when they were consum'd, to *Troy* return'd,  
 So to their Fleet the *Greeks*, when theirs were burn'd.

Scarce had the Day subdu'd the duskie Night,  
 And trembling Constellations put to flight,  
 But up the *Grecians* rose, and with much toyle,  
 Rais'd round the Pire their Monumentall Pile:

<sup>(c)</sup> Then Towers and Wals, strong Bulwarks they erect,  
 Which might their Navie and themselves protect:  
 Next hung on Gates with Bars well fortifi'd,  
 Through which the Princes might in Chariots ride,  
 Which they inclos'd with Trenches steep and large,  
 And Pallisadoes to break off the Charge.

Thus toyl'd the *Greeks*, whilst those who sit above,  
 In Starry Mansions with Celestiall *Jove*;  
 With wonder their stupendious Works survey'd,  
 VVhen th' Earths Foundation-Shaker *Neptune* said;

VVhat Mortall, *Jove*, will longer Thee adore?

Or us consult, or for our Aid implore?

Behold'ſt thou not what VValls the *Greeks* erect,

And Trenches cast, their Navie to protect?

Yet on the Gods no Hecatombe bestow,

The Fame of which shall through all Nations go.

But what I did so well, and *Phœbus* Found,

For *Ilium*, in oblivion must be drown'd.

Then *Jove*, Why say'st thou so? inferiour Powers  
 Might well suspect these their skie-threatening Towers.  
 But through the VVorld the Fame of what thy Art  
 Hath rear'd, shall fly, but when the *Greeks* depart,  
 And to their Country plow the Briny Sound,  
 Beat down their Works, and in swoln Billows drown'd:

Cover

(c) *Strabo* discoursing of this passage of our Poet, admires both at the fortificalness and insatuation of the *Greeks*, that their Ships riding so near *Troy*, and having so numerous forces both of their own and Auxiliars, they did not by thus fortifying secure their Navie till this ninth year, and also at the cowardize and oversight of them of *Troy*, in that they never made any attempt upon the Fleet till this Bulwark was finished. Hence *Aristotle* esteeming either fabulous, conceives this Fortrefſ both built onely by *Homer*, and by him onely dismantled: (*ἡ μάχη μὴ ἐγένετο*) a thing which being a Poet he could do with ease, with a wet finger, or dash of his Pen. So *Strabo* lib. 13.

Cover with swallowing Sand that ample Shore,  
That thou mayst ne're behold those Bulwarks more.

Thus talk'd the Gods: But by the setting Sun,  
Their Tasks they finish'd which they had begun:  
Then Cattell slaughter'd, and to Supper went,  
When Ships came in with Wine from Lemnos sent,

By <sup>(d)</sup> *Euneus, Jafons and Hypsipyls Son*:  
To both *Atrides* twice two hundred Tunne;  
Of which great store the merry *Grecians* bought;  
This <sup>(e)</sup> trucks for Brass, and that for Steel well wrought;  
These barter Skins; and those with Bullocks Trade,  
Some scours their <sup>(f)</sup> Slaves; all sumptuous Banquets  
Thus *Grecian* Treatments lasted all the Night: (made.  
As long the *Trojans* Feasted to the height.  
Whilst *Jove* contriving Mischiefs more devis'd,  
And <sup>(g)</sup> thundering all with sudden Feare surpris'd:  
When Wine they pour'd in plenty on the Floor,  
And none so hardy were to drink, before  
That *Joves* <sup>(h)</sup> Libations did the Pavement steep:  
Then all reposing yeild to quiet Sleep.

(d) The *Lemnians* neglecting to sacrifice to *Venus* according to their ancient custom, the Goddess so highly disgusted it, that she caused the men of that Island to be enamoured with the women of *Thrace*, and detesting their wives to accompany with them, with which their wives being greatly exasperated, conspired to kill them all at their return, and accordingly effected it. After this *Jafon* putting in here with *Argo*, accompanying with *Hypsipyle*, the Queen of the Island, had by her this *Euneus*.

(e) *Ita commercia* (to *Plinius*) *ubi causa inventa*, thus the first traffick and barter was for wands; whence he prefers the happiness of the preceding ages before that he lived in, withing the use of Gold were wholly abrogated, as being execrated and decried by all; and tending only to the destruction of Society: *Quantum felicite quo cum res ipsa permixta sunt inter se: Utinam possent vitia in totum abdicari: aurum; profectum convivio ab optimis quibusque, & ad perniciem vicia repetitum.* And yet, as he observes, so high an esteem had *Flower* of it, that he sets a greater valuation upon it then upon other Metals, *Glaucum* exchanging (he tells us) his golden Armes worth an hundred Oxen with

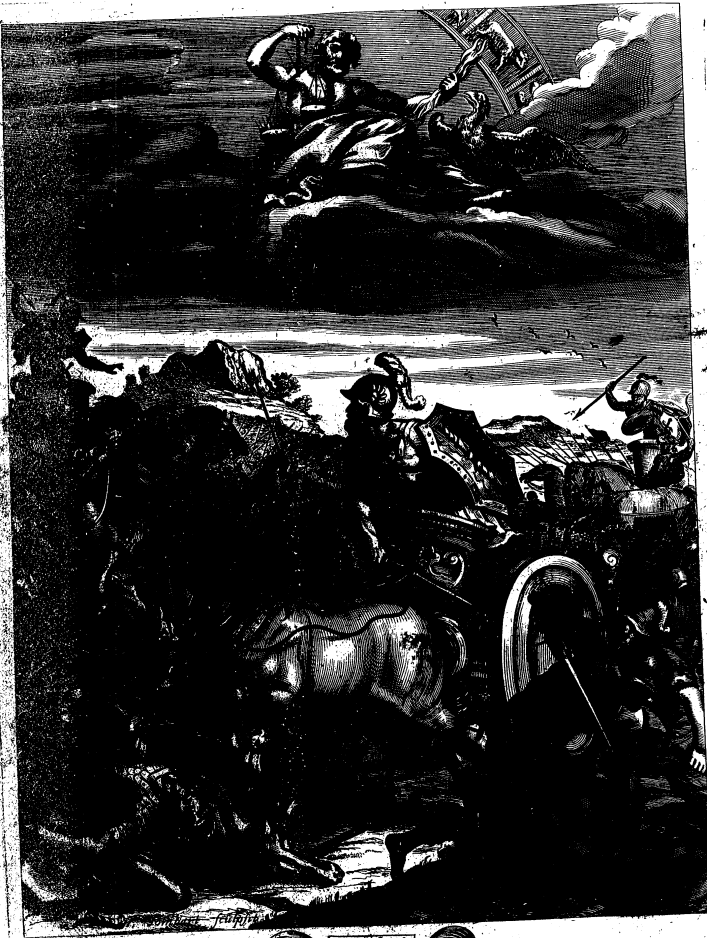
*Diomedes*: Armes of Brass, worth but nine only: *Quantum & ipse miratus aurum, estimationem rerum ita fecit, ut centum bonis arma aurea commutasse Glaucum cum Diomede armis novem boum dixerit*: So he *Nat. Hist.* lib. 13.

(f) *Gr. ἀσπιδόμοιροι*, which word in this notion, for a Servant or Slave, being much later then *Flower*, *Arifophanes*, and *Zenodorus* as obsolete this Verse was printed. Slaves were so called, *ἀσπιδόμοιροι* [ἀσπίς ἡ ἀσπίς] *ἵνα οἱ δοῦναι*, because Servants are their Masters Feet, as is their Head. *Thessalia* abounded of old with *Plagiaries*, such as made a Trade of selling Slaves to Merchants, and those not such only as were taken in War, called *Servi à servando*, whose lives were given them upon this condition, viz. that they should serve, but such also, and that no little number, as were stolen. As those *Lemnians* exchanged Wine for Slaves; so the *Thracians* bought them for Salt, whence *ἡ θύρα*, such Slaves as were purchased at an easie rate, were called *ἀσπίδα θύρα*, *Enst.*

(g) The Greeks and Romans adjoining their Assemblies upon a clap of Thunder, conceiving some Deity to be offended, the *Thracians* shot up their Arrows to Heaven, supposing the Gods to be in dispute then with the Giants, and that by so doing they assisted them.

(h) This they did either *ὡς ἀντιπαραστήσειν*, *ὡς ἀπὸς τοῦ αἵματος γρηγοῦναι*, conceiving it an Amulet and Defensive against Thunder, or as deprecating that Judgment. *Enst.*





Domino Guilhelmo Dugie  
Baronetto. Tabulam  
de Totworth Com. Glocestrensi.  
Lib. 8. V. 80.  
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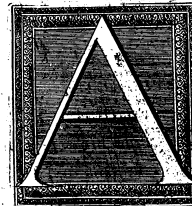


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Jove wills the Gods they neither side assist,  
Juno and Pallas this Command resist.  
A bloody Battell: Greeks are put to flight.  
Great Hector shewes his Valour to the height.  
In Field all Night the Trojan Forces lye,  
And with their numerous Fires the Stars outvie.



ND <sup>(a)</sup> now Aurora from  
her <sup>(b)</sup> Saffron Robe  
Shed tender Beams on Earth's  
inferiour Globe;  
VVhen Supream Jove, and  
all the summond Gods,  
Mongst steep Olympus tur-  
reted Aboads,

In Consultation sate, and silent heard  
What He who rules both Heaven and Earth declard.

E c

You

<sup>(a)</sup> This day was the thirteenth, of Achilles withdrawing himself, and deserting the Service, and from the beginning of the *Iliads*, the 22d. all the business whereof being a Battell, the subject of this *Rapfody*, this Book is filled by the Ancients, with judge, the *origins*, or *fortior* Eight of Homer describing two more of larger Dimensions; a former taking up four Books, viz. d. e. f. and g. and a third dilated to eight, viz. h. i. j. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. and r. *End*.

<sup>(b)</sup> Day being but newly broke, and Aurora in her Infancy, he dyes her *apishness*, velling her in a Saffron coloured Robe, the having as yet a *voluptuous* Colour, something of nights darkness, but being adult and grown elder. *Idolish* *Idol*, *Rose-fingered*, both from the Colours which the rising Sun sheds upon the East. *Enj.*





They come, old Friend, vvho Thee vvill over-match,  
Young Men vvill One so ancient soon dispatch :  
Your Strength is much decay'd, You aged grovv,  
Your Charioteer is vweak, your Horses slovv :  
Come mount my Chariot straight, that thou mayst see  
How vvell these *Trojan* Horses manag'd bee :  
How here and there they wheel, & through the Plaines  
Or fly, or follow with ejected Reines.

Old *Nestor* his Civility receives,  
And to *Eurymedon* and *Sibeneus* leaves  
His feebl' Steeds, which they with care attend,  
And mounts the Chariot to his ancient Friend :  
In skilfull Hands the curious Reines he takes,  
And his Steeds lashing, up to *Hector* makes :  
Whom *Diomed* saluted with a Speare,  
Which missing hit his valiant Charioteer,  
*Eniopus*, stout *Thebeus* Son :

The deadly Javelin through his Bosome run,  
He from his Chariot falls, his Steeds give back,  
Whil'st vitall Spirits dying Limbs forsake.  
Though *Hector* rag'd, and did extreemly grieve,  
He his Friends Body was inforced to leave :  
But straight another Charioteer he found,  
Fierce *Archeptolemus* in War renown'd ;  
And gave him charge of the deserted Reines,

(p) Then bloody Slaughter had enrich'd the Plaines,  
And they, their suddain Ruine to prevent,  
Had up like Sheep themselves in *Ilium* pent :  
But that the Father both of Men, and Gods  
Perceiving how the *Grecians* had the odds,  
Horrible thunder, and dire Lightning cast,  
Which neer *Tyides* frighted Horses past  
Into the Earth, returning (q) Smoke, and fire,  
His boggling Steeds disorderly retire.

Old *Nestor*'s trembling Hands the Reines forsake,  
And thus amaz'd to *Diomed* he spake ;

Fly *Tydes*'s Son, since *Jove* thou mayst perceive,  
Will Us of hop'd-for Victory bereave :  
On *Hector* this daies Honour hee'l bestow,  
But may hereafter Us like Favour show :  
No Power on Earth can alter *Joves* Decree,  
Who greater is, and far more strong then We.

*Tyides* then ; VVell thou hast said, but I  
Shall with the thought of such Dishonour dye :  
Should *Hector* boasting mongst the *Trojans* say,  
I made their brave *Tyides* run away ;  
And did their Champion to their Navie drive,  
Ah ! may the Earth first swallow Me alive.

*Geremian Nestor* then his Mind declar'd ;  
Your Argument though Noble, might be spar'd :  
Should *Hector* vapour thus, who'le it believe ?  
What *Dardan*, or what *Trojan* Credit give ?  
Which of the *Ilian* Dames that Ranter trust,  
Whose Husband thou hast tumbled in the Dust :

This said, he turns ; his Horses more then trot,  
Till they in safety 'midst a Squadron got :  
The *Trojan* Prince, and all his Troop pursue,  
Whil'st Shouts scale Heaven, and Clouds of Javelins  
Then *Hector* calls aloud ; O thou, the most (flew ;  
Admir'd and honour'd 'mongst the *Grecian* Hoast,  
Who vvith full Cups at Feasts tak'st highest place ;  
How vvill they henceforth studie thy Disgrace,  
VVho like a Woman fly'st, or timerous Maide ?  
But ere by Thee our VValls are levell layd,  
Our Ladies Captive carried to your Fleet,  
Thou from this Hand shall thy Destruction meet.

Hearing this Rant *Tyides* made a doubt,  
VVhether to fly, or stay and fight it out.

(p) When Prudence and Valour,  
*Nestor* and *Diomed* are in Conjunction,  
great things may be probably expected,  
as *Cypriotes* *Amazones* *Agamemnon*,  
either Virtue being re-inforced by the  
other, and so the more effective. *Boiss.*

(q) The matter of Thunder being  
*αἰετοειδὲς* *κρητὴν* *καταιδνῆς*, a dry, hot,  
and sulphurous exhalation.

Thrice for the Charge himself he did provide,  
As oft *Jove* thundred loud from lofty *Ide*,  
Assisting *Troy*; then up bold *Hector* came,  
And thus his valiant Squadron did inflame;  
*Trojans*, bold *Lycians*, and stout *Dardans*, who  
Are now engag'd, your Strength and Valour shew;  
On Us kind *Jove* will Victory bestow,  
We shall gaine Glory, They Disgrace and Woe.  
Fools! that believe Walls and a weak Redoubt  
Can save their Camp, and keep Us *Trojans* out:  
Our Horse their Trench shall level with their Feet;  
But soon as I have seiz'd their haughty Fleet,  
Remember Fire, that VVe may kill and choake  
These stupid *Greeks* with their own Navies smoake.

Then <sup>(r)</sup> to his Steeds he spake, <sup>(2)</sup> *Xanthus*, this day,  
*Podargus*, *Ethon*, and swift *Lampus* pay  
Me for your Food, alwaies of purest VVheat;  
VVhich my *Andromache* before you set,  
Mingled with VVine, ere she my Table spread,  
VVho boast the Honour of her happy Bed.  
Now shew your Speed, and due Obedience yeild,  
That VVe may Masters be of *Nestors* Sheild,  
VVhose Fame surmounts the Skies, whose wonderous  
With Belt and Buckles are of mafsie Gold: (Mold  
Nor must VVe of *Tydid's* Corslet mis,  
VVhich *Vulcan* boasted for his Master-Peece.  
If this VVe do, I doubt not to prevail,  
And baffled *Greeks* this Night shall hoys up Sail.

This ranting Language *Juno* could not brook,  
Shaking her Throne, which all *Olympus* <sup>(u)</sup> shook,  
She thus to mighty *Neptune* did complain;

Thou great Commander of the ample Maine,  
Ah! do'st not Thou the *Greeks* sad Case lament,  
VVho daily Thee at <sup>(x)</sup> *Helice* present;

And

And *Ages*, Gifts which rich and many are?  
If still Thou do'st thy old Affection beare,  
Let Us not with, but boldly take their Part,  
Repulse the Foe, and *Joves* intention thwart:  
Then discontented would he sit on *Ide*.  
When *Neptune* thus highly incens'd reply'd,  
How to such Overtures shall I reply,  
Nothing I'll act against *Jove's* Power, not I;  
His single Strength is more then all our Force:  
Thus did these Gods amongst themselves discourse.  
The space betwixt the Fleet and Trenches Banks  
Was full of Foot and Horse in armed Ranks,  
Pent up by *Hector*, like the Martiall God,  
Such Honour *Jove* that Day on Him bestow'd;  
And he, no question, had their Navie fir'd,  
But that Heavens Queen the Generall inspir'd  
With Resolution, once more to excite

His fainting Army, and renew the Fight:  
He to their Tents and Ships himself address'd,  
Bearing in's royall Hands <sup>(y)</sup> a Purple Vest;  
And nigh *Ulysses* well calk'd Veffell stood,  
Just in the <sup>(z)</sup> middle of that Navall Wood,  
That all from big-bon'd *Ajax* Tent might heare,  
Down to *Achilles* quartered in the Reare:  
Dry lay their Ships, drawn up on verging Sands,  
Confiding in their Courage and their Hands.

Here thus aloud He chafes; Ah, foul Disgrace!  
You that are onely Men in Shape and Face,  
Where's all your Vapouring now, when in a Rant  
Your Prowels so at *Lemnos* you did Vant,  
On fat Beeves feasting, charg'd with flowing Bowles,  
And said (so Cockering your ore-weening Soules)  
That any one of you should in the Fight  
A hundred dastard *Trojans* put to flight?

Ff

And

(r) He speaks to his Horses, as though they were capable of understanding, and that by reason of some *permeation*, the transmigration of humane Souls, not into humane Bodies onely, but also into Brutes. An opinion which *Socrates* himself approves of, excepting onely such their Souls as were addicted to the study of Philosophy.

(2) Some will not allow this Chariot here of *Hectors* to be any other then *biga*, and so to be drawn by two horses onely, by *Xanthus* and *Lampus*, conceiving the other two Names, *Ethon* and *Podargus* to be onely Epithites, denoting their colour: but reading in the *Odyssees* of *νεοειπας τωμι*, and finding every one of the four here to have his Conjunction by himself, it will not be amiss to understand it of *quadriga*, such a Chariot as is drawn by four. *Achilles* his Horse also was called *Xanthus*, *Memnon's*, *Podargus*, *Agamemnon's* *Aithis*, and one of those of the Morning's *Lampus*. *Enst*:

(3) *Diomedes* the *Thracian's* Horses were fed with the raw flesh of men.

(u) *Gr.* *ἰσχυρος*, a word whose smooth composition, as containing an iterated Liquid, or double *Lambda*, represents the ease and yet rapid revolution of the Celestiall Orbs. *Enst*.

(x) *Helice* and *Ages* were both Cities of *Peloponnesus*, sacred to *Neptune*, and so highly favoured and befriended of him, that he never suffered any to be Shipwrecked on their Coast. From *Ages* the *Aegean* Sea had its name.

(y) It being not possible he should be heard by so numerous a Company, he holds forth a purple Vest, that so at least he might be visible. Thus amongst the Romans *purpureum paludamentum*, the Emperors purple Robe hung forth of his Tent, was a signal of the Next dates Battell.

(z) *Ulysses* being one on whose prodigious parts and prudence the Greeks especially relied, had his Quarter assign'd him in the middle of the Fleet, not for his security onely and protection, but also that he might be the neerer at hand, in case upon any emergent occasion they should need his advice. *Enstathius* adds, he was so quartered, not for any timorousness was in him, 'as' *ἵνα τῷ παντί αὐτῷ εὐεχέμεται*, in all cases may his knowledge be of use to his Country, but that he might be the same to their Army, which the Heart is to mans body, which by its middle position and size, better communicates Spirits to every part.

And from one *Heſtor*, vvho our Fleet vvill fire,  
Now allour glorious Promiſers retire.

*Jove*! didſt Thou ere a King's Prerogative  
Thus trample on, and quite of Power deprive?  
I not neglected, but my Veſſell ſtaid,  
When my ill Fortune hither Me convoid,  
Untill the Fat of Beeves, and brawny Thighs  
On thy faire Altar I did Sacrifice,  
Requeſting We ſtrong Bulwark'd *Troy* might take:  
Now *Jove* I onely my Petition make,  
That We our utter ruine may avoid,  
Nor totally by *Trojans* be deſtroyd.

*Jove* had Compaſſion on *Atrides* Teares,  
And granting Safety eas'd him of his Feares,  
Sending a long-wing'd <sup>(a)</sup> Eagle to the place,  
Bearing a <sup>(b)</sup> Fawne, the ſwift Hart's tender Race:  
Down by that Altar ſhe her Burthen layd,  
Where Gifts to <sup>(c)</sup> *Panomphean Jove* they payd.

This Omen much their ſtreightned Soules enlarg'd,  
They ſad'd about and reſolutely charg'd:  
But none of all the *Grecian* Leaders, though  
Many they vvere, did entertain the Foe  
Before *Tydidēs*, he his Horſes whips,  
And the Trench paſſing, far the reſt out-ſtrips,  
And *Agelaus* a bold *Trojan* ſlew;  
He ran him flying with his Javeline through  
Betwixt the Shoulders, tumbling on the Ground  
His heavie Corps, and ponderous Armes reſound:

But next to him came both th' *Atrides* on,  
*Oilides* then, and *Ajax Telamon*;  
*Idomeneus* next, and after theſe

*Euryphilus*, and bold *Meriones*:

<sup>(d)</sup> *Teucer* the ninth, vvho with his Bow excel'd,  
Whom *Ajax* ſhelterd vvith his ſeven-fold Shield:

Which

Which <sup>(e)</sup> lifted up, the Heroe round did view,  
Then ayming ſhoots, and whom he ſhot at, ſlew:  
As to the Nurſe the Child for Succour hies,  
So he to ſculk behind his Target flies;  
*Orſilochus*, and *Ormen* firſt he ſlew,  
*Ophleſtes*, *Daitor*, and bold *Chromius* too,  
*Hamophaon*, *Lycophon*, *Melanippus* laſt,  
And in a heap their ſlaughter'd Bodies caſt.

When *Agamemnon* his great Acts eſpy'd,  
Beholding how th' all-foſtering Earth he dy'd  
With Execution, vvhich his Arrowes made;

So, my deare *Teucer*! ſpend thy Shafts, he ſaid;  
And vvith freſh Courage Us forlorne inſpire,  
So ſhalt Thou comfort *Telamon* thy Sire;

Who gave Thee royall Education  
In his own Palace, though his Naturall <sup>(f)</sup> Son:  
So let Thy valiant Actions be declar'd  
Through ſpacious *Greece*, vvhich alſo I'll reward:  
If *Jove* and *Pallas* pleaſe We ſhall deſtroy,  
And raze the lofty Battlements of *Troy*,  
My ſhare ſet out, I next ſhall Thee allot  
Two Steeds, a Trypod, and a Chariot;  
Or a faire Lady to adorne Thy Bed.  
When to *Atrides* Noble *Teucer* ſaid:

Wherefore, Illuſtrious *Agamemnon*, Me  
Spur'd Thou thus up, vvho of my ſelf am free?  
My Strength and Skill not idly I employd;

<sup>(g)</sup> That vvith my Shafts eight *Trojans* have deſtroyd:  
And ready am vvith deadly Arrowes ſtill;  
Yet yonder raging <sup>(h)</sup> Dog I cannot kill.

*Teucer* this ſaid, vvith vvonderous Spight enflam'd,  
Another Arrow at bold *Heſtor* aim'd,  
Which miſſing, through *Gorgythius* Breſt did run,  
And ſlew that valiant Heroe, *Priams*'s Son:

F f 2

Whom

(a) The Prognostications the *Augurs* made by the Eagle, were not only certain, but ſucceſſfull and fortunate: Hence *Euff.* derives *avis* from *a* the intensive Particle and *avis*, *avis* *a* *avis* *a* *avis*, because it never appeared but for good. An Eagle appearing when *Rhesus* was delivered of *Jupiter*, the Bird was ever ſitter under the tuition of that God: It is ſaid, that an Eagle appeared alſo at the Battail with the Giants. *Jupiter* never employs this Bird to any, but ſuch as he intends highly to honour. *Did.*

(b) The Fawn noted the feare and flight of the *Trojans*, and the Eagles depoſiting it at the Altar, the *Greeks* deliverance and protection.

(c) He was ſo called, because the *Aire* (the ſame with *Jupiter*) is the cauſe of all Sounds; or because *avans* *avans* *avans*, he is the Father of all Prophetic. *Euff.* He adds, that the word denotes ſuch ſpeeches only as be true, *avans*, being as much as *avans* *avans*. *Fl.* *Evph.* evinceth it out of the *Odſſey*, that the words *avans* & *avans* are appropriate only to the Oracles of *Jupiter*, and not communicable to any other.

(d) He was called *Teucer*, because his Mother was of *Troy*, he being the Son of *Heſtor* the Daughter of *Laomedon*, whom *Hercules* after his ſacking of *Troy* gave to *Telamon* for ſuſtaining him in that War.

(e) *Gr.* *avans*, where *Euff.* notes his putting his Shield before him, and ſo defending him from being hurt, and ſo his concealing him under it from being ſeen. *Euff.*

(f) This anciently was no diſparagement, it being no diſhonour then to keep a Concubine, nor for the Concubine that was kept, the *Nabis*, or naturall Children having the ſame Education with thoſe that were legitimate, and their Concubines the like reſpect with their Wives. In valour *Teucer* exceeded the other Sons of his Father, a thing many times ſeen, that they that come in by the bye, and at the back-door, tranſcend ſuch as are rightly begot in lawfull Wedlock, according to that *Joſ. Statius Syl.* lib. 2.

*Vidi ego tranſverſos alieno in robore ramos*  
*Altiſſime ſuis.*  
Thus have I ſeen a Graſt that did out-grow  
The naturall Stem.

(g) Theſe Verſes thus put together and altered, one of the Ancients puts into the mouth of Fortune, complaining that having aimed many Arrowes at *Diogenes* the Cynick, he could never hurt him with any.

*Πανός δὲ σαρκενὰς περιπαλῶντας ἑλὼν*  
*Τεῦχος αἶψ' ἐδ' ὀπίσσω βλάψεν αὐτὸν αὐτὸν*  
*τίγος.*

Many a ſhot I from my Bow did make,  
Yet never right could I that Cynick take.

(h) He calls *Heſtor* a Dog *δὲ δὲ* *μαδὸν δὲ δὲ δὲ*, for his extraordinary confidence and boldneſs.

(i). This Simile is thus Copied by Virgil *Æn. lib. 9.*

*Purpureus veluti cum flori succisus a-  
vatro*

*Langueſcis moriens, laſſaque papavera  
celsa.*

*Demifera caput, pluvia cum foris gra-  
vatur.*

A Violet on new-ear'd ground ſo  
lies,

Cut by the Plow, and languishing ſo  
dyes;

Or full blown Poppie hangs the head,  
whole flower

Wearies the Neck or e-burthen'd with  
a flower.

The Poets the rather uſe this reſem-  
blance, for that *avatro* ſignifies a map  
head as well as a Poppyes.

(k) *Homer* ſtill makes his Heroes  
to have ſtrong and great voices, this  
being a ſign not onely of ſtrength and  
ability of body, but courage alſo and  
preſentment of ſpirit, whence *Achilles*  
ſaith that the Lion and Bull make a  
greater noife then any other Creature,  
becauſe they are ſtronger then they

Whom faire *Caſſianira* forth did bring,  
A Lady, like a Goddeſs, to the King :  
(i) His Head like a blown Poppey hung, whoſe Flower  
Wearies the Stemm or e burthend with a Shower :  
Then lets another fly, vvith Strength and Art  
At *Hector*, vvhich *Apollo* did divert;  
Yet *Archeptolemus* his Charioteer,  
Peirc'd through the Boſome, fiercely charging neer :  
He from his Chariot falls, his Steeds give back,  
Whoſe vitall Spirits dying Limbs forſake :  
Though *Hector* rag'd, and did extreemly grieve,  
He could not ſave his Corps, nor him relieve ;  
Yet gives his Brother *Cebrio* the Reines,  
Then down he leaps, and (k) horribly exclaims,  
Liſting a mighty Stone, vvhich ſtreight he threw  
At *Tenecer*, whiſt his deadly Bow he drew,  
And him betwixt the Neck and Shoulders hit,  
Where all the Ligaments and Tendons meet :  
Breaking his String, his Hand num'd with the blow,  
On's Knee he ſtaggering fell, and drops his Bow,  
Stout *Ajax* his ſalne Brother not neglects,  
But raiſing ſtraight with his broad Shield protects :  
*Mecisteus* and *Alaſtor* him convey,  
Groaning extreemly, where the Navie lay.  
But here ſuch Strength the *Trojans* had from *Jove*,  
That to their Trenches back the *Greeks* they drove :  
Amongſt the foremoſt *Hector* ſtill appears,  
Leading Amazement on, and Panick Feares ;  
As a ſwift Hound who truſts his nimble Feet,  
Purſues a Beare or Lion not ſo fleet : (pinch,  
Who though he him by th' Haunch, or Hamſtrings  
Marks when he turns, then couring back doth flinch.  
So *Hector* did the flying *Greeks* purſue,  
And whoſoe're was hindmoſt firſt he flew.



Elia. Ashmole Armi.  
Tabulam



Medy Templi Socio.  
hanc D.D.D.L.M.I.O.

Lib. a. 1700. ad.

As soon as them safe Trenches did inclose,  
Though many slaughterd by pursuing Foes;  
They cheer themselves, and <sup>(1)</sup> Praying loud extend  
Their hands to *Jove*, the Living to defend:  
Whilst *Hector* every where for entrance pries,  
With bloody *Marses*, and stern <sup>(m)</sup> *Gorgons* Eyes;  
When pitying *Juno*, thus to *Pallas* said;

Must We no more the fainting *Grecians* aid?  
Have they no means approaching Fate to avoid?  
Who onely by one Person are destroyd?

*Hectors* dire Rage is not to be endur'd,  
Who Mischiefe acts, by *Jove* himself secur'd.

Then *Pallas* said, This Slaughterer had been slaine,  
Whose dearest Blood had dy'd the *Phrygian* Plaine,  
But that my Father *Jove* too cruell still,  
Laies Counter-plots to crosse Me in my Will:

He little minds how once I sav'd <sup>(n)</sup> his Son,  
In his twelve Labours for <sup>(o)</sup> *Eurystheus* done;  
VVho when He wep'd, Me from *Olympus* sent

Him to assist, and cheerfully I went:  
Had I these things Prognosticated well,

VVhen <sup>(p)</sup> to the *Adamantine* Gates of Hell,  
To fetch from thence dire <sup>(q)</sup> *Cerberus* he was bound,  
Him I in <sup>(r)</sup> *Stygian* Billowes would have drown'd:

(1) Atteking by the earnestness of their cry, the sadness of their condition. The *Pythagoreans* would not have men pray to their Gods but with an audible voice, not that they thought the Gods deaf otherwise to their Prayers, *ap. in dialo. de divinitatibus* *Pythagoreus*, but because they would not have men prefer any such Suit as they should need to be ashamed of, *Spoud. out of Clem. Alexandrinus*.

(m) *Tigress* *γρηγορ* *αγριος* *αγριος*, this with a monstrous visage, of a formidable aspect, whose hair was no other then Serpents, her head being translated into Heaven, and become a Constellation, is still inauspicious and unluckie in Nativities.

(n) She deignes not so much as to name him, *καὶ μὴ ὀνόμαζεν αὐτὸν*, *ap. Virgii* *daedalus* *οὐκ ἔλεγε* *αὐτὸν*, it not becoming a chaste Virgin so much as to nominate one so loose.

(o) *Jupiter* (or as others, *Themis*) foretelling that the Child that should upon such a day be born, should have the command of all the world, *Juno* jealous lest *Minerva* might be then delivered, retarded her labour by a kind of sorcery, holding her fingers *pellinaxim*, clutched one within the other, by that means effected that *Eurystheus* birth preceded *Hercules*'s, who thereby losing the pre-eminence was put by that *Argentine* King upon many perilous employments. *Apollodorus* saith, that *Juno* bribed *Ilithyia*, the Queen Regent of Midwives, that she should hasten the Birth of *Eurystheus*, whence he was *septimesfrus*, being born the seventh month after his Conception.

(p) *Eurystheus* sending him to fetch *Cerberus*, he repairs to *Eumolpus* at *Elenfing*, desiring to be initiated in the Rites of *Ceres*, which being not indulged to any stranger, he was naturalized by the *Tythi*, and after admitted, but being not then suffered to see the Ceremonies, being not purified since his slaughtering the *Centaurs*, he was purged and absolved by *Eumolpus*, and so received. The done, going to *Tenarus*, a Promontory of *Laconia* where there was an *Ofium* or inlet into *Tartarus*, he enters the passage. The *Ghosts* discovering him, all vanish, except *Medusa* and *Medusa*, against which last unheating his sword, being informed by *Mercury* that it was but an apparition, he desists from assaulting it: Approaching near *Pluto*'s Mansion, he releaseth *Tethys* from his immovable Chair, but endeavouring to do the like for *Perithous* was prevented by an Earthquake. He rowled the stone off *Ascalaphus*, and bringing *Cerberus* away with him, presented him to *Eurystheus*. *Apollodorus* lib. 2.

(q) Of this Whelp begot by *Typhon* upon *Echidna*, thus *Hesiod* in his *Theogony*.  
She *Orthus* *Geryon* *Dag*, next *Cerberus* *habe*,  
Whose horrid features were described were,  
From fifty heads *Pluto*'s grim Porter *habe*,  
With brazen *Lungs*, and on all *Commers* *falle*.

And *Mariandynes* *Country*, where they tell  
Brazen long a *Pluto*'s Porter, *Dog* of Hell,  
By *Hercules* dragg'd forth, he dragg'd by *Onus* *Fame*  
From his *font* *habe*, whence from *Cerberus* *pregnant* *Wombs*  
Did many *monsters* issue to *ad* *Mortals* *come*.

The *add* *monsters* being this *monsters*, and living upon herbs, and amongst others upon *Aconitum*, the *Adders* upon *Cerberus*'s head payoning it with their spit, it became deadly. He had the tail of a Dragon, and on his back the heads of all kind of Serpents.

(r) The water of *Styx* is said to be extrem cold, and not to be contained or held in any Vessel but Horn only, or an Asses blood.

Now







(b) The Spears they used in their Sea-fights being twenty two Cubits long. *Engl.*

(c) *Euphrosini*, brands this as *depr.* *Itymus*, an irrational and unmilitary practice, *καὶ οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ἐκαστος τῶν ἐν τῷ λόγῳ* they that kindle fires in the night, not more discovering others, then others them. Besides, men see better from out a dark place, then they do out of a light, the light that is about them dazzling their sight: of which thus *Lucretius lib. 4.*

*E tenebris autem quæ sunt sub luce tuemur.*

*Propterea quia cum propior caliginis æt.*

*Ater init oculos, prior & possedit o-*  
*pertos,*  
*Insequitur candens confesum lucidus*

*Qui quasi purgat eos, ac nigras disci-*  
*tit umbas.*

*Aeris illius: nam multis partibus hic est*  
*Mobilior, multique minor & magis*

*pollens;*  
*Qui simulacra vias oculorum luce re-*  
*plevit.*

*Atque patefecit quas ante obfederat ater,*  
*Continuo rerum simulacra adaper-*

*sequuntur.*  
*Quæ sita sunt in luce, læscuntque ut*  
*videamus,*

*Quod contra facere in tenebris è luce*  
*nequimus.*

*Propterea quia posterior caliginis æt*  
*Crassior indequitur, qui cuncta fora-*  
*mina complet.*

*Obstetque vias oculorum, ne simulacra*  
*possint illarum rerum contexta mo-*  
*veri.*

*we view from darkness: what is in the*  
*light.*

*Because the first impression of our sight*  
*The grosser medium makes, and guards*  
*the way.*

*Bright Aire injected them and lucid*  
*raies.*

*Cheer our weak eyes, and gloomy shades*  
*disperse,*

*Since they are much more swift, more*  
*strong and fierce,*

*And straight all open passages repleat,*  
*which obscure Clouds had formerly be-*  
*set;*

*All Shapes & Figures then come throng-*  
*ing in,*

*which are its light, and cover us to be*  
*seen.*

*Now from the light, what is in darkness*  
*we.*

*The passages all full, not well can see,*  
*In after close the ayre condensed flies,*

*Debauching all the Angles of the Eyes,*  
*Not any thing though obvious whatso-*  
*ever.*

*will to the sight be represented there.*  
*But Spandanus solves this by obser-*  
*ving the greatness & numbers of those*  
*fires, which made all things visible to*  
*the very Fleet. it being otherwise im-*  
*politically done to have kindled them at*  
*all: and this he collects from that pas-*  
*sage in Heliodorus Speech. — οὐκ ἔστι*  
*οὐδὲν ἵκανον.*

(d) *Gr.* *Θαυμάσιον τὸ πᾶσι καὶ ἡμέτεροι*  
*female Women, of which expression of*  
*Homer, the Scholiast gives this account, which I forebore to render: *θαυμάσιον*, that is faith*  
*ful, ἀπὸ τοῦ θαυμάσιον καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ θαυμάσιον, ὅτι ἀπὸ τοῦ θαυμάσιον καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ θαυμάσιον, ὅτι ἀπὸ τοῦ*  
*θαυμάσιον καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ θαυμάσιον.*

These

These

These

These

These

These

These

These

These

These

(b) Eleven long Cubits was his brazen Lance,  
Whose Point did glisten as he did advance:

A golden Ring confirm'd the knotty Oake,  
On which He leaning to the Princes spoke.

You *Trojans* and bold *Dardans*, I suppos'd  
The *Grecians* with their Navie thus inclos'd,

This Day by *Joves* assistance to destroy,  
Then march triumphing to relieved *Troy*:

But Darknesh *Us* prevents, and hath as yet  
Preserved both their Army and their Fleet.

Since Nights strickt Lawes enforce *Us* to obey,  
Let *Us* to Nature due Refreshment pay:

Your weary Horses from your Chariots free,  
And whilst We Feast, let them well meated be;

Bring from the City, Bread and Wine, that's good;  
Fat Sheep and Cattell, and great store of Wood,

Whose cheering Fires all Night may gild the Skies  
With Splendor, till the joyfull Morning rise:

(c) Least that the *Grecians* find a means by Night,  
To hasten through the swelling Waves their Flight,

And unassaulted quietly depart:

Let some at least, hurt with a Shaft, or Dart,  
Leaping a Board, expect their Cure at home;

That others may take warning thus to come  
Against the *Trojans* with devastating War.

And let the Heralds through the Town declare,  
That Young and Old do leave their own Abodes,

To guard those Walls were builded by the Gods:  
And let the (d) Women in their Houses make

Great Fires all Night, let the whole City wake;  
Least th' Army absent, *Troy* they should betray;

Straight punctually what I command obey:  
Other Directions I le to Morrow give,

Who by *Jove's* help and other Gods believe,  
These

These curld Dogs whom Fate hath brought to *Troy*,  
And all their painted Vessells to destroy.

Let *Us* be carefull of our Selves this Night,  
And vwith the early Dawn prepare to fight.

Ile know if *Diomed* their Champion shall  
Repulse Me from their Navie to our Wall;

Or whether I shall kill him vwith this Speare,  
And bloody Spoyles to *Troy* triumphing beare:

I hope to Morrow he shall wounded lye,  
And many of his proud Companions by.

Ah! would I vvere as vvell secur'd to be  
Immortal, and from Age and sickness free;

And Men to Me like *Jove*, or *Pallas* Pray,  
As We the *Grecians* shall destroy next Day.

Thus *Hector* said, and all the Princes shout,  
And cheerfull take their sweating Horses out,

And vwith strong Headstalls to their Chariots tyd:  
Others at *Troy* fat Sheep and Beeves provide,

And from their Houses brought both Bread & Wine,  
And store of Wood, which made the Champaigne

All Night in Field insulting *Trojans* lye, (shine.  
And towring Smoak ascends the gloomy Skie:

So glorious Stars about the Moon are seen,  
When Winds are silent, and the Aire serene;

Steep Mountain Cliffs, Vallies, and Towers appeare,  
And Star-bestudded Skies Expansion's cleare:

The Swain rejoyceth viewing then the Stars,  
And Elements at Truce from civill Wars.

So many Fires cheer'd up the *Trojan* Ranks,  
Betwixt the Navie, and *Scamander's* Banks:

A thousand Flames made bright the *Dardan* Camps,  
(e) Fifty at each fate free from chilling Damps;

Their Horses feed on Oates and purest Corn,  
Ty'd to their Chariots, and expect the Morn.

(e) After which computation and account, the *Trojans* with their Auxiliaries were fifty thousand, or five *Ajys* made.





(b) Hence *Mars* is said to reside especially in *Ithaca*, for that that Country was *maiden* & abounded with Wine, which occasioneth many Contentts and Quarrels.

(i) *Gr. Tíonai rai tōi Sanagēis*, which some expound thus, That *Agamemnon's* Tents were so well stored with all kind of provisions, that he was able to give a handsome Treatment to the whole Army, *Schol.* At the division of an spoil, is, faith *Eust.* the King had an extraordinary and supernumerary share assigned him, *de rē vana Copiosius*, for such common Entertainments.

Thy royall Tent with purest Wine is fraught,  
Daily from <sup>(b)</sup> *Ithace* in *Grecian* Bottoms brought;  
Th' hast <sup>(i)</sup> all Provisions fitting to be had,  
By many art attended and obey'd;  
Amongst thy numerous and experienc'd Guests,  
His Councell follow who adviseth best;  
Whole grave Experience makes his Judgment sound,  
Since hostile Fires our Fleet and Camp surround:  
Wofull to see; this is the fatal Night  
Which must our Army save, or ruine quite.

Old *Nestor* powerfull words the Councel charmd,  
Guards are drawn out, who march compleatly arm'd:  
*Thrasymedes*, and *Alcalaphus* precede,  
And *Salmenus* in Martiall Busines bred;  
*Meriones*, *Aphra*, *Deiopyr* next brought on,  
Renown'd *Lycomedes* old *Greons* Son,  
Seaven Captains, each a hundred Men commands;  
Marching in Ranks, long Javelins in their Hands:  
These straight the Trenches and the Out-works guard,  
And Suppers all at lusty Fires prepar'd:

*Atrides* to his royall Tent convey'd  
The Chiefs, and them a handsome treatment made.  
VVhen they had feasted well on plenteous Fare,  
And Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Nestor* the Busines breaks, and who before  
Did counsell well; thus counsell'd them once more.

Illustrious Prince, what now I must advise  
VVith thee must end, and from thee take its Rise:  
Since You by *force* impowr'd vast Kingdomes sway,  
VVhich to Thy <sup>(k)</sup> Lawes and Crown obedience pay,  
Thee more then all these Princes 'twill behave  
Counsell to give and take, and thus improve  
Thy Interest, and what's opposite reject,  
And so from all the Quintessence select.

What

VVhat seems to me most fitting I'll impart,  
And I believe my Judgment none will thwart;  
What I at first dislik'd, I still resent,  
Fetching *Briseis* from *Achilles* Tent:  
From this my Judgment to a second Thought,  
I never by perswasion shall be brought:  
I prest it home with many Reasons then,  
Yet swai'd by Passion thou, the best of Men,  
Whom all the Gods most honour, didst despise,  
And took'st from him his deare and onely Prize.  
Now let us think how best we may assuage  
With precious Gifts, and gentle Words his Rage.

Then said *Atrides*, Me thou hast displaid,  
And a just Audite of my Errors made;  
I have offended, and confests th' Offence;  
A Man of Men, of Princes th' onely Prince,  
Whom *Jove* so honours, that for his Renown  
He plucks the Glory of the *Grecians* down,  
I rashly wrong'd, and willing would assuage  
With costly Gifts, his just conceived Rage;  
Whose Worth to heare your Patience I desire:

Seaven *Trypods* which were <sup>(l)</sup> never prov'd by Fire;  
With these, ten Talents of refined Gold,  
And twenty Caldrons, all of Antique Mould:  
Twice six-Race Horses of a <sup>(m)</sup> comely size,  
Which match'd in running never lost <sup>(n)</sup> the Prize:  
Who'e're their Master is shall ne're be poore,  
Since Me they brought in Gold and Silver store:  
And seaven <sup>(o)</sup> exemplar Beauties I will add,  
Which, when He wealthy <sup>(p)</sup> *Lesbos* levell layd,  
Fell to my Lot, and All so wondrous Faire,  
That never any could with them compare.  
Amongst them his *Briseis* shall appeare;  
Now by th' Immortall Deities I swear,

H h

Her

(l) *Gr. Apūis*, that is, such as were for show and state, more then use and service; so the *Scholast.* *ἀποχρηστικὰ, οὐκ ἔτιον ἄλλοι νομισθεῖς ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι.* Others by *ἀποχρηστικὰ* understand such as had never been used. In this *Tripod*, called by *Homer* here *ἀποχρηστικὰ*, by the later *Grecians* *ἀποχρηστικὰ*, they mixed their Wine, dedicating it to *Demeter*, *ὅτι οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀσώτων*, because men in their Wine speak usually the truth, as *Apollō's* Sacrist at *Delphos*, when he gave out the Oracles *ex Tripode*, *Athenians*.

(m) *Gr. ὄμοιοι, well kept, high crested and large*; others understand it of black Horses, those of that colour being reputed the best. *Schol.*

(n) These Prizes were won at the Funerall Solemnities of such as died, or were slain during the League before *Troy*, not in *Peloponnesus*; for then being old, they had not been worth the accepting, this being the ninth year of their encamping before *Troy*. *Schol.*

(o) He puts the women in the midst of the Catalogue of his Presents, least ranging them otherwise he might seem to task *Achilles* with effeminacy, & to have put them first, as conceiving that nothing would sooner prevail with him, and so instead of appealing, but exasperate him the more. *Schol.*  
(p) At *Lesbos* in the Temple of *Juno*, the women convened once yearly, contesting which was the fairest. *Lesbos* was an Island in the *Aegean* Sea, and had in these five Cities only, *Antissa*, *Eretria*, *Methymna*, *Pyrria*, and *Mitylene*.

(k) Lawes being then unwritten, and wholly in the breast of the Prince.



This laid, he led them further in, and plac'd  
On stately Seats with Purple Tapestry grac'd,  
Then to *Patroclus* said; The greatest Cup  
Must, my deare Friend, be brought, and fill it up  
With <sup>(c)</sup> richest Wine, see that there be enough  
For these great Persons honouring our Roof.

*Patroclus* straight performs his Friends desire,  
Then <sup>(d)</sup> in a Caldron sets upon the fire  
A Weathers Chine with Goats-flesh, young & large,  
A Porkers Surloine, and the Brawny Targe:  
*Automedon*, whilst them *Achilles* cuts,  
The Morfells held; which on the Spit he puts,

And kind *Patroclus* made the Fuell burn:  
When blazing Wood did to cleer Embers turn,  
On glowing Coals their Meat they broyl'd and threw  
On <sup>(e)</sup> sacred Salt, then from the Broches drew,  
And on <sup>(f)</sup> the Dreffer lay'd the drawn-of Meat:

*Patroclus* Bread upon the Table set,  
*Æacides* the Board with Dishes grac'd,  
And then himself against *Ulysses* plac'd:  
Next he *Menetius* Off-spring did desire  
To mind the Gods, who Wine poures on the fire:  
Cates, which were set before them, they not spare.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Ajax* jogs *Phœnix*, which *Ulysses* hints,  
Who thus *Achilles* a full Bowle presents.

All Health *Æacides*; We now thy Guests  
No Entertainment want, nor sumptuous Feasts;  
Both at great *Agamemnons* Tent and here  
Treated with noble and abundant Cheer:  
Our business is not Banqueting, but We  
(Illustrious Prince) our ruine do fore-see:  
'Tis doubtfull if we save our Fleet, or no,  
Unless thy Valour straight repulse the Foe.

Flames

Flames through the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* Camps  
Out-vie the number of Heavens glorious Lamps:  
They boasting say, they never will retreat,  
Till they have forc'd their passage to our Fleet;  
Whom *Jove* encourag'd, thundring from a Cloud,  
And *Hector* of his Strength and Fortune proud,  
Trusting the *Omen*, rages, and all odds  
Contemnes of Mortalls and Immortall Gods:  
And now of nothing less th' Insulter speaks,  
Then <sup>(g)</sup> tearing down our Vessells painted Beaks;  
And burning threatens both to kill and choak:  
The stupid *Greeks* in their own Navies <sup>(h)</sup> smoak:  
And much I feare by this impending Storm,  
The angry Gods his Business will perform;  
And that 'tis Fatall *Hector* shall at *Troy*,  
Far from our Native Country, Us destroy.  
But come, though late, and Us assistance give,  
And thy afflicted Country-men relieve:  
For Thou wilt grieve, and much thy self condemn,  
When 'tis too late to save, or succour Them:  
Let not this blessed Minute be dismiss'd,  
Till you resolve the *Grecians* to assise.  
*Peleus* gave Thee another Document,  
When Thee from *Phthya* he to *Argos* sent;  
Saying, Deare Son, *Pallas* and *Juno* may  
The *Grecians* grant at last a glorious Day:  
How e're let Virtue in thy Bosome raigne,  
And from all <sup>(i)</sup> Faction, breeding Strife, abstaine:  
Of all the Army, both of young and old,  
Be thou for Affability extold.  
Your Fathers grave Advise (Sir) you forget:  
But how so'e're if yet you would, if yet  
Throw off tormenting Anger, and relent,  
Those Gifts which *Agamemnon* will present,

(g) He menaceth to cut down only the fore-cables of the Ships, not to fire them, because on these were fixed the Statues or Effigies of the Gods, whom he feares by burning them he should justly incense. *Schol.* Or else he intended to reserve them, to erect them for a Trophy. *Enst.*

(h) *Gr.* οὐκ ἔτι δὴν ἔστιν ἡ ναυὸς ἡ ἑλκή. *Enst.* *Gr.* οὐκ ἔτι δὴν ἔστιν ἡ ναυὸς ἡ ἑλκή. *Enst.*

(i) His Father discovering him naturally valiant, but withall very cholerick, admonish'd him to be gentle. *Enst.*

(k) He mentions the Gifts last of all, because he had already argued a covetous mind either in *Ulysses*, as though he had highly valued them, or in *Achilles*, as though nothing would prevail more with him than these. *Enst.*

(c) *Gr.* τρυφήν. i. more lively Wine, or *Gr.* τρυφήν ἢ ὕμνον. Wine that is mixed with Water being void of life and spirit. Hence *Enst.* collects that *Achilles* himself drunk no Wine but such as was dilute, or mixed, whence also he upbraids *Agamemnon* lib. 1. *Gr.* ἀνέχων, as delighting in strong Drink. Others understand it of old Wine, deriving the word from *Gr.* τρυφήν, much, or many, and *Gr.* ἔτος, a year. *Enst.*

(d) *Gr.* ἔτος ἔτος, this *Pausanias* expounds *ἔτος ἔτος*, a large Caldron in which he makes the Westethers and Goats-Chine to be boyled, the Hogs-flesh being roasted. *Enst.*

(e) *Gr.* ἅλα ἁλόν, divine Salt, so called either because it preserves what is seasoned with it from putrifying, or for that it was the Emblem of friendship. *Plutarch* saith, it is so filed for that it causes fruitfulness. Hence *Pausanias* is feigned to be divine, born of Salt, and the Creatures that live in the Sea, (as the Sea Deities) are observed to be more productive then those that reside on the Earth. Naturalists also write, that female Mice are impregnate onely by eating Salt, and that Vessells which transport Salt are more especially pestered with this kind of Vermin. *Enst.* *Enst.* makes this Salt a rarity, or *Enst.* a present given *Peleus* by *Nereus* at his marriage with *Thetis*, and saith it had the virtue to make any Dish extream delicious, and to procure an appetite in such as had otherwise no stomach, being in griefe and heaving.

(f) These were hurdles made of Root or Twigs.



Of Worth ineftimable I'll recount,  
 Seven *Trypods* which to wondrous Value mount,  
 With thefe ten Talents of refined Gold,  
 And twenty Caldrons all of Antique Mould:  
 Twice fix-Race Horses of a comely fize,  
 Which match'd in running never loft the Prize:  
 Who e're their Master is fhall ne're be poore,  
 Since him they brought in Gold and Silver ftore:  
 And feaven exemplar Beauties He will add,  
 Which, when Thou wealthy *Lesbos* levell layd,  
 Fell to his Lot, and All fo wondrous Faire,  
 That never any could with them compare.  
 Amongft them thy *Brifeis* fhall appear;  
 Whom by the Immortall Deities Hee'l fwear,  
 He never touch'd, never the Lady knew,  
 Doing with Her as Men with Women doe:  
 Thefe now Hee'l fend; but if Celeftiall Powers,  
 Grant Us poffeffion of *Troy's* lofty Towers,  
 When a Divifion of the Spoyle is made,  
 Thy Ship with Gold and Silver he will lade;  
 And twenty *Trojan* Beauties thou fhalt fhare,  
 Then which, excepting *Helen*, none more faire:  
 And when We Shores of Fertile *Argos* touch,  
 Hee'l match Thee with his Daughter, and as much  
 As his *Oreftes* love, and entertaine  
 With like Allowance, and a Princely Traine.  
 In his faire Pallace Daughters he hath three,  
*Chryfothem*, *Ipbian*, and *Laodice*:  
 Take Which thou wilt, no Joynture he will have,  
 Yet never Any fuch a Portion gave:  
 Seven Cities are her Dower, *Cardamyle*,  
*Æpæa*, *Pheræ*, *Hira*, *Enope*,  
*Anthie* and *Pedafus* well ftor'd with Wines,  
 Which neer the Sea to fandy *Pylus* joynes,

Whole

Whofe People have both Sheep and Cartell ftore,  
 And him with Gifts fhall like a God adore;  
 And freely to his Scepter Tribute pay,  
 Would he appeas'd be, and Wrath allay.  
 But if *Atrides* and his Gifts you hate,  
 Pity our Army in this wofull State,  
 Who as a Deity fhall Thee adore,  
 That fo their former Honour doft reftore:  
 For you may *Hektor* kill, who will engage,  
 Spur'd on by his Succels and frantick Rage:  
 For now he boasts, not one fail'd hither dare  
 In Martiall Exercife with him compare.  
 When thus the fwift *Æcides* replies;  
 Prudent *Ulyffes*, *Laertiades*,  
 Your well-fhap'd Speech ftraight I'll in peeces take,  
 And to each Circumftance fuch anfwer make,  
 That all your Sophiftry fhall not refell!  
 I hate him, as I hate the Gates of Hell,  
 Whofe Heart and Tongue of fev'ral peeces are,  
 Therefore my Judgment freely I'll declare:  
 Think not that Me *Atrides* fhall perfwade,  
 Nor all the *Greeks*; for fhould I grant them aide,  
 And daily gainft thefe desperate *Trojans* fight,  
 (1) Alike we fhall rewarded be at Night:  
 Cowards and Valiant, active Men and Slow,  
 Gaine but fmall Honour flaughtered by the Foe:  
 For all my Hazards, all my Service done,  
 Th' Encouragement I have is, Still fight on:  
 (m) And as the Dainne brings to her callow Brood,  
 Though pinch'd her felf with Hunger, dainty Food:  
 So I whole Nights to fleep would ne're confent,  
 And long and bloody daies in Battell fpend;  
 Where many a vallant Heroe loft his life,  
 (A juft Caufe fure!) about anothers Wife.

Twelve

(1) *Eufathius* obferves, that *Achilles* tautologizeth for three Verfes together, it being the property of men in paffion to reiterate the fame things; and that he concludes his fenfe fil with the line, *ἢ δὲ κοινὰς αἰὶς ἀνδρῶν νῆες θυγατρὶς ἀγῶνεν*, cur'd fpeeches beft fuiting fuch as be angry (*Schol.*) *ἢ δὲ κοινὰς νῆας αἰὶς ἀνδρῶν νῆες θυγατρὶς ἀγῶνεν*, their breath contracted by their choler not fufficing them for longer fentences. *Euf.*  
 (m) He reſembles his care and tendernels towards the *Greeks*, to that *very*, or natural affection which Creatures beare to their Young, inflancing in Birds rather than Beasts, for that thefe laſt bring up their Young with their milk, receive a benefit by their ſuckling, being in pain till their milk be drawn from them; whereas the Birds feed their young Ones with the meat ſhould maintain themſelves. *Euf.*

Twelve Cities with my Fleet I did destroy,  
 Eleven on Foot, vvhich had declar'd for *Troy*;  
 Where J ineftimable Treafure got,  
 And all forlooth! to *Agamemnon* brought,  
 Whilft with the Navie he at eafe remain'd:  
 Some Spoyles were shar'd, but he the Prime retain'd:  
 To feverall Princes in this War employ'd  
 He worthy Presents gave, which they enjoy'd,  
 Buttakes from me what moft J did esteem.  
 He loves his Wife, and She perhaps loves him,  
 And they enjoy the Pleafures of the Night.  
 Why do the *Grecians* then and *Trojans* fight?  
 Or why this VVarre *Atrides* undertake?  
 Say!d we not hither for faire *Helens* fake?  
 Amongft the various Languag'd Nations may  
 Be others love their VVives as well as they:  
 Who ere is juft, or wife, will ne're neglect  
 His VVife, but love and give her all Refpect:  
 So J for mine like Priviledges have,  
 And lov'd as well, although ſhe was my Slave:  
 But he who forc'd from me my deare Reward,  
 Shall find it once more to abuſe me hard.  
 Let him vvith his grave Council once more meet,  
 To find ſome vvay hovv to ſecure their Fleet:  
 Great Acts without our help he hath perform'd,  
 Strong Bulwarks rais'd, and Works not to be ſtorm'd,  
 And ſtak'd vvith Pallizadoes round about,  
 And will not all theſe keep one *Heſtor* out?  
 When up my valiant *Myrmidons* J brought,  
 Under Protection of his Walls he fought,  
 Neer <sup>(\*)</sup> the old Beech and *Scæan* Gates would ſtand,  
 There hardly ſcaping my Victorious Hand.  
 And now, ſince J no more will be at odds  
 With Noble *Heſtor*, J to all the Gods

(\*) Neer the Walls of *Ilium* grew two Beeches, adjoining to one was the Temple of *Apollo*, to the other the Seat of *Heſtor*. *Euph.*

And

And *Jove* to Morrow Sacrifice will pay,  
 This done my loaden Navie launch to Sea;  
 Then Thou ſhalt Me behold, if Thou think'ſt fit,  
 Plowing up Billows with my well-man'd Fleet;  
 And if great *Neptune* grant a prosperous Gale,  
 We the third day ſhall fertile *Phthya* ſaile;  
 Where ill adviſ'd I left my Fathers Court.  
 Hence ſtore of Gold and Silver I'll transport,  
 And poliſh'd Steele, with Virgins young and faire,  
 Which for my Service J by lot did ſhare;  
 But baſe *Atrides*, ſo his Spleen to vent,  
 Refum'd the Gift Himſelf did Me preſent.  
 This let Him know in publick, and be plaine;  
 That others may his Practices diſdaine;  
 And he, though arm'd with Pride and Impudence,  
 May ne're preſume to wrong another Prince:  
 That Dog not dares, who ſtudies my Diſgrace,  
 Though Brazen fronted, look Me in the Face:  
 We Two ſhall never more in Councell joyne,  
 Nor Him I'll ſecond in the leaſt Deſigne:  
 Who ſtir'd by unjuſt Force my juſter Rage,  
 Shall Me no more with flattering Words engage;  
 Let this ſuffice, then may ſome evill Fate,  
 Seize Him whom *Jove* doth ſo infatuate.  
 I ſcorne his proffer'd Gifts, and Him much more  
 (\*) Then pale Deaths bittereſt Potion abhor.  
 Not twenty times ſo much ſhall Me appeaſe,  
 Not what He hath, nor what ſhall ere be His;  
 (†) *Orchomens* Spoyles, nor *Thebes* ſo much renown'd,  
 Whole Courts vvith unexhausted Wealth abound;  
 Where through a hundred Gates with Marble Arch,  
 To Battell twenty thouſand Chariots march:  
 Nay ſhould his Gifts out-number Sand or Duſt,  
 Him I ne're more will hearken to, nor truſt,

I i

Untill

(\*) *Gr.* *is vvege alios*, by this ſome reading it *tyragos*, underſtand *the olive* a *Loſſe*; others *the vvege* *the brain*, which the *Athenians* never eat, nor deign'd ſo much as to name, ſo highly did they abominate it. Others underſtand it of the *Carians* who were the firſt mercenary ſouldiers, the firſt that ſerved for pay. All imply his diſreſpect and mean thoughts of *Agamemnon*.

(†) A City of *Bœotia* where the *Minnes* inhabited. *Ephorus* ſaith it was rich in Lands, having large Territories, or as others, in Gifts, which were preſented the *Graeces* here honoured. *Euforinus* ſaith, that ſtrangers here depoſited their wealth, relying upon the ſtrength of the place, as being reputed impregnable.

\* Gr. *ἀντιπαιδία*, i. a meet or fighting match, of which choice thus Pittacus in Laertius.

ἦν δ' Ἀργεῖος ἐκ δούρου Πύρρῳ ἔ-  
τος

The Mithracidæ, mēto vñ 'Tiphæie.

Ἄρτα γὰρ, δούτ' ἢ κατὰ γὰρ δ' ἢ πλε-  
ῖον δὲ

Nōmōn, ὃ κατὰ γὰρ ἦν καὶ ἔτι.

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Untill he punish Satisfaction make  
For my Affront; nor will his Daughter take,  
Though she then Golden *Venus* were more faire,  
Or with *Minerva* could in Arts compare;  
Let him some other *Grecian* Leader get,  
A greater Prince, and one for Her more fit;  
If Heaven so please that I my Country see,  
Old *Peleus* shall a Wife provide for Me:  
In *Greece* and *Phthia* many Ladies are,  
Rich and well bred, both Nobly born, and faire:  
Amongst which one I'll choose for my Delight.  
Besides my Inclinations Me invite  
To the fruition, with a \* fitting Mate,  
Of ancient *Peleus* well-acquir'd Estate.  
I rather would a quiet Life enjoy,  
Then all the Riches which strong-bulwark'd *Troy*  
Could boast in happy times of Peace, before  
The *Grecian* Navie touch'd the *Phrygian* Shore:  
Or <sup>(b)</sup> all the Gold in *Phæbus* Marble Fane,  
Which *Delos* rocky Treasuries contain.  
*Trypods*, Sheep, Beeves, lost Steeds may be repair'd;  
But vitall Breath once past the double Guard,  
Those Ivory Pales, the Teeth, We never more  
With Riches can nor Industry restore.  
Two Fates attended Me, my Mother told,  
If I at *Troy* remain'd, I never should  
Return to *Greece*, yet find immortall Fame:  
But if I back to my deare Country came,  
Though short my Glory, yet I long should live,  
Nor Nature's Debt up suddainly should give.  
I would advise the Army to sayle back,  
Since never they shall lofty *Ilium* sack;  
For *Jove* himself to *Troy* assistance lends;  
None can those conquer whom that God defends:

And

And this unto the *Grecian* Princes tell,  
(Your Gravities will suit that Office well)  
That They in deeper Consultation sit,  
How to preserve their Army and their Fleet;  
Since this Designe is frustrate, to engage  
Me in the Service, and my Wrath assuage.  
But *Phoenix*, if he please, with us may stay,  
(Force him I shall not) that by break of Day,  
Together we may Plow the swelling Main,  
And Native Shores re-visit once againe.

This said, with Admiration all were mute,  
That he so stubbornly deny'd their Suit:  
Then *Phoenix* for their Navie much afraid,  
With a deep Sigh, Teares gushing forth, thus said;

And art thou bent *Achilles* to return?

And shall the *Trojans* such a Navie burn,  
Onely for thy Displeasure? Ah! my Son,  
Wilt thou desert and leave Me here alone?  
When we from *Phthya* to *Atrides* went,  
Me thy old Sire with <sup>(c)</sup> Thee a Novice sent,  
Not then in Camps or Courts experienc'd, where  
So many Heroes educated are.

I was thy Tutor then, did thee instruct  
Both well to speak, and bravely to Conduct;  
Whom I'de not leave upon a forrein Shore,  
Should *Jove* to Me my former Youth restore,  
As free from all defects of crazy Age,  
As when I fled my angry Fathers Rage,  
And *Hellas* left renown'd for beauteous Dames.

He, though grown old, yet felt Loves scorching  
And from his Favour for his Concubine (Flames;  
Cast me, and my deare Mother, though his Queen;  
She kneeling me did oft with Teares entreat  
To win his Love, that so She Him might hate.

I i 2

In

(c) Being then (so some affirme)  
when he went for *Troy* but twelve  
years of age.

In brief, I brought the Business to effect,  
Which soon my jealous Father did detect,  
And to revenging <sup>(1)</sup> Furies made this Prayer,  
With Imprecations dire; That I no Heire  
Should set upon my Knee. Sad Powers incline,  
Infernall *Jove*, and dreadfull *Proserpine* :  
Then many Reasons did my Mind dehort  
From staying in my injur'd Fathers Court;  
But me, my Friends requesting did detain,  
Sheep many were, with Swine and Oxen slain:  
Store of the old Mans Wine they did Carouse,  
So nine Nights spending in my Fathers House.  
The Court they guard by turns, their Fires ne're slept,  
One in the *Portico* they blazing kept,  
Another through my Chamber cast a Light.  
When the tenth Evening brought obscuring Night,  
I broke both Bars and Locks, past through the Hall,  
And Guards and Women scaping leap't the Wall.  
Then wandering spacious *Greece* I *Phibia* found,  
Whose Plaines with Silver-fleeced Flocks abound;  
*Peleus* receiv'd with much Affection,  
And lov'd me as a Father loves his Son,  
His onely Child, which he grown old begat,  
The long-desired Heire to his Estate :  
He me enrich'd, and put in great Commands;  
On *Phibia's* Skirts I rul'd *Dolopian* Lands,  
And Thee *Achilles*, who hast now the odds  
Of all alive, and may'st compare with Gods,  
I bred up till thou wert so strong and Great:  
At sumptuous Feasts thou couldst nor drink, nor eat,  
Relish no Dish, flat was the cheering Grape,  
Unless that Thou wert seated in my Lap :  
Where oft disgorging Wine upon my Breast,  
Thou stain'd'st with Childish surfettings my Vest:

For

(1) The *Erynnyes*, or subterranean Demons τρυωνίδες ἢ τρυωνίδες ἀδινυίδες, who revenged especially the injuries done to Parents. *Schol.* They are made with wings, to represent αἶμα νεοῖς ἔχουσιν ἵλας ἡ ἀποδία, the speed and irresistableness of Divine punishment: black, διὰ τὸ ἀσπύριον εἶναι τῆς ψυχῆς, for their insensible surprizing the wicked. Their feet are said to be of brass, διὰ τὸ ἀσπύριον ἢ λαγὺ τῆς κορυφῆς, for their indefatigableness, and heavy Tread. *Euph.*

For thee I much have suffered, much have done;  
And since the Gods not granted me a Son,  
Thee I adopted, that thou might'st defend  
My feeble Age from an untimely End:  
Anger affwage, obdurate Thoughts remove,  
And, like the yeilding Gods, Remission love,  
With whom for Greatness thou may'st not compare;  
Yet they will heare a Penitentiall Prayer,  
And send a large Indulgence from the Skies,  
For Incense and a slender Sacrifice.

<sup>(2)</sup> The *Lites*, Daughters of all Potent *Jove*,  
Are blear-Ey'd, wrinkled, and but slowly move:  
These Cripples follow *Ate*, strong and fleet,  
Who far out-strips them all on winged Feet,  
Forcing poor Mortalls many Woes to endure,  
Through all the World, which afterwards they cure:  
VVho humbly to *Joves* Daughters shall repaire,  
Him they'll assit, and heare his zealous Prayer:  
But against those who persevere in ill  
Themselves to *Jove* prefer th' attainting Bill,  
Desiring *Ate* straight may them pursue,  
Inflicting all those Punishments are due:  
Therefore fit Reverence to them impart,  
VVhich able is to move the proudest Heart.  
Did not *Atrides* Gifts to Thee present,  
But still fomented former Discontent,  
A Reconcilement I would not persuade,  
Nor that thou shouldst the streight'ned *Grecians* aide.  
Much now he proffers, promiseth much more,  
Employing us thy Succour to implore,  
VVho Thee most love, most honour, and admire.  
Oh! make not vain, nor frustrate their Desire  
Of thy deare Friends thus in Commission joyn'd,  
To calme the swellings of thy troubled Mind:

(2) The *Lites* are feigned to be lame, because such as are Suppliants and Suitors use their knees more then feet: wrinkled and old, because as men grow lamely or unwillingly to deprecate such as they have offended, so put they it off and procrastinate it all they can: and lastly, dull-sighted, or looking askint, because they do converse ad multa, they connive at many things, or look awry and sowerly upon those they have injured. *Phrynus de Nat. Desc.* Of for that Petitioners, the sooner to prevail in their Suites, appear with a sad and sorrowfull aspect. *Schol.*

Ah!

Ah ! much those ancient Heroes were of old,  
As Paterns of Benignity, extold;  
Whom, though their Bofomes did with Anger boyle,  
Rich Gifts and softer Words would reconcile :  
An ancient Story I'll make bold to tell,  
Because it fuits the prefent Bufinefs well.

(a) Of the *Cretes*, or *Cretans*, see lib. 2.

(z) So called from *Ætolia*.

(y) From *Calydon* the Son of *Eurymachus*, or as others, *Æolus*.

(b) *Gr. Ovidius* these were Sacrifices paid in gratitude to *Ceres* and other Gods for the Increase and Fruits of the Earth, after Harvest.

(c) This Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(d) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(e) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(f) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(g) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(h) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(i) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

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(o) *Gr. Ovidius* this Boar is thus described in the *Antist.* lib. 4. the Brides of it, but whether better by the Poet in Verse, or *Ætios* in Prose, that refer to the reader.

(a) *Cretes*, and (z) *Ætoliens* did long Wars maintain

For (y) *Calydon*, on both sides many slain :

Th' *Ætoliens* fought their Country to defend,

The *Cretans* Spoyle and Plunder did intend :

Mongst whom *Diana* a dire Monster sent,

Because King *Oeneus* did not Her present

The early (z) Fruits of that luxuriant Plaine :

When Hecatombes to other Gods were flaine,

He to *Joves* Off-spring Sacrificed not,

Either her Rites unknown, or else forgot;

Which in this sad misfortune him engag'd :

The Quiver-bearing Goddess so enrag'd,

With cruell Tusks a Salvage (z) Boare imployes,

Who all King (z) *Oeneus* fertile Feilds destroys;

He stately Trees tore from their fiver'd Roots,

Silver'd with Bloffomes of delicious Fruits;

This Boar his Son bold *Meleager* kill'd,

Gathering a world of People to the Feild;

Dogs He and Huntsmen brought with Nets & Toyls,

Of which no few he sent to Funerall Rites;

For (z) the Boares head and bridled Skin a Jar

*Diana* find, which rais'd that bloody War;

Whilst *Meleager* lead the valiant Front,

So long the *Cretes* had the worser on't;

Nor durst without their Walls and Works appeare,

Though puissant and numerous they were :

But when a high Displeasure him enrag'd,

(As wife Men oft in Palsion are engag'd)

Against

Against his Mother He his Grief to vent,

To his deare Wife faire *Cleopatra* went,

Whom valiant *Idas* on (z) *Marpissa* got.

(Mongst all the Nations of the World was not

A bolder Prince, Who for this Ladies sake

Did up his Bow against *Apollo* take)

The Maid her Parents nam'd (z) *Alcione*,

Because her Mother wept as much as She,

When *Phæbus* striving would have her comprest.

Here he retir'd his Sorrowes to digest,

And of his Mothers Curfes did complain.

Incens'd because (z) her Brother He had slain,

With tender Hands all-fostering Earth She struck,

And on her Knees grim (z) *Pluto* did invoke

And *Proserpine* against her hated Son,

Whilst down fast Teares with Indignation run :

(z) Straight dire *Erinnyes* down to deepest Hell,

Through dismal Shades heard her so powerfull Spell.

When a great Tumult drew about the Gate,

Commissioners from the *Ætolian* State,

And sacred Priests the Heroe to perswade,

He would his Country, now in danger, aide;

Who promis'd they for him a Seat would build,

In Wealthy *Calydons* most fertile Feild;

And fifty Plow-lands would on him bestow,

The rich for Vines, the lighter Soyle to sow:

With them his Father did a Suitor come,

And beat the Waincot of his high built Room,

Urging their Pressures; (z) Sisters, Mother sues

With many Teares, yet did he All refuse;

His Friends, whom he did honour and esteem,

With no Perswasions could prevaile on Him,

Untill the Turrets of his Chamber shook,

The City burning which the Foe had took :

Then

(d) *Ennius* King of *Ætolia* having a beauteous Daughter *Marpissa*, propounded her in marriage to him who should be too fleet for him pursuing in his chariot, which many attempting to do but failing, were slain by him, and their heads set on the Walls of his Palace to deter others from the like presumption. At last *Idas* the reputed Son of *Aphareus*, but really of *Nepheus*, having obtained of his Father a pair of swift heel'd Horses, seized the Virgin as she was dancing in *Diana's* Temple. Her Father despairing to recover his daughter, *Idas*' Steeds being too fleet for him, kills his horses, and throws himself into the river *Lycormas*, called after this accident *Eurymachus*. *Apollo* encountering him as he fled, would have forced her from him, but *Jupiter* sending *Mercury* hinders them from engaging, and leaves it to the Virgins election to choose which of the two he pleased, who takes *Idas*, fearing *Apollo* would defeat her in age. *Schol.* albeit *Homer* makes her to be carried away by *Apollo*.

(e) *Cyx* the son of *Phosphorus* marrying *Aleyone* the daughter of *Æolus*, grew so insolently proud that he would needs be reputed a God, his wife calling him ever *Jupiter*, and he her *Juno*, at which *Jupiter* being highly incensed transformed them into two Fowles, which live still severall and apart. *Haleyone* making her Nest upon the shoare, it hapned that the waves washed away her Eggs; for which heavily complaining, *Jove* commiserated so far her condition, as to enjoyne the winds not to breath the least whilst the *Haleyone* sets, that is for the space of fourteen daies. *Id.*

(f) *Clyteus* and *Proetus* the Sons of *Thelus*.

(g) When they petitioned any Celestiall or Sea Deitie, they elevated their thoughts to Heaven; but invoking *Pluto* or any infernal power, they imote the Earth with them. *Schol.*

(h) *Gr. Hesiodus*, i. That walks in the dark, at night is *Ærephus* *Ærephus*, because punishments inflicted from Heaven come insensibly and undiscerned. *Schol.*

(i) *Orge*, *Deianira*, *Policea*; and *Antione*; these lamenting the death of their brother were changed into Birds called *Melagrides*.

(k) *Althæa*.

Then his faire Wife, who all this while stood by,  
Fell at his Feet, and, with a piteous Cry  
And iterated Sighes, recounted all  
Those Miseries that Cities sack'd befall:  
Their People slain, in flames their Town devour'd,  
Their Youth inflav'd, and Virgins pure deflowr'd.

Her words on Him wrought more then powerfull  
And soon he girds himself in shining Arms, (Charms,  
To save the *Aetolians* in that wofull Storm;  
Yet what they promis'd they did ne're perform.  
Therefore consider well what I have sayd,  
Nor let thy evill *Genius* Thee perswade:  
Twere for thy Honour less to save the Fleet,  
And no Reward for such a Service get:  
Accept his Presents, and our Ships redeem,  
That Thee the *Greeks* may as their God esteem:

(\*) Shouldst Thou to Battell unconsider'd go,  
Less were thy Honour, though thou worst the Foe.

When thus *Achilles* gently Him reprov'd;  
Oh Thou that art so much of *Jove* belov'd!  
Honours from Them unnecessary be,  
Since *Jove*, who staies Me here, enough on me  
Confers, and will, vvihilst Life this Breast contains,  
And vvarm Blood active in my circling Veins.  
But I could wish Thou wouldst not undertake  
To interpose for *Agamemnons* sake:  
Do not so highly for his Interest move;  
Least I should hate thee, whom so much I love: (mine,  
Not thy own Wrongs should touch Thee more then  
Since both our Kingdomes and Affections joyne.  
Let them return, and tell their King my Mind,  
But Thou mayst here friendly Reception finde:  
To Morrow Wee'l advise, if We shall steere  
To *Phthya* Back, or longer tarry here:

And

And to *Patroclus* signify'd, this sayd,  
A Bed should be for ancient *Phœnix* made.

Then *Telamonius* spake; Let Us not stay,  
Renown'd *Ulysses*, nor in vaine delay:  
Words fruitless are that Busines not effect,  
We linger whilst an Answer They expect.  
Enrag'd *Achilles* no way condiscends,  
Regardless of th' Affection of his Friends;  
He whom We value in our Army most  
Hath quite all Bowels of Compassion lost.  
Many have taken Satisfaction

(†) For a slain Brother, or a slaughter'd Son;  
Who vast Fines paying publickly appear'd,  
And with rich Gifts the wofull Plaintiff cheer'd.  
So highly for a Woman Thou dost rage,  
That no Perswasions can with Gifts assuage;  
See now We offer seaven, all wonderous faire,  
And many Presents more both rich and rare,  
To thy own (m) Kindred some Respect should be,  
Many we are, and All ally'd to Thee;  
Faire Correspondency We may require  
From Him, whom We both honour and admire.  
To whom renown'd *Achilles* thus, begun;

*Ajax*, thou noble Race of *Telamon*,  
Thou speakst thy Thoughts, and no Dissembler art,  
But swelling Passion breaks my wounded Heart,  
When I but think how Me *Atrides* us'd,  
And like some base Barbarian abus'd.  
Be pleas'd to tell Him I shall take no care  
To stop the Deluge of devouring War,  
Before great *Hector*, *Priams* Warlike Son,  
By Slaughter of the *Grecians* prompted on,  
Shall on our Quarters resolutely set,  
Burning with *Phrygian* Flames the *Grecian* Fleet:

K k

But

(\*) *Socrates* in *Plato* condemns this  
affection of *Phœnix*, affirming it had  
been more generously done of *Achilles*  
to have succour'd the *Grecians* freely,  
then hired to do it, or gratified be-  
fore hand. *Plat. 3. de Rep.*

(†) The punishment for manslaugh-  
ter amongst the *Greeks*, was onely a  
twelve months banishment from their  
native Country, which yet they might  
redeem by a commutation, by paying  
some considerable summe, if the kin-  
dred of the person slain were so con-  
tented. *Schol.*

(m) The Ancients condescended to  
no suit sooner then that which was  
preferred or seconded by such as were  
of the same House and Lineage with  
them, conceiving that their household  
Gods did joys in that Petition, and in-  
tercede together with them, *de deorum*  
*Curias ad hunc, & de hunc deorum or-*  
*be.* These complying also with such as  
were onely *Amphictyons* and *Asiaticks*, as  
lay but under the same roof, and com-  
muned at the same Table. *Enst.*

But when to my Pavilion He draws neer,  
 'Tis likely He shall find resistance there.  
 This sayd, each drank his Goblet off; and went,  
*Ulysses* leading, to *Atrides* Tent;  
*Patroclus* order gave there should be made  
 A Bed for *Phanix*, which was streight obey'd:  
 He on soft Skins in purest Linnen lay  
 At Rest, expecting of the blessed Day:  
*Achilles* thence to his with-drawing Tent,  
 To *Phorbas* Daughter *Diomeda* went,  
 Whom He at *Lesbos* took, and bravely kept.  
*Patroclus* in another Chamber slept  
 With beauteous *Iphis*; *Peleus* Son did save  
 Her at sack'd <sup>(\*)</sup> *Scyron*, and his Favourite gave.

Soon as they entred *Agamemnons* Tent,  
 The Princes rising golden Bowles present;  
 And earnest Newes to heare, Inquiry made,  
 Whom *Agamemnon* interrupting sayd;  
 Renown'd *Ulysses*, who our Glory art,  
 What ere the Tydings, good or bad, impart:  
 Will He from hostile Flames defend our Fleet,  
 Or swells his Heart with Indignation yet?

Then sayd *Ulysses*, Most Illustrious Prince,  
 Of all our Sufferings He hath little Sence,  
 But more and more in's Obstinacy prides,  
 And as mean Triffles all thy Gifts derides:  
 Scoffing, He bids Thee and thy Council sit,  
 Once more to save the Army and the Fleet;  
 And threatening tells Us whatfoe're comes on't,  
 To Morrow He will plow the *Hellepont*;  
 Giving Advice the Army should sayle back,  
 For lofty *Ilium*, they shall never sack,  
 Since *Jove* Himself to them Assistance lends,  
 And they miscarry not whom He defends.

All

We All can witness these his harsh Replies:  
 I his Pavillion ancient *Phanix* lyes,  
 That he next Morning may, if that He please,  
 With Him for *Phthya* plow up swelling Seas.  
 At this so strange Return they All dismay'd,  
 Sate silent long, when thus *Tydid*es sayd;  
 Oh! would We never had our Selves addrest  
 To Him who flights and frustrates our Request;  
 Nor courted thus with Presents; Who before  
 Was much too insolent, will now be more:  
 But let Us suffer Him to stay or go,  
 Till *Jove* or's *Genius* stir him 'gainst the Foe.  
 Now let Us rest, and comfort our sad Soules,  
 With savoury Dishes and refreshing Bowles,  
 Wine Strength recruits, and fainting Courage cheers,  
 And when the Rosie-finger'd Morn appears  
 Before the Fleet with all Thy Army stand,  
 And in the Van incourage and Command.  
 The Princes all *Tydid*es Speech approve,  
 Admire his Wisdome and his Valour love:  
 Libations payd, they to their Tents repaire,  
 Where gentle Sleep silenc'd disturbing Care.

Kk 2

HOMERS

(\*) A City that bears the name of the Island, where it was situate, sack'd before the Siege of *Troy* by *Achilles*, either for their withdrawing themselves from the subjection of his Father *Peleus*, or for denying to associate or contribute any forces to this *Trojan* expedition. *Enst.* Here *Achilles* accompanying with *Deidamia* the daughter of *Lycomedes* begot of her *Neoptolemus*.



Domino Roberto Holt  
Baronetto. Tabulam



de Aston C'm: Warwick  
hanc. L. M. D.D.D.  
I. O.

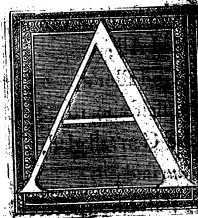


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE \*TENTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Two Grecian Princes take a Trojan Spy,  
Dolon, who tells Them where the Thracians lie;  
Tydides him beheads; then boldly goes  
And slaughters Rhesus sleeping midst the Foes:  
Whose Snow-white Steeds He and Ulysses mount,  
And at the Fleet that Nights Success recount.



All night the Grecian Princes  
soundly slept,  
In conquering Morpheus  
golden Fetters kept;  
But gentle Rest Aridas Eyes  
ne're clos'd,  
Nor could his troubled  
Fancy be compos'd.

As Juno's <sup>(a)</sup> thundering Spouse dire Lightning spends,  
When He much Rain, or Hail, or Snow intends,  
(Whose silver Fleece o're verdant Plains he draws;) Or opens greedy <sup>(b)</sup> Wars devouring Jaws:  
So Agamemnon sigh'd, whole every part  
Answer'd th' Impulsions of his breaking Heart:  
Viewing

(\*) The Ancients affirm this Book (which they stile *Δολονία*, as treating especially of *Dolon*, to have been a Poem by it self, and no part of the *Iliad*, until it was in this order inserted by *Pisistratus*, *Enst.*

(a) Thunder in Winter is a presage or prognostick of ensuing Wars and Commotions, it being not seasonable at that time of the year.

(b) *Gr. ἀνέχων τὰς πόλεις*, the great mouth of War, did it insatiate flows, for its destructive nature: So also in the holy Tongue, those that fall by the Sword are layd upon the same account to perish *כִּי חַרְבֵּן*, by the mouth of the Sword.





Who art that walk'st alone through gloomy Night,  
When Darknes others doth to Rest invite?  
Seeks thou thy Horfe, or thy Companion here?  
Unless thou tell'st thy Busines draw not neer.

When thus the King his Sorrowes did impart,  
Thou, who the Glory of our Nation art,  
Me that unhappy *Agamemnon* know,  
On whom Great *Jove* imposeth so much Woe  
As never Mortall felt before, and will,  
Whilst Life this Bosome warms, afflict Him still :  
I wander thus because my Dangers keep  
Me from fruition of delightfull sleep;  
My Breast is bruised with my beating Heart,  
And a chill trembling lords through every part.  
Since We of pleasant Slumber are debar'd,  
Let's walk the Round, and see the Court of Guard :  
Perhaps some weary sleeping in their Watch,  
Neglectfull of their Duty we may catch ;  
The Foe ly's neer, whom the enticing Night  
To set upon our Quarters may invite.

Then *Nestor* sayd; Illustrious Prince, I hope  
That prudent *Jove* hath yet a further scope,  
Then still to carry on proud *Hectors* Aime,  
But with <sup>(b)</sup> like Losses will his Fury tame,  
If once *Achilles* Anger would abate:  
But let Us go and call up others streight,  
*Tydidēs*, *Ithacus*, and *Oiliades*

First let Us wake, and stout *Meriones* :  
I would some One whose leisure him allowes,  
Would *Ajax* and *Idomeneus* rouse,  
VVhose <sup>(1)</sup> Ships remoter lye by th' Ocean's side ;  
But, <sup>(2)</sup> though my Friend, I'll *Menelaus* chide,  
VVhom, should you take his Part, I would not spare,  
VVho lays the burthen of so great a Care

# Only

(b) Nestor speaks this as knowing by experience *ὅτι αἱ ἀρχαὶ τῆς ἐπιτυχίας μεταβολὰς ἀμφάτουσι*, that high and signal success is often dasht with contrary fortune. *Eust.*

(i) *Achilles & Ajax's* Ships lay outmost of all the Fleet, that so the Trojans assaulting them might find the stouter opposition. This *Ajax* was he of *Salamis*, the former being of *Locrum*.

(k) Friends should least of all forbear to reprove one another, *Amici enim vitia ferre, facit tua*, saith *Publius Mimius*. He that patiently passeth by the failings of his friend, adopting them himself. Hence *Enripides* makes this the mark which men should especially mind in electing a friend,

Φίλοις δὲ τὰς μὲν μὴ χαλῶντας ἐν λόγοις  
κίπτον· τὰς δὲ πρὸς χάριν ὡς ἡδονῇ  
τῇ (ὃ πονηρὸς, κλεῖστον εἰργάτω γένηται.

*Choose such a friend as will not spare  
Thy faults to tell, nor thee forbear,  
But those that sooth thee, such beware.*

Only on You ; and when He should resort  
To every Prince , nay, all the Army court,  
Supinely sleeps , Necessity compells  
Not Sloath t' indulge, but thoughts of something else.

*Atrides* then ; Renowned *Pylean* Prince,  
 Oft I have wish'd Thee tax his Negligence,  
 VVho ne're endeavours to performe his Part,  
 Though He hath Courage and a prudent Heart,  
 But stands expecting till I give Advise :  
 Yet He before Me did this Morning rise,  
 And I have giv'n Him Charge to summon all  
 The prime Commanders We intend to call.  
 First then the Guard let's visite, no time lose,  
 For I appointed there our *Rendezvous*.

Then Nestor sayd, what did his Judgment sute;  
If so, none of the Army will dispute,  
Or be offended when he shall enjoyne  
Them, to engage on any Grand Designe.

Thus saying, on he puts his Vest, which done,  
In haſt his curious Sandalls buckles on ;  
Next lin'd with Furr a Purple Mantle caſt  
O're his broad Shoulders, which He button'd faſt :  
Then takes his Speare, and firſt, as on He went,  
Calls up *Ulyſſes* ſleeping in his Tent ;  
Through his Eares Laborinths the Voyce did glide  
Unto his <sup>(1)</sup> Soule, when *Ithacus* reply'd ;  
Why wánder You conceal'd thus in obſcure  
And ſilent Night? ſome urgent Buſineſs ſure :

Dicere porro oculos nullam rem cernere posse,  
Sed per eos animam, ut soribus ipsæ reclusæ,  
Desperare est, contra quam sensus dicat eorum:  
Sensus enim trahit, atq; acrie detrahend ad ipsas.  
Fulgida præstet enim cernere, ipse acquimus,  
Lumina luminibus quæ nobis præpediuntur:  
Quod soribus non fit, neque enim ea cernimus ipsi:  
Officijscipientium altum reclusæ laborem.  
Præterea si pro soribus, sunt lumina nostra,  
Iam magis exemplis oculis debere videtur  
Cernere, res anipus iustitiam, solitudinis in se.

[illegible]

To say our Eyes not see, but our Souls view  
Objects through open doors, is most untrue;  
The Sense it self such Arguments confutes,  
Which draws, and Beams reflecting backward shoots,  
For where's much light there worser is our sight,  
And th' Eyes ejected rays are flopt with light.  
Not so in Doors, nor yet those Portalls ask,  
Through which we see, to open any task:  
But if our Eyes ferve but as Doors, no doubt  
The Soul would better see if they were out.

L 1

**Then**

Then thus reply'd the old *Gerenian* Prince;  
 Deare *Laertiades*, take no Offence,  
 That We disturbing thus thy Quiet wrong:  
 Such are our present Streights; but go along  
 To raise One more; then We will clear the Doubt,  
 If We shall flye, or staying fight it out.

Straight in He steps, and o're his Shoulders flings  
 His glittering Shield, then marches with the Kings;  
 And All to *Dyomed* together went,  
 Who lay compleatly Arm'd without his Tent,  
 His Souldiers sleeping round him in the Feilds,  
 Their Heads supported with their brazen Shields;  
 Their <sup>(m)</sup> Speares stood fix'd, whose Points did shine so

(m) *Gr. xavafite*. This was a round broad plate of Iron sharp at the edges, which caus'd a Spear, the great end being put into it, to stand upright. This erecting their Speares when they slept, was after disfiled, when by the fall of one, the whole Army was put into a fright and disorder. *Enff.*

They like *Joves* Lightning cast a dreadful light: (Bright,  
 Himself repos'd upon a Bulls Skin spread,  
 A peice of rowl'd-up Arras propt his Head,  
 Whom *Nestor* with his Foot jog'd to awake,  
 But could not, then aloud the Heroe spake;

How *Tydeus* Off-spring canst thou sleep so sound?  
 Fearst not the *Trojans* <sup>(n)</sup> on the rising Ground,  
 Whose spacious Camp and Ours are pitch'd so neer,  
 That We their Voyces may distinctly hear?  
 Rous'd with these Words off Drousinels He shook,  
 And thus the Heroe to old *Nestor* spoke;

Yare too solicitous, take too much Care:  
 Be there no other *Greeks* who younger are  
 To call the Princes up? I One like you  
 So indefatigable never knew.

Then *Nestor*; To your Judgment I submit,  
 You speak what well your Person doth besit:  
 I have bold Sons, and lead my self a Troop,  
 Any of which might call these Princes up;  
 But our Necessity I must alledge,  
 The Armies totall ruine; for the Edge

Lyes

Lies of the Razor at our Throats, and we  
 This Night must save our selves, or ruin'd be:  
 But would you spare my Age, call, if you please,  
 Swift *Ajax* up, and young *Phylades*.

Then he a Lions Skin threw o're his Back,  
 Which reach'd his Heels, and did his Javeline take;  
 Whilst all the other Princes up did get,  
 And at the Court of Guard together met:  
 Where, none asleep, they, 'mongst so many, catch'd,  
 All in their Armes most vigilantly watch'd:

Like trusty Dogs, who guard the Bleating Foulds,  
 When from the Hills descending to the Woulds  
 A Lion roares, loud Clamour scales the Skies  
 Of hot pursuit, and all the Shepherds rise;  
 As watchfull they awak'd that wofull Night,  
 Nor *Morpheus* once could them to sleep invite;  
 Alwaies they walk'd and talk'd, and listning were  
 When from the *Trojans* they th' Alarm should heare.  
 But *Nestor* glad when he beheld his Friends  
 So watchfull, thus their diligence commends:

Still my dear Sons such Vigilancy show,  
 Least we be made a scorne unto our Foe.

This said, he <sup>(o)</sup> past the Trench, and all that were  
 Summon'd came next to sit in Councell there:  
*Meriones* and *Nestors* Warlike Race  
 Had in this private Juncto speciall place;  
 They chose a clean Spot of the Purpled Feild,  
 Where many lay by Valiant *Hector* kill'd,  
 Till gloomy Darknells forc'd him to his Camp,  
 When Western Waves conceal'd Heavens brightest  
 Then in a close Debate all sitting round (Lamp;  
 There *Nestor* thus the Bufines did propound.

Could we, renowned Friends, amongst us find  
 One off so brave and resolute a Mind,

L 1 2

Durst

(o) *Nestor* first leap'd the Trench to encourage the rest; or if they followed not his example, to shame them, he being old and decrepit, they youthfull and lusty. *Enff.*

(p) The Lacedæmonians consulting what place to fortifie, Alcibiades advi'd them to send Spies to Athens, who coming thither and hearing the people discoursing amongst themselves that the Enemy would fortifie Dretilia, the Lacedæmonians understanding it at the return of their Emiffaries, did accordingly, *Schol.*

(q) The Scholiast finds in this Verse (*ὑποκόρυ ἀνός*), a significant and auspicious Omen, the colour, which was black, importing their performing this exploit by night; and the young Lamb, *ἢν ὑποκόρυ πῶν ἀγέλης μικροῦ λῆου*, that their attempt should not be frustrated, but successful; albeit *Exst.* by this fruitfull Ewe understands the perpetuation of their name and memory, *ἢν ὑποκόρυ δὲ ἀγέλης, ὑποκόρυ δὲ ἢν παλαιῶν ποτὶ ἀγέλης ἀνός, ἢ δὲ πῶν ἀνέστησαν ἀνὰ τὸν αἶμα, ἀνέστησαν ἀνέστησαν τὸ καὶ δὲ ἀνέστησαν.* So he.

Durst venture to the Trojan Camp to go,  
And by surprize bring in some straggling Foe;  
Or (p) listning gather what the Trojans say,  
Whether they will return to Troy, or stay,  
Since they have worsted us; could this be learn'd,  
And he return in safety undiscern'd;  
It through the World would spread his glorious Name.  
Nor should he only purchase empty Fame,  
Each Leader in our Army shall bestow,

(r) Suckling her bleating Race, a black fleec'd Ewe:  
And at our Meetings and all publick Feasts  
He shall be plac'd amongst our primer Guests.  
Silent all heard, yet none durst undertake  
The Businels, till at last Tydides spake;

He venture on this dangerous Designe,  
If any other Leader here will joine:  
When two attempt some great Exploit to do,  
Their Hopes are heighten'd, and their Courage too:  
But One, though well experienc'd in his Art,  
Finds feeble Hands, and a misgiving Heart.

Many, this said, to follow him prepare,  
Th' Ajaxes and Meriones ready were;  
And Thrasymedes, Menelaus too,  
Who did the Court to be his Second sue;  
And slye Ulysses not himself exempts,  
Still fit for Action, and all bold Attempts.

Then spake the King; O thou to me most dear,  
Chooft whom you please of all these Princes here  
To undertake this noble Enterprize:  
With modesty consult not I advise;  
VVaving the best do not the worst select,  
Nor any's noble Birth, but Worth respect.  
Fearing least Menelaus he should take,  
Thus pre-admonish'd bold Tydides spake;

Since

Since 'tis your pleasure that I Freedom use,  
Why should I any but (v) Ulysses choofe?  
In a large Sphear his active Spirit moves,  
For all Attempts, whom bright Minerva loves:  
I his Assistance earnestly desire,  
Whose Conduct will convey us though through fire.

Then said Ulysses, (v) Praise me not, nor blame,  
Well know the Grecian Princes what I am:  
But let us go, time we in talking spend,  
The Morning riseth, and the Stars descend:  
Since two parts of the friendly Night are gone,  
(v) The third remains in which this must be done.

This said, they both clap on their ponderous Armes,  
When Thrasymedes first in all Alarmes,  
A Sword (his own forgotten in his Tent)  
And Shield to bold Tydides did present:  
Then claps his Cask on of an Oxes Hide,  
Not with a Crest and Horse Tails beautifi'd;  
But a well quilted Murrion, neat and warme,  
With such their Heads the youthfull Souldiers arme:  
Meriones did on Ithacus bestow

A Sword, a Quiver, and resounding Bow:  
Puts on his Head a Leather Cask, the Skin  
With quilted Thongs well fortifi'd within:  
Without, a Boars white Teeth the Border round  
Fenc'd with a Guard, a Tuft the center crown'd.  
This tooke at (v) Eleon amongst other Spoyles,  
When slye (v) Autolycus Amintors Piles  
Demolish'd, he Amphidamas did present,  
Who, as an Hospitable Monument,  
It Molus gave, which to his Son he left,  
Who now conferr'd on Ithacus the Gift.

Thus arm'd they went, and left the Princes there,  
When Pallas gliding through the gloomy Sphear,  
Close

(r) By Ulysses and Diomed, *Apollon* understands Advice and Affian. *Cum rebus creperis et effudit spectaturos diligendi sunt qui nocte interpres castra hostium penetrant, nonne Ulysses cum Diomede deliguntur, veluti consilium & auxilium, meus & manus, animus & gladius, &c?*

(v) Thus Clytemnestra to Achilles in Euripides in *Iphigenia Aulida*.

*τίος δὲ οὐρανίου μὴ δὲ λῆγες, μήτ' ἰδὼς, μήτ' ὁλοκαυτὸν πῶν πόλις?*  
*Ἀντιόχου δὲ οὐ γὰρ, ὅσον τινα μισῶν τὴν ἀνέστην τὰς αἰὲς ἀγας.*

How shall I give thee Prayes due,  
Nor over-act, nor under-do,  
To gain thy Favour? since the Best  
Their too much flatterers detect.

(v) The Romans Night was not as *Homer's*, *τροχάσθη*, but *εὐπρόσθετος*, consisting of four Watches, and each of these of three hours a piece. See *Jal. Pollux lib. i. c. 7.*

(u) Eleon was a City of *Bœotia*.  
(x) Autolycus was the Son of *Mercury*, and one of the *Argonauts*. He had an excellent faculty in Theivery, wherein he did practise, was his Father's own Son. Hence *Martial* sporting of one, a good proficient in that pilfering Art, saith, that *Autolycus* was not better at it,

— non est furcivus illo,  
*Non fuit Autolycus tam perversa manus.*  
Autolycus's fingers were,  
Which all things stuck in, half so catching were.

*Mercury* gave him also this gift, to transform what Cattle he had stole, as he pleas'd himself. *Tzetze. Chil. 102.*  
*ἢν γὰρ πᾶσι δὲ Ἀχιλλεύῳ, μὲν δὲ 37 Ἀχιλλεύῳ, Ἰάκωβ' δὲ Ὀδυσσεύῳ δὲ, μίτος δὲ ὁ γὰρ γὰρ ἀγας.*  
*Ex qd' ἔργῳ γὰρ δὲ, &c.*

*Autolycus* *Hermes* Son *Laertes* got,  
Poverty was *Ulysses* Grandir's lot,  
Who's teacher did to him such Arts reveal.

That he could better then *Ægyptius* steal,  
Or *Babylonius*, or sly *Eurybate*,  
Whom so much famous Authors celebrate:  
With him not *Agamemnon* could compare,  
Nor *Hydarge*, the best that ever were,  
For he stole Goods so well could change, that none  
Could judge but that they had againe their own.

He by a *Hoarus* well made pass'd  
For a fair Horse he stich'd, a many a fair  
A Virgin Bride he stole, and in her stead  
A rivel'd Hag left with a Hoary Head;  
As the lame Heiding halted out and in,  
The Father thought she had his daughter bin.

(γ) Σκουπιδὶς ἢ πόδιον αἰὼνις. This Bird was a preface of their good success, ἀπαλὸν γὰρ ὁ ὕμνος αἰὼνίου ἢ ὑμῶν, a Hern being a lucky Prognostick to such as go a scouting. She made use of an Hern rather than of her own Bird, the Owle, not onely because the Hern delights in Fenny places, such as those about *Scamander*, and is thence called ἡμῶν, quasi ἡμῶν, but also because ἀπαλὸν αἰὼνι, it is a Bird of Prey, and that by night. *Euph.* Others make this Bird sacred to *Venus*, being so called, quasi ἡμῶν.

(ε) Auguries that came from the right hand were still reputed lucky, and to portend good. *Id.*

Clofe by them sprung the happy-boading (γ) Hern,  
Which though they could not in nights shade discern,  
They heard her sounding VVings; *Ulysses* glad  
At the blest Omen, thus to *Pallas* prayd:

Heare me, thou Daughter of all Conquering *Jove*,  
VVho alwaies my Endeavours dost improve;  
My Counsells never are conceal'd from thee,  
Ah, as before, now my Assistant be;  
That we may make the insulting *Trojans* mourn,  
And back in safety to our Fleet return.

Then *Diomed*, Hear O Illustrious Maid,  
And me, now as thou didst my Father aid,  
VVhen on especiall Embasie he went  
To *Thebes*, by the *Achivian* Princes sent,  
And brought Proposals, his Retinue staid  
On sweet *Ajopu's* Margents, thence O Maid,  
Returning, by thy Auspic'd he inspir'd,  
Such Valour shew'd, that all the VVorld admir'd:  
O Goddess prov'd so gracious now to me,  
And Ile a Heifer Sacrifice to thee,  
VVho never knew the Yoak, not two yeares old,  
And gild her spreading Hornes with beaten Gold.

*Minerva* heard them from Heavens Chrystal Arch:  
VVith Night surrounded, they like Lions march,  
VVhere Bodies lay in heaps, where bloody Feilds  
Blush'd under scatter'd Armes and Spears and Shields:

Nor  *Hector*  let the *Trojans* sleep, but all  
His prime Commanders did to Councell call;  
To whom the Heroe thus his mind declar'd:

VVho will among us for no mean Reward,  
A Business of Concernment undertake?  
(And if a Present will him venturous make,  
A Chariot and two Horses is our Gift,  
The fairest amongst the *Grecians*, and most swift:

And

And Glory He shall purchase, (which far more  
The noble Soul esteems) their Fleet to explore;  
Whether about their Ships they keep a Guard,  
Or worsted by our Prowess find too hard  
Their hop'd-for Conquest, and their Trenches flight  
With Duty tyr'd, and so prepare for Flight.

*Dolon*, *Eumedes* the rich Heralds Heire,  
Step'd forth, whilst All in presence silent were,  
And thus begun, My (α) *Genius* Me doth prompt  
To venture where the *Grecians* lye encamp't;  
Now (β) stretch thy royall Scepter forth, and sweare  
Those Steeds and Chariot which *Achilles* beare  
Shall be my Prize; and Ile not scout in vaine,  
Nor shalt Thou of employing Me complaine;  
I'll through the Army to the *Grecian* Fleet,  
Where now *Arides* and the Princes sit,  
Perhaps in Consultation whether they  
Shall flye this Night, or fight it out by Day.

This sayd, thus *Hector* swore; *Jove* Witness be,  
None else shall have *Achilles* Steeds; To Thee  
I promise, as perpetuall Honours, both  
His Horse and Chariot, (but He broke his Oath)  
Then bids him hast. He streight prepares to go,  
And to his Shoulders fastens well his Bow;  
O're which an (γ) old Woolfs grievly Spoyle He spread,  
A Cask of (δ) Wefells Skins claps on his Head,  
Then takes his Javelin, and the Camp forsook,  
But ne're perform'd what so He undertook:

When He had pass'd the Guards of Foot and Horse,  
Down to the Fleet He strook his neereft Course;  
*Ulysses* heard him first, as He drew nigh:

One from th' Army, sure; Either a Spy,  
Or else some Pillager who Bodies strips,  
But let him pass before Us to our Ships;

So

(α) *Dolon* the rather accepted of *Hectors* proffer and engaged to go a scouting, because being the son of a Herald, he presumed to be indemnified if taken, such persons being accounted sacred; at least that his Fathers wealth, his feet failing, should fetch off and ransom him. Some say he himself was an *Herauld*, the Sons betaking themselves anciently, as *Herodotus* tells us, to their Fathers profession. *Euph.*

(β) Where the Prince took an Oath for the performing any promise, he put his Scepter in their hands, who required that of him, which they held all the time that they were taking it.

(γ) *Eustathius* observes that *Homer* suits *Dolon* here like himself, that is as a foole, in the case of a Woolf grown gray with age, which colour rendred him more conspicuous in the night to the enemy, then otherwise he had been.

(δ) *Gr.* *Ursus* is a small Beast much resembling the *Melissian* little Dog, it preys upon Birds, and is more especially a great enemy to the Bee. Its Yard is meer bone, and helps such as are troubled with the Strangury. *Euph.*

So We pursuing better shift may make  
To seize Him whom we cannot overtake,  
From his own Camp still drive him to our Fleet,  
Shaking thy Speare, leaft He the City get.

Thus they resolving wav'd the common Way,  
And sculking close amongst the Slaughter'd lay.  
Fearing no Danger *Dolon* swiftly ran,  
But He no sooner had that distance gone

(c) The *Geoponicks* tell us, that Oxen being better to break up Ground never plow'd before, as being much the stronger; Mules are more proper to run over Fallows, as ridding work much faster. *Engl.*

That (c) Mules in plowing Ground will get before  
A Teem of heavy Oxen in twelve Score,  
When They pursue: Hearing them come, He stands,  
Supposing *Heſtor* iſſu'd new Commands  
To call him back; but when the Heroes drew  
Within a Javelins caſt, the Foe he knew;  
And at full height of Speed a looſe he gave;  
They run to ſeize, he runs himſelf to ſave.  
Aſ hunt a nimble Brace of eager Hounds,  
A tender Fawne, or Hare through covert Grounds;  
The timorous Game before them flying ſqueaks:  
So they each other ſerve, and towards the *Greeks*,  
Him from the *Trojan* Quarters cloſe purſue.  
Now when he neer their Guards and Trenches drew,  
*Pallas* her Champion did with Strength ſupply,  
That none but He ſhould take the *Trojan* Spy;  
Who, his Launce ſhaking, ſayd; Or ſtand Thou there,  
Or to the Ground I'll fix Thee with this Speare;  
Do not believe thy Speed ſhall ſave Thee long  
From this my Hand; this ſayd, *Tydid*es flung,  
Miſſing on purpoſe; o're his Shoulder paſt  
The glittering Point, and in the Earth ſtuck faſt;  
Amaz'd He trembling ſtood, his Tongue did faile,  
His Teeth did chatter, and his Cheeks grew pale:  
They panting hold at laſt upon him layd,  
When weeping thus unhappy *Dolon* ſayd;

Oh

Oh! ſpare my Life, and I'll my Self redeem  
With Braſs, and Gold, and Steel of much eſteem;  
For Me my Father will great Ranſome give,  
Soon as inform'd I in Your Quarters live.  
To whom then ſubtle *Ithacus* reply'd,

Be not ſo fearfull, but in Me confide,  
And tell Me truth; Why from the *Trojan* Camp  
Cam'ſt Thou alone through Nights obſcuring Damp,  
Whilst others ſleep infranchiſed from Toyle?  
Was it for Plunder and dead Bodies Spoyle?  
Or elſe employ'd by *Heſtor* as a Scout,  
Or prompted by thy *Genius* ventur'dſt out?

Who trembling ſayd; With many Promiſes  
*Heſtor* againſt my Will did Me intice;  
*Achilles* Steeds and Chariot ſhould be Mine,  
Would I, He ſayd, ingage in this Deſigne:  
Encourag'd thus, I ventur'd through this Damp,  
And fullen Shadows to explore Your Camp;  
VVhether about Your Ships You kept a Guard,  
Or worſted by our Prowels, found too hard  
Your hop'd for Conqueſt, & Your Watch did flight,  
Tyr'd out with Duty, and prepar'd for Flight:

Then ſmiling on Him, thus *Ulyſſes* ſayd;

Thou for Thy Service haſt been nobly payd.

Renown'd *Pelides* Steeds no Mortall Hand  
Can manage, nor in height of Speed command  
But He himſelf; and Him a Goddeſs bare.  
But make to Me a true Relation, where  
You *Heſtor* left; where are his Armes and Horſe?  
How have his Guards and VVatches entercourſe?  
We worſted thus, is He reſolv'd to ſtay,  
Or elſe draw off with the approaching Day?  
Then He reply'd; I ſhall the Truth declare;  
Now *Heſtor* and the *Trojan* Princes are

M m

In

(f) *Enst.* thinks this an ill Omen, that *Hektor* should consult concerning Martial Affairs at a dead man's Monument. *Ἐὺστ. οὕτως δὲ λέγει τὴν ἐπιμνηστικὴν τοῦ νεκροῦ συμβουλὴν ὡς κακὴν, ὡς ἀπὸ τοῦ νεκροῦ μὴ δύνασθαι συμβουλεύειν.* So he.

(g) A Nation of *Thrace*, which some make to be the *Pannonians*; others the *Macedonians*.

(h) A People of *Paphlagonia*, or as others of *Synthia*: Some make these the same with those called *Cannii*.

(i) A People of *Caria*, or the Inhabitants of the City of *Pegafus*, so called *ἡ πόλις καλεῖται τὸ Πυγαῖον*, as being a mixture and medly of many Nations.

(k) These inhabited the Sea-coast of *Caria*.

(l) The *Lylians*.

(m) A City within the Territories of *Troy* where *Apollo* had his Temple, being thence called *Thymbraeus*. It was built by *Dardanus* in memory of his friend *Thymbrus*, *Στέφ. Βιζαντ.* It had a River also running by it, called *Thymbria*, the River *Tiber* also by Rome being so called, saith *Dionys.*

(n) *Rhesus* the son of *Enterpe* and the River *Sirmon*: so the more modern Authors: Others make him the Son of *Caliope*, *Ἀπολλοδ.* i. e. It was prophesied of him by the Oracles, that if he tasted *Scamander* and his Steeds drank that River and eat of the Grass about *Troy*, he should become invincible: This being known to *Juno*, she procures *Pallas* to hasten *Diomed* and *Ulysses* to his destruction, and that the first night he encamp'd at *Troy*, which they effected, bringing away his horses. *Homer* makes him the Son of *Ioneus*, and others not of *Enterpe* but *Terpsichore*, none of that Quire of the Muses being barren, but only *Orania*: *Orpheus* being the Son of *Calliope* or *Clitis*, *Linus* of *Terpsichore*, or as others of *Enterpe*, *Palaestus* of *Thalia*, *Thamyris* the Thracian of *Erato*, the Sirens of *Melpomene* and *Achelous*, *Triptolemus* of *Polymnia*. The Schol. of *Pindarus* saith, that engaging but one day, he did the *Greeks* much mischief, and had done much more had he not been so suddenly surprised, for so tells them *Minerva* in *Euripides*,

ὅτε σὺ δὴ δὴν ἐνέλα τὸν δὲ δαίμον  
ὄφρα (ἔ) Ἀχαιῶν, τὴν δὲ κλισίῃ δόρυ  
μὴ πῦρ πῆμα δαμάσθαι Ἀργείοισιν ἔχοντα,  
τὸν γε σπῆμα δαίμων ἔχοντα καὶ  
Ἀργείοισιν ἔχοντα δαίμονα σπῆμα δαίμων.  
Τότεν ὁ δαίμων ἐπὶ τῇ γῇ ἔκειτο, &c.

If day be set, Achilles Spear,  
Nor Ajax Lance shall him deter  
From raining the Grecian Fleet,  
Banks level'd with his Horses Feet,  
To make a passage through the wall:  
In killing him thou conquer'dst all.

(o) Men though they love the Treason, hate yet the Traytor: ὡς ἀνθρώποις τὸν δόλον μισοῦσιν, καὶ μὴ τὸν δόλον ποιῶντα. So *Demophanes*.

In Councill at renowned <sup>(f)</sup> *Ilus* Tombe,  
Silent they stay expecting till I come;  
We use no constant Guards, but those who stand  
About the Fires, are ready at Command:  
VVho cheering one another Watches keep,  
Whilst soundly the Auxiliaries sleep;  
Leaving Night-Duties to the *Trojans* Care,  
Since they have neither Wives nor Children there.

Then subtle *Ithacus* did thus reply;  
If by themselves, or mixt the *Trojans* lye  
Discover truly, and informe Me well.  
*Dolon* replyd, I shall exactly tell:

*Carians*, and <sup>(k)</sup> *Pæons* neer the Ocean lye,  
<sup>(l)</sup> *Caucons*, <sup>(i)</sup> *Leleges*, and <sup>(h)</sup> *Pelasgians* by,  
*Lycians*, and *Mysians*, <sup>(m)</sup> *Meons* arm'd for War,  
And *Phrygians* at <sup>(m)</sup> *Thymbra* Quarter'd are:  
But why inquisitive Our Camp to know?  
Have You a mind to venture on the Foe?  
The *Thracian* Force lye next You, and alone,  
Amidst them <sup>(n)</sup> *Rhesus*, *Æions* valiant Son:  
I saw his gallant Horses which exceed  
The Snow for whiteness, and the Winds for speed;  
His Armes are Gold, and, to be wonder'd at,  
His Chariot all of Gold and massie Plate;  
Fitter for Gods then Mortalls: Ah! now beare  
Me to your Fleet, or binding leave Me here  
Till Your return, then by experience You  
Will find that my Intelligence is true.

When *Diomed* frowning sayd; <sup>(o)</sup> Do not believe,  
That We to Thee shall sooner Quarter give  
For this thy Information; if We should,  
Thou wouldst return more Cunning and more Bold,  
To spy or fight; but if We kill Thee here,  
VVe need no more thy Craft nor Courage feare.

*Tydidēs*

*Tydidēs* thus; and whilst He humbly layd  
Hold on his Beard, and kneeling Quarter prayd,  
On his declining Neck he *Dolon* hit,  
Whose Head yet muttering tumbled at his Feet:  
His Cask of Wefells Skins streight off they take,  
And strip his Woolvisht Mantle from his Back,  
Which, with his Spear & Bow, to th' Illustrious Mayd  
With <sup>(p)</sup> reard up Hands *Ulysses* offering, sayd;  
Virgin, accept these Spoyles; Thee first of all  
The Gods We honour, Thee once more We call,  
That thou with Us wouldst 'gainst the *Thracians* joyne;  
Then We shall carry on Our bold Designe.

This sayd, the Heroe lifts her Presents up,  
Then fixt it on a spreading Tamarisk Top,  
Stripping off shrubby Branches round about,  
That they returning soon might find it out. (Arch,  
Though fable Clouds had dim'd Nights Chryftall  
Yet on through Armes and purple Gore they march,  
Untill the *Thracian* Quarters they had found,  
Where weary they lay sleeping on the Ground:  
Each had two Horses, and in <sup>(q)</sup> triple Ranks  
Neer them their bright Armes order'd cloath'd the  
Amidst slept *Rhesus*, by him they discern (Banks,  
His Horses, ty'd up to his Chariots Stern:  
Whom fly *Ulysses* first espying sayd;

Behold the Man and Horses, *Diomed*,  
VVhich *Dolon* told Us of, ere Him We slew;  
Now all Your Strength and utmost Courage shew;  
Either the Horses from their Chariot free,  
Or <sup>(r)</sup> slaughtering Men, resigne that Task to Me.

This sayd *Tydidēs* by *Minerva's* Ayde,  
Plying his Work, great Execution made:  
Loud were the dying Groncs, with Blood that gush'd  
From gaping wounds the verdant Champaign blusht.

M m 2

A Lyon

(p) When they presented ought to any Celestiall Deity, they first lifted it up from the Earth and elevated it towards Heaven, as *Ulysses* doth here the Spoils. *Enst.* For which cause also having nothing whereon to hang *Dolon's* Armes, and erect them as a Trophy, he layes them upon Rushes and Boughes, so to raise them from the Earth. *Id.*

(q) Hence *Homer* makes *Diomed* kill foure of every Company, that so he might have the freer access to *Rhesus*, and the safer retreat.

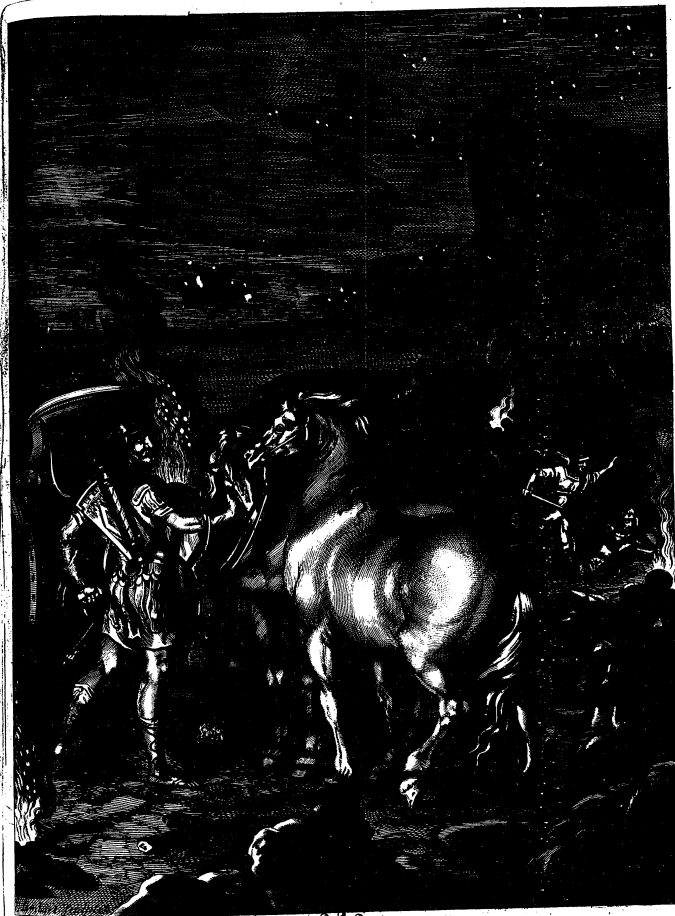
(r) This Verse, *ἢ σὺ δὲ δόρυ τὸν ἄνθρωπον ἢ καὶ τὸν ἵππον ἴσους ἄνθρωπον καὶ ἵππον*, was applyed anciently to two equally good in their profession, an unskilful Physician and Farrier.

(r) That is four of every Guard, they lying in three Ranks round about him.

(s) *Epistatius* questioning how *Homer* came to the knowledge of what *Dream* was represented to *Rhesus* that Night, he not surviving to reveal it, resolves it by a *gloss* *adversus* *didia*, that the *Idus* know all things.

A Lyon so on Goates or fleecie Sheep,  
Furiouſly falls, the careleſs Swaines aſleep;  
As *Tydeus* Son, who ſtreight <sup>(r)</sup> twelve *Thracians* kills,  
Whom ſly *Ulyſſes* drags off by the Heels;  
By which Diſpatch He eaſier made the Way,  
The better thence the Horſes to convey,  
Leaſt they ſhould boggle, not inur'd to tread  
Upon the mangled Bodies of the Dead.  
Next ſnoaring *Rheſus* Life *Tydidēs* takes,  
And compleat Thirteen to his Dozen makes;  
Aſſiſted ſo by *Pallas*, *Diomed*  
<sup>(s)</sup> Like an ill-boarding Dream pearch'd o're his Head.  
Mean while the Horſes *Ithacus* unt'y'd,  
And lead them bridled from the Chariot ſide;  
His golden Whip forgot, He us'd his Bow,  
With which ſcarce touch'd the Steeds free-mettal'd go;  
And whiſtling ſoftly calls *Tydidēs* back;  
Then caſting bolder Tasks to undertake;  
Whether He ſhould the Chariot draw away,  
Where *Rheſus* golden Armes in order lay;  
Or on his Shoulders beare ſo great a Load;  
Or more effuſion make of *Thracian* Blood.  
But whiſt his Fancy wrought on high Deſignes,  
*Minerva* thus her *Diomed* injoynes;  
With ſpeed *Tydidēs* to the Fleet repaire,  
Leaſt ſudden Danger ſeize Thee unaware,  
Or that ſome adverſe God the Foe awake.  
*Tydidēs* ſtreight perceiv'd his Goddeſs ſpake,  
And up He mounts with ſpeed, *Ulyſſes* whips,  
The mettal'd Steeds ſcoure to the *Grecian* Ships.  
Nor <sup>(u)</sup> ſtood *Apollo* idly looking on;  
Seeing how *Pallas* ayded *Tydeus* Son,  
The God amongſt the *Trojans* raging went:  
*Hippocoon*, one of *Rheſus* high Diſcent,

He



Honoratiss. Domino Domini  
Compton, Comiti Northampton.



Jacobo Compton, Baroni de  
Tabulam hanc. L.M.D.D.D.  
I.O.

Libra 2. 1/2.



He streight awakes, Who soon as He espy'd  
The Horses gone, late to their Chariot ty'd,  
And saw the Slaughter *Diomed* had made,  
He to his King and Cofin calls for Aide.  
Streight all the *Trojan* Quarters take th' Alarme,  
They run, they gather, every where They Arme;  
But when they saw such Blood-shed, All admire  
How Men could do such Acts, and safe retire.

Now when they came where *Dolon* they had slaine,  
His fiery Steeds *Ulysses* streight did raigne;  
*Tydid* lights, and to the Heroe gives  
The bloody Spoyle, then mounting Homeward drives:  
Lashing their Steeds They soon approach the Fleet.

*Nestor* first heard the sound of Horses Feet,  
And sayd; You Princes, I a Trampling heare,  
Would it *Ulysses* and *Tydid* were,  
That hither drive their Steeds! but more, I doubt,  
The Noblest of the *Grecians* and most stout,  
Have by the *Trojans* suffered this sad Night.

This scarcely sayd, They from their Horses light,  
Whom gladly All Salute and Welcome back,  
When thus Renown'd *Gerenian Nestor* spake;

Hadst Thou *Ulysses*, fam'd for worthy Deeds,  
Out of the *Trojan* Camp these beauteous Steeds;  
Or did some God on Thee this Gift bestow?  
More glorious then <sup>(\*)</sup> the Sun at Noon they show:  
Alwaies against the *Trojan* I engage,

And never keep my Tent, excus'd by Age;  
Yet saw I ne're the like, I must believe

Some God did You this worthy Present give,  
Since *Jove* himself, and the Illustrious *Mayd*  
Favour you both. To whom *Ulysses* sayd;

*Nestor*, Thou Glory of our Nation, know,  
The Gods can better Gifts then these bestow

These

(\*) He commends them for their colour, which was a shining white, the like commendum being given them by *Minerva* in *Euripides* his *Rhesus*,

Πῶλοι δ' ὅσοις Ὀφελίων ἐξ ἀργύρου  
ἀδολοὶ δίδονται, διαφανέστες ἐν ὄψεϊ  
Ζηῆτος δ' ὅς τις μεμπέλει κλέος ὀφείλει.

His white Horses neer are ty'd  
To his Thracian Chariots side,  
Sleek as Swans on Rivers glide.

These Steeds We from the *Thracian* Quarters bring,  
And *Diomed* hath slain there valiant King;  
Twelve of his Life-guard He neer him hath kill'd,  
The Thirteenth slaughter'd in the neighboring Field,  
Whom *Hector* and his Councell sent to spy  
If We were yet resolv'd to fight or fly.

This sayd He o're the Trench the Horses drives,  
(Fresh Hope and Joy the following *Greeks* revives)  
To *Diomed's* Tent, where They were highly fed,  
By His own Steeds with Corne and purest Bread:  
*Ulyses*, *Dolons* bloody Spoyles set up,  
*Minerva's* Present on His lofty Poop:

Then both the Princes in the <sup>(2)</sup>briny Flood,  
Their Bodies cleans'd from Sweat, and soyling Blood.  
Next in warm Bathes their Spirits spent with toyle  
Recruit, and weary Limbs refresh with <sup>(3)</sup>Oyle:  
Then sitting down, They empty to divine  
*Pallas* full Bowles, and offer richest Wine.

(1) *Ulyses* though it were he that seized the Horses of *Rhesus*, resigns them yet to *Diomed*, reserving only to himself the Armes of *Dolon*, which also he consecrated to his Mistress *Minerva*. *Enst.* adds, in *Vergil's* *Aeneid*, that they suited not an Illander of *Ithaca*: whence his Son *Telemachus* having some Horses presented him, refused them upon the same account, for that his Country was *asplēs* rather than *asplēs*, more proper for breeding Goats than Horses.

(2) Sea-water, they say, is good against weariness, and beneficial to the Nerves.

(3) Having relax'd the intenseness of their Muscles by their continuall motion, least the tendons so stretcht and extended should grow hard and stiff by their lotion in the Sea and bathing, they presently anoint their bodies with Oyle, to render them pliant for and supple. *Enst.*

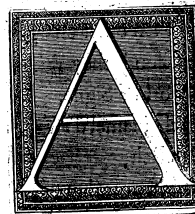
## HOMERS

HOMERS  
ILIADS.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Early the *Greeks* draw forth. *Iris* forbids  
Bold *Hector* to engage. The valiant Deeds  
Of *Agamemnon*, wounded He retreats.  
*Hector* the *Greeks* up to their Trenches beats.  
*Nestor*, *Patroclus* moves, that Him his Friend  
In his own Armes to their relief would send.



*Aurora* leaving *Typhos* golden  
Bed,  
O're Heaven & Earth Daies  
glorious Luster spread;  
When *Jove* sent *Eris* with the  
dire Prefage  
Of bloody War the *Greci-*  
ans to engage:

She to *Ulyses* Vessell freight repair'd,  
Whence best her Hellish Summons might be heard;

*Infernum* tube, ac scisso *Discordia* crine  
Exultat ad *superos* *Stygium* caput, hujus in ore  
Concretus sanguis, contris aquae lumina stant,  
Stabant arati scabra rubigine dentes,  
Tabo lingua fluens, obfusa draconibus ora,  
Atque interiortam lacerto pectore vulsum  
Sanguinem tremula quatiebat lumina dextra.

The Trumpets sound, and *Discord* with torn hair  
Her *Stygian* front advanceth to the ayre,  
O're her meard Visage clotted blood lies spread;  
Her blubber'd eyes are bent into her head,  
Her Iron Teeth rough with a rusty scale,  
Her Tongue drops Gore, Serpents her Browes impale,  
Rending her pleated Vest and red Attire,  
She shakes a blazing Torch and trembling fire:

Which

(4) *Aurora* being enamoured of *Typhos* the Son of *Laomedon*, and Brother of *Priam*, the most comely Personage of his time, enjoying him, upon his request rendered him immortal. Growing in years forgetting to beg that he might still be youthful, as he did never to die) and weary of living, not being able to enjoy those pleasures which make life itself more desirable, he bestowed her to her reverend Gilt, which being not able to do the metamorphosis him into a Grasshopper, that he might solace himself in his voice, that Creature being of all other the most vocal, the Grasshopper being of a cold constitution as was *Typhos*, a *Minerva's* *descrip*, and fit supply for the Beer, and perpetually clamorous did make noise for his many Prayers. *Enst.* By her he had *Memnon* the Prince of the *Ethiopians*, who in this War assisted the *Trojans*.

(5) *Hesper* inserts *Eris* into *Hercules's* Shield, placing her in the front of a Serpent which completed its number, and thus describes her, *Amis V.* 147. &c.

— *ἄνδρ' ὃ θεογενεῖσσι γούνασι*  
*ἄνδρ' ἔστιν ἡμεῖς, καὶ γέννησεν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'*  
*ἔστιν ἡμεῖς, ὃν παῖδ' ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'*

*Οὐρανὸν ἀσπίδι καὶ σάκος ἀνέστη ἔχουσα*  
*τὸν δὲ θυγῆσθαι δὲ θύρα δούλο' αἰδ' ὅτι οὐκ*  
*ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ὃν παῖδ' ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'*  
*ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ὃν παῖδ' ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'*  
*ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ὃν παῖδ' ἔστιν ἡμεῖς ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'*

There flew sad *Strife*, distraction in her face  
Helm'd with destruction which did all amaze.  
Dart's fight *Jove's* Son, and sent beneath the ground,  
Their Souls dislodged to the *Stygian* Sound,  
Their flesh quite rotted off, their bones remain  
Dry earth improving in the *Dysphor* reign.

*Petrarch's* *Archer* hath left us her features in these excellent Lines,

(c) *Hippas* was so quartered for the better accommodation of himself and the Army, that so he might lodge the safer, and they have the speedier access to him upon all emergencies whatsoever. Thus the heart by its equidistant situation from the extremities and members of the natural body, more indifferently imparts its influence, life blood, and fence, unto them all.

(d) This *Cinyras* was King of *Cyprus* and extreme wealthy: In their passage he treated the *Grecians*, promising *Agamemnon* to supply their Camp with all necessaries, which failing to do, he was executed by *Agamemnon*; he was slain by *Apollo* contending with him whose Musick was best. He was killed *Cinyras* and *Phaon* from a musical Instrument, the *Harp*. His Daughters being fifty leaping into the Sea were transformed to *Haliades*. Others say, that wearing in *Phaon* to *Menelaus* to send fifty Sails of Ships to assist the *Grecians*, he sent one onely, and making up the remaining number with Vessels made of Clay, accordingly man'd, so sav'd, he conceiv'd, his Oath. *Enff.*

(e) This Shield was a representation of the Universe, at least of the Celestiall Globe with all its circles, the Zodiac or Ecliptick, Parallels, Tropicks, Colures, Horizon, Equator, and Galactic. *Enff.*

VWhich<sup>(c)</sup> lying in the midsts did part the way  
Twixt *Ajax's* Tents, and where *Achilles* lay:  
So on their Strength and Courage These rely'd,  
They chose to guard the Fleet on either side:  
There the infernall Hag set out Her Throat,  
Her dire Horn winding with a dismall Note;  
And all inflam'd with Her bewitching Charms,  
Till they were mad to fight and be in Armes:  
Now VVar seems sweeter far then back to sayle  
To Shoars long-wish'd for with a favouring Gale.

Arme, cries *Atrides*, and from Head to Heel  
Adorns his Limbs with Brags and glittering Steel;  
And first his Purple Buskins He makes fast  
With Silver Buttons, next girds to his Waist  
That Corset<sup>(d)</sup> *Cinyras* did Him present,  
To be a Pledge and lasting Monument  
Of mutuall Love, when He at *Cyprus* heard  
VWhat an Armado They 'gainst *Troy* prepar'd.  
Two Bars of Steel with twelve of Gold commixt,  
Twenty Rowes more of shining Tinn betwixt;  
Six speckled Serpents, rising towards the Gorge,  
Coyld up in Wreaths fiercely each other charge:  
Like Rainbows painted on the Clouds they shine,  
Fix'd there by *Jove* for all the World a Signe.  
Next takes his Faulchion with th' inam'd Hilt,  
The Silver Scaberd in a Golden Belt;  
Then on his Arme his ponderous Target brac'd;  
(\*) Ten brazen Rings the ample Border grac'd,  
And twenty Bosses, all of purest Tinn,  
A sharpened Point of polish'd Steel hem'd in;  
The Sable Field charg'd with a *Gorgons* Head,  
Mantled about with dismall Flight and Dread;  
Which by a masie Silver Baldrick hung,  
Upon whose Edge a speckled Serpent clung;

Whose

Whose three contorted Heads did counter-check  
Each other, all united in one Neck;  
After his Helm his royall Browes impales,  
The Crest stuck thick with Horses bushy Tails,  
Which dreadfully did wave with every Breeze,  
Or his own Motion, like a Grove of Trees:  
Two Steel-tip'd Javelins last He takes, so bright  
Heavens Arch they daunted with out-facing Light;  
Whilst *Juno* and *Minerva* each where round,  
The Honour of *Mycena's* King resound.  
He streight commands the Charioteers in Ranks,  
To march in order to the Trenches Banks;  
Follow'd by well-arm'd Foot in faire Array,  
Whose volleying Shouts anticipated Day:  
Who to assist the Van-guard drawn up were,  
A strong Reserve of Horses in the Reare;  
But *Jove* dejected Them in all their Pride,  
A<sup>(†)</sup> Shower of Blood their Arms and Weapons dy'd,  
Portending in that Daies unhappy Strife,  
The loss of many a valiant Heroes Life.  
Whilst *Hector* and *Polydamas* had Crown'd  
With drawn-out Squadrons all the rising Ground;  
With them<sup>(†)</sup> *Aeneas* of Celestiall Blood,  
Whom all the *Trojans* honour'd like a God,  
*Agenor*, *Polybus*, and *Achamas*,  
*Antenor's* Sons resembling Heavenly Race;  
But valiant *Hector* formost in the Feild,  
Brought up the Van, arm'd with his orb'd Shield:

(†) A Comet so prodigious Beams unshrouds,  
Then runs his flaring Head in gloomy Clouds,  
When duskie Vapours Heavens high Forehead hide,  
And posting Mists on winged Tempests ride;  
As *Hector* rode, still busie here, or there,  
Leading the Front, or bringing up the Reare,

(†) Of this some render this natural reason, viz. That the Earth and Rivers about *Troy* having frequent tinctures of humane blood, by reason of the long Siege of that City, the often assaults of the Greeks, and Sallies of the *Trojans*, sent forth sanguine evaporation which might be returned again (probably) in discoloured rain. So in the *Armenian* Mountains they have sometimes purple Snows, the exhalations the Sun extracts out of the neighbouring earth being infected with that colour, those Mountains abound much in Vermilion Mines. So *Enff.* So the Water of *Nile* upon a drought becomes *lilas*, of the colour of *raff*, or of a *Violet*. *Id.*

(†) He was highly honoured of the people, as being reputed a good man, well-born, and valiant, but not respected, but hated rather of the Sons of *Priam*, as affecting, so they thought, the Kingdom after their Father.

(†) *Gr. Γόμφοι* *δολοι*, which some will have to be the Dog stars, *απογενομενοι δολοι* *αυτο* *αυτο* *αυτο* *αυτο*, as causing pestilentiall Diseases by his excessive heat; but others a Comet.

N n

In

In glittering Armes bright as *Jove's* Lightning hurl'd,  
When He incens'd affrights the guilty World.  
Then *Greeks* and *Trojans* each on other set:

(<sup>c</sup>) Like sturdy Reapers on a Feild of Wheat,

Who down their Furrows bearing never stop

Till they have levell'd *Ceres* golden Crop:

So They their whole Endeavours, all their Might,

On Slaughter spend, disdain'd fordid Flight:

So much their Strength and Courage *Jove* enlarg'd,

That They like ravenous Wolves each other charg'd.

*Eris* was ravish'd with extream Delight,

To see such Bloodshed, and so dire a Fight;

For She of all the Gods was onely there,

The rest in Heavenly Mansions quiet were,

Where *Joves* high Pleasure tacitely (<sup>d</sup>) they blame,

To grant the *Trojans* such immortall Fame,

Who by himself, slighting their Censures, fate,

Where his own Glory he did contemplate;

Whence He the City and the Camp beheld,

Their glittering Armes, the Killer and the kill'd.

Till sacred Day Heavens vertick Point had scal'd,

Fiercely they fought, and neither Side prevail'd;

But when the Rustick on the Mountain's side,

Leaves felling Oakes his Dinner to provide,

And much (<sup>e</sup>) delighted though with simple Fare,

Slumbers a while his Spirits to repaire;

Then did the *Greeks* their ancient Prowels show,

Shattering whole Squadrons of the hardy Foe;

Commuatall Courage cheers their drooping Hearts.

And first of all forth *Agamemnon* starts,

Then a bold Champion King *Bianor* slew,

And his stout Charioteer *Oilus* too;

This lighting stood his Fury without Feare,

Who ran him through the Forehead with his Spear,

Nor could his high-proof'd Cask the Point restrain,

But let it moysten in his panting Brain.

So

(<sup>c</sup>) The Reapers cut not the Corn anciently as now, beginning all at one and the same end of the field, but some at one, others at another, and so meeting in the midst.

(<sup>d</sup>) This is the *Junio* that favour'd the *Greeks*.

(<sup>e</sup>) *Socrates* walking much on Evenings, when one ask'd the reason of it, he told him that he did *super assere*, that he was looking him Sawce or Meat, the word noting either. The other understanding it of the later, and conceiving he wanted something to eat, *Socrates* rectifies his mistake, by telling him that he took that pains to cause his meat to tast the pleasanter, [*ut uno tra dicto edipsum*] labour giving what we eat a gust and relish. *Enst.*

So both these Heroes he of Life berefr,  
And on the Spot their rifled Bodies left.

Two Sons of *Priam* next from him their Fate,

Receiv'd, One base, th' other legitimate;

*Isus*, and *Antyphus* together rode,

That drove the Steeds, and This the Foe withstood,

These (<sup>f</sup>) keeping Flocks on *Ide Achilles* found,

And their white Wrists with pliant (<sup>g</sup>) *Ofiers* bound;

Who after with much Treasure Randfom'd were.

Through *Isus* Breast *Atrides* ran his Speare,

But *Antyphus*, pierc'd through the Cheek, He slew

With his sharp Sword, and from his Chariot threw:

Off in a trice their beauteous Armes he strips,

Remembring to have seen them at the Ships.

So a stern Lion senting out the Place,

To which a Doe entrusts Her new-faln Race,

Seizeth her Fawnes, and with devouring Jawes

Their (<sup>h</sup>) panting Hearts and bleeding Entrails draws;

Whose Dam not dares to succour them though neer,

So much confounded with surprizing feare:

But to the Groves and shady Thickets runs,

And fury of the Savage Monster shuns.

So none to help these Princes durst engage,

But fled for Safety from *Atrides* Rage.

*Pijander* and *Hypolochus*, the bold

Sons of *Antimachus*, who, brib'd with Gold

By *Paris*, did perswade the Councell-Board

Nere to return faire *Helen* to her Lord,

Next *Agamemnon* in one Chariot spy'd,

As ore the Champaigne scouring they did ride:

Their supple Rains from trembling Fingers drop,

Whilst like a Lion He came raging up,

And thus (<sup>i</sup>) beg Life; Save Us, and to redeem

Your Prisoners Gifts accept of great esteem:

N n 2

Our

(<sup>f</sup>) Tending Cattell and looking after Sheep was the employment (anciently) of persons nobly extracted, *παιδὲς ἀριστοὶ ἀγρονομῶντες ἀνέχοντο τοὺς ὄνους ἐπιμενεῖν*, their ordering of Sheep being a Rudiment and Essay to their governing of men; Hence *Homer* calls his Kings *πολιτικὸν λαόν*, the Shepleads of their people, they not attaining to Regall Sovereignty, but after such a pastoral probation. *Enst.*

(<sup>g</sup>) *Λύγος* a Plant called also *ζυγός*, *quasi ζυγός*, because by destroying the Seed it preserves men chaff, whence the Priests laid its Leaves under their Pillows. *Enst.*

(<sup>h</sup>) *Græcisms of C<sup>o</sup> King Ambrose*, upon which words *Enst.* tells us, that *Asiater* an ancient Physician, was of opinion that the Soule was coextended according to the body, and was every way conform to it, encreasing and decreasing according to its dimensions, and dying together with it.

(<sup>i</sup>) *Plutarch* observes that *Homer* never makes any Greek petition for his Life but only the *Trojans*, as though none of his Countrymen were of so poor a Spirit.

Our ancient Father hath a vast Estate,  
Horded of Gold, wrought Steel, and masie Plate;  
Of which He shall a worthy Present give,  
VVhen He's inform'd We at Your Navy live.  
Thus They with Tears and moving Words perswade,  
But thus the King in rougher Language sayd;

And were You by *Antimachus* begot,  
VVho when the *Trojans* first in Councell fate,  
Advis'd his doubtfull Countrymen so ill,

① They should my Brother and *Ulysses* kill;  
And so dispatch'd, they never should come back?  
Now You shall suffer for Your Fathers sake;  
Then through *Pisanders* Breast his Speare he thrust,  
And from his Chariot threw him in the Dust;  
His Brother leaping down on Foot he sped  
And with his Sword ② lopt off his Hands and Head;  
VVhich lay there as ③ a Foot-ball to be spurn'd.  
Next where the *Greeks* were most engag'd he turn'd,  
And with him up a well-arm'd Squadron led:  
Foot slaughter Foot, Horse Horse, and where they fled  
Their thundering Feet make Clouds of Dust arise,  
And Earth, to Atomes beaten, scales the Skies:  
Down All before him *Agamemnon* bears,  
And by his great Example others cheers.

As when in thick-set Woods destroying Fire,  
And Winds, that rise from severall parts, conspire,  
The violent Flames increasing conquer All,  
Till spacious Groves in heapes of Ashes fall:  
So rag'd *Atrides* through the bloody Feild,  
And many valiant Heroes hurt, or kill'd;  
Many brave Steeds with empty Chariots ran  
Neighing about, their hapless Riders gone,  
VVho on the Ground bereaved of their Lives,  
More lovely lay to Vultures than their Wives.

(g) For which dishonest motion he was excluded the Council, faith *Dion*.

(h) The Father suffers in his Sons by a kind of relation. *Agamemnon* looting their hands for their Fathers taking of Bribes, and their heads for his evil Counsell, That they should kill the Legates, and not restore *Helen*.

(i) Gr. *ὄραρον δ' αἶψα, ὡς ἄνθρωπος*, which was made in form of a Cylinder, and hollow, in which who so slept was gratified with the gift of Prophecie. It signifies also that part of the body from the Breast to the Thighes, or the trunk of it.

④ But *Jove* drew *Hector* off, where safe He stood,  
From Conflicts, Weapons, Slaughter, Dust, & Blood,  
Whilst fiercer on did *Agamemnon* come:

The *Trojans* fly to ancient *Ilus* Tombe,  
And ⑤ to the Figtree draw; the King pursu'd,  
His Hands defil'd with Dust, with Blood imbrew'd.  
When They had reach'd the Beech and *Scæan* Gates,  
They stand to rally up their straggling Mates,  
Which through the Champaigne were dispers'd in  
A hungry Lyon so in dead ⑥ of Night, (flight.

Upon the Frighted Heard doth fiercely fall,  
That One at least may suffer for them All, (quaff,  
From whose ⑦ torn Throat he reeking blood doth  
And greedy ⑧ swoops his panting Entrails off;  
As stern *Atrides* did the Foe pursue,  
And alwaies him who hindmost lag'd first slew.  
Falne from their Chariots many Heroes slain  
Lay on their Backs, or groveling on the Plain;  
So much *Atrides* raged with his Spear.

But when They to the *Trojan* Walls drew near,  
The Sire of Gods and Mortalls sliding down,  
Repos'd on Fountain-fostering *Ida's* Crown,  
Thunder and Lightning arm'd his dreadfull Hands,  
When ⑨ bright-wing'd *Iris* thus the God Commands;

⑩ Make no delay, tell *Hector* this from Me;  
So long as he shall *Agamemnon* see  
Charging in Front, so long let him forbear,  
Retiring for his Safety to the Reare;  
But when he wounded leaves the Field, then I  
Will crown his Sword with signall Victory,  
That to their Navy he shall force his Way,  
Till Nights black Guard secure the glorious Day:

The Goddess his Commands obeying flies,  
And cuts from *Ida* to *Troy* untraced Skies,

But

Where

(k) *Dion Nicæus* sayth he is injoynd in a Dream by his *Genius*, or *Dæmon*, to conclude his History with these two Verses of *Homer*.

*Ἐλίου δ' ἐν βάλαντι ὕμας Ζεύς, ἔκταν ἄνθρωπον*, *ἔκταν ἀνδρὸς ἑλίου, ἐκτὸν ἀνδρῶν*, *ἔκταν ἀνδρῶν*.

Where *Homer* makes use of five words all denoting the same thing, as *A. Gellius* observes, that drawing the face of war with so many the more lines, he might represent it the more formidable, and so liker the Original.

(l) This was not a single Tree but Grove of such, that is *ἡμεῖς ἱερὰς*, the word being *ἑκακὶς ἑκακῶν*, of a comprehensive form. *Enf.*

(m) *Ælian* observes that the Lion preys not on Oxen but in the night, fasting by day their united force, and that then he affrights the whole Heard, that so with the less resistance he make sure of one.

(n) It is the custome of the Lion; seeling on any Beast that hath Hornes, first to break his Neck, to prevent the mischief he might do with his Head.

(o) *Ælian* saith, the Lion is so ravenous, as he swallows whole Joyns at once, not so much eating up as drinking down his meat.

(p) She being both beautiful and fleet, *καυκασὶν ὄρεσιν ἱερὰν ἀνδρῶν ἰσχυρὰ*, *ἰσχυρὰ δ' ὡς ἀστὴρ*. *Enf.*

(q) Gr. *ἄνω ἰσ*, which two words signifying one and the same thing, imply (to *Gellius*) *hortamentum acris impetu celeritate*, a more earnest injunction of greater speed, *lib. 13, cap. 24*.

Where She the Prince for Prowels most renown'd,  
Amidst his Horse and Chariots standing found,  
And thus *Joves* Pleasure did to him impart,

O! Thou who like a God in Prudence art;  
I bring from *Jove* this Embalsie to Thee:  
So long as Thou shalt *Agamemnon* see  
Charging in Front, do Thou so long forbear,  
Retiring for thy Safety to the Reare;  
But when He wounded leaves the Field, then He  
Will crown thy Sword with signall Victory,  
That to their Navie Thou shalt make thy way,  
Till Nights black Guard subdue the glorious Day.

This with fresh Courage *Hector's* Bosome warm'd,  
Who from his Chariot leaps compleatly Arm'd;  
And brandishing two Javelins, each where flew,  
Whose Presence onely did the Fight renew;  
They face about, the *Grecians* stand, their Ranks  
And Files they double both in Front and Flanks:  
And now in hot Dispute both Parties rag'd;  
But *Agamemnon* first of all engag'd.

Say Muses, you in Heaven reside, who first  
Of all the *Trojans*, or Auxiliars durst  
*Atrides* charge? *Antenors* valiant Son,  
*Iphidamas* that speciall Honour won,  
Who had his Breeding in luxurious *Thrace*,  
From *Cisseus* who *Theano's* Father was;  
Him in his Pallace He did educate,

And when grown up to <sup>(r)</sup> perfect Mans Estate,  
He his faire <sup>(s)</sup> Daughter did to him Espouse,  
Both entertaining in his royall Houle:

But Her he soon forsook to purchase Fame,  
And with twelve Ships to help the *Trojans* came,  
Which at <sup>(t)</sup> *Percepe* left, He not delay'd,

But <sup>(u)</sup> march'd on foot to bring King *Priam* Ayde:  
This

(r) *Plais* in his 6. *De legibus* allows Women to marry from sixteen years old to twenty, Men from thirty to thirty five.

(s) So that he wedded his Mothers (*Theano's*) Sister, as did also *Diomed*.

(t) A City in the *Hellepont*, different from that called elsewhere *Perest*, which the King of *Perfia* gave *Theano's* to find him bedding & cloaths, commanding him to wear a Barbarian Vell.

(u) For that the *Grecians* were Masters of the Sea.

This Prince 'gainst *Agamemnon* did advance,  
Both drawing neer, each couch'd his pond'rous Lance;  
*Atrides* mist, his Javelin had no luck,  
*Iphidamas* Him upon the Baldruck struck,  
He stoop'd, the Staff with him so roughly delt,  
But yet not pierc'd quite through his malsie Belt;  
Silver thick wrought did blunt the pointed Head,  
And turn'd the hardned Steel like softer Lead.  
But *Agamemnon* seiz'd the dangerous Speare,  
And <sup>(x)</sup> Lion-like it from his Hand did teare,  
Then with his Faulchion pierc'd his Neck so deep,  
That down he falls in Deaths cold iron Sleep:  
Thus fell't Thou hapless Youth! assisting *Troy*,  
Before thou didst thy beauteous Wife enjoy;  
Though thou a <sup>(y)</sup> hundred Beeves on Her bestow'dst,  
And thousand Goates and Sheep by promise ow'dst,  
Which fed in ample Flocks at severall Farmes.  
The King triumphing bore from thence his Armes:  
Soon as his Brother *Coon* Him beheld,  
Thus in the Charge by *Agamemnon* kill'd,  
Extreamly griev'd, and raging at his Chance,  
Unseen the King He wounded with his Lance;  
Upon his Arme, beneath the Elbow-joynt,  
Quite through appear'd the Javelings blushing Point:  
The King, though something daunted at the Sight,  
Would not yet calmly so desert the Fight,  
But with a <sup>(z)</sup> mighty Speare at *Coon* flew,  
Whilst by the Heels his Brother off he drew,  
Calling for help to beare Him from the Field,  
And wounded Him beneath his orb'd Shield:  
His Forces faile, the King on's Brother treads,  
And *Coon* o're *Iphidamas* beheads:  
*Antenors* Sons thus finished their Fates,  
Descending both to *Pluto's* dismall Gates:

(x) The Lion as *Esop.* observe, seizeth the weapons of such as pursue him, not considering that by so doing he draws his enemy neerer to him, and so occasions his own death.

(y) That is, *as idra*, it being then the custome for men to endow the women, not for them to bring great portions and estates to the men.

(z) *Gr. despovente*, that is, which grew exposed to the wind and weather, such Trees being accounted strongest.

But

But He 'gainst other Squadrons did advance,  
With ponderous Stones, his Faulchion & his Launce,  
Whilst warm distilling Blood kept moyst the Wound;  
But growing dry, acuter Pains He found;  
Such as torment big Women in those Throws,  
*Juno Lucina's* Race on them impose;  
Streight he ascends his Chariot, and Commands  
His Charioteer to drive unto the Strands,  
When in great paine, much troubled and dismay'd,  
Aloud he calling to the *Grecians* sayd:

Princes, dear Friends, and Fellow-Souldiers, strive  
That from Our Fleet You may the *Trojan* drive:  
No longer *Jove* permits your King to stay,  
To close in Conquest a most glorious Day.

This sayd, the Charioteer his Horses whips,  
Who swiftly scoure the Champaigne to the Ships,  
Cover'd in Dust and sprinkled o're with Foame,  
Bearing the wounded King from Battell home.

When *Hector* saw *Atrides* draw aside,  
Encouraging his Squadrons, loud he cry'd;  
Bold *Trojans*, *Lycians*, and stout *Dardans* show  
Your Valour now, or never 'gainst the Foe;  
The valiant'st Prince, see! yonder pofts away,  
Now *Jove* will grant Us a victorious Day;  
Against the *Greeks* once more go bravely on,  
And ravish all their Glories they have won.

This re-enforc'd their Strength and Courage too:  
As eager Hounds set on by Huntmen do,  
When they a Lion, or a Boare pursue,  
So *Hector* on, and his bold *Trojans* slew;  
He mongst the formost still did Honour gaine,  
Breaking whole Bodies like a *Hewricane*,  
VVhich makes the glasse Brine to Mountains grow.  
VVhom first, whom last did *Hector* overthrow,

VVhen

When *Jove* confer'd on Him eternall Fame.

*Assæus* first, and *Anton* He o're-came;  
*Opites* next, and *Dolops Clytus* Son,  
Then through the Body did *Opbelius* run;  
Bold *Agelaus* and *Æsymus* too,  
And last stout *Orus* and *Hipponois* slew:  
All Princes these, and valiant Leaders vvere,  
Nor did his Fury private Souldiers spare.

As vwhen the <sup>(a)</sup> Western and rough Southern Wind  
To raise a Storm are in Commifion joyn'd,  
Thick silver Breaches rave on swelling Floods,  
Washing Heavens sullied Face in froathy Suds;  
So cut He off the routed Foe, and They  
Had ne're retriev'd the Fortune of that Day,  
But to the Fleet had in confusion fled,  
Had not *Ulysses* thus mov'd *Diomed*;

Have We, He sayd, our ancient Valour lost?  
Come, stand by Me, Thou whom I honour most,  
Let Us for shame some Opposition make,  
Nor tamely let the Foe our Navy take;  
Then He reply'd, To help I will not faile,  
Though little will our Services avail;  
Since *Jove* would rather, then on Us, bestow  
The Glory of the Day upon the Foe.

*Thymbreus*, thus saying, from his Steeds He threw,  
And with his Javelin pierc'd his Bosome through.  
*Ulysses*, *Molion* his great Favourite kill'd,  
And alter'd for the Posture of the Field;  
Then breaking in, tumultuous Noise refunds,  
As when two Boares advance 'gainst eager Hounds;  
So turning they, slaughtering the *Trojans*, gave  
The routed *Grecians* time themselves to save.

First They a Chariot took, and next the two  
Bold Sons of old *Percosian Merops* slew:

O o

He

(a) The Commentators upon *Homer* observe, that He knew no more then the four Cardinal Winds.

(a) The *Eileithyia* were the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, their office to be Midwives, and assist at Births and Nativities, being in this the Deputies of their Mother *Juno*, who as well as the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Latona* is thence stiled *Lucina*, as they *Eileithyia*, and *τὴ μὲν αὖ ἑλκῶνα διὰ τὴν ἐλκῶνα*, from bringing Children forth into the light. *Diana* also was here concerned, being stiled thence both *Lucina*, and *Λυκία* the last from the after-burthen of women; of which thus *Callimachus*, *Hymn*. 3.

ἡμίονος δ' ἐλκῶνα ἄδρα  
Μῆτορ ἐν ἑλκῶνα ὅτ' ἀλλήλων σπῆλαι  
Τυχεύουσι σπῆλαι σπῆλαι, ἦν ἡ μάλιστα  
Τυχεύουσι ὅτ' ἄνθρωποι ἰσχυροὶ ἀφύον  
Οὐκ ἔστι μὲν τὸ σπῆλαι ὅτ' ἄνθρωποι σπῆλαι  
Μῆτορ, ἀλλ' ἀφύον σπῆλαι ἀνδρῶν καὶ γυναικῶν.

I only then to Wealthy Towns repair,  
When Women in their throes enforced  
are  
To call on me, that I would give them  
ease,  
O're whom the Fates made me a Patrone-  
ness,  
Because my Mother her full time did  
go,  
And felt no pain with me, nor Childbed  
threw.

Of *Eileithyia*, thus *Pindar*. *Rem.*  
O<sup>a</sup>. 7.

Ἠλεῖθια μέγιστα Μοῖρῶν βασιλοῖσσι,  
Παῖ μαλακῶν ἐν δ' αὖτον  
Ἑσσι, ἡλκῶνα γένουσι, ἀπὸ εἰδὼν  
Οὐκ ἔστι, ἡ πόσων σπῆλαισσι ἰσχυροῖσσι,  
τῶν δ' ἀλλήλων, ἰσχυροῖσσι  
Ἀγαθῶν ἦσαν.

*Lucina Juno's Daughter*, thou who still  
Assist'st the Fates in what they must fulfil,  
Goddess of Childbirth bear since manning  
I thee,  
We could nor day nor night thy Sister  
see,  
And ne're had been, great Patrone's, al-  
low'd,  
To be with faire and tender Tenth en-  
dow'd.

And *Horace*.  
Rita matrem aperire fatum.  
*Lucina Alithya*, tuare mater,  
Sive tu *Lucina* probas vocari,  
Sen *Gonatalis*.

Who rulest at Births, *Eileithyia* mild,  
Oh, save the Mother and her Child  
That Thou mayst be *Lucina* still'd.

The reason why *Diana*, that is the  
Moon, was President of Births was, as  
*Pliny* hath it, this, *Quod Luna fidus*  
*faminum ac melle solvit humorem &*  
*trahit, & cuncta humida suo spiritus*  
*laxat, ideoque partum spemumque cele-*  
*ritatem facilioremque reddit*, lib. 2. c.  
121.

He in the Gift of Prophesie excell'd,  
 And had his Children from this War with-held,  
 But that his strick Commands they disobey'd,  
 So were by strong Fatality betray'd:  
 The vitall Spirit which their Bosomes warm'd  
 He thus infranchis'd, and them disarm'd.  
*Ulysses*, *Hippodam*, and *Hyperoch* kild.  
 Then *Jove* from *Ide* viewing the bloody Feild,  
 Granting to both Success, prolong'd the Fight,  
 On each side Slaughter, Victory and Flight.

*Agastrophus* felt here the deadly Point  
 Of *Diomedes* Spear in the Scyatick Joyn't:  
 His Horse and Servant absent, much he griev'd,  
 Wanting th' Assistance should have Him reliev'd:  
 He an Escape on Foot attempts to make,  
 Flying, his fainter Spirits him forsake.

This *Heitor* seeing, out aloud did call,  
 And with his valiant Squadron in did fall;  
 Whom *Diomed* beholding stood dismay'd,  
 And drawing up, thus to *Ulysses* sayd;

That Tempest yonder sure will break on Us,  
 Stern *Heitor* comes, let's entertaine Him thus:

This sayd, He threw; the well-arm'd Spear not mist,  
 On's Helm it lights, but Steel did Steel resist:  
 The Cask which *Phæbus* had on Him bestow'd  
 Repuls'd the Point, and stop't from tasting Blood:  
 But *Heitor* shrunk into a *Trojan* Band,  
 There falling on his Knees, He on his Hand,  
 Lean'd and himself supported like to Swoond,  
 Whilst Nights black Curtains did his Eyes furround,  
 So long till stout *Tydid* did advance,  
 And, spight of all their Power, regain'd his Launce:  
*Heitor* at last recovering, mounts his Seat,  
 And mixt with *Trojans* waives approaching Fate.

Then

Then spake *Tydid* brandishing his Spear;  
 And hast Thou 'scap'd once more? thy Death draws  
*Apollo* shall not save Thee, to whom Thou (neer;  
 When thou to Battell goest, still mak'st thy Vow;  
 But I will staine this Javelin in thy Breast,  
 If any of the Gods would Me assit:  
 Mean while I others shall pursue and seize.

This sayd, He strip'd Renown'd *Pæonides*;  
 Whilst his Bow *Paris* at *Tydid* bent,  
 Sculking behind old *Ilus* Monument,  
 As up to *Diomed* the Dead did yeild  
 His curious Breast-plate, Helm, and glittering Sheild.  
 He shot, nor vainly did his Bow-string sound,  
 For his right Foot he nay'd unto the Ground:  
 He smiling then from his Concealment came,  
 And thus insults; I have not mis'd my Ayme;  
 Thou wounded art; ah! would the barbed Shaft  
 Had pierc'd thy Heart, and Thee of Life bereft:  
 Then might our Sorrows find a little pause,  
 Who Thee more feare then Goates the Lions Jawes:

Then He; Base Archer, who so well canst ayme,  
 Go, curl thy Haire, and court some wanton Dame;  
 Thy Bow and Arrows little should avail,  
 If hand to hand Me fairly Thou affaile.  
 Fondly thou brag'st now to have hurt my foot;  
 So might a Boy or Woman, could thy shoot;  
 A Poynt th' effeminate Persons Javelin wants;  
 My Spear's not so, but this my fatall Launce  
 Who ere it toucheth streight bereaves of Life,  
 Leaving his Children Orphans, and his Wife  
 Rending her Checks, his Blood the Earth shall taint,  
 And Vultures him shall more then Women haunt:

This sayd, to him *Ulysses* did advance,  
 And sitting down behind him; drew the Launce:

O o 2

Then

(d) This some understand of his  
 Helmet, the Gift of *Apollo*.

(e) He speaks this, either because  
*Paris* was a dishonour to Archery and  
 Archers, or for that the Ancients,  
 though the Heroes themselves were  
 well skill'd in the Exercise, had not  
*Ulysses* *Ulysses*, the fighting *cominus* hand  
 to hand in far greater esteem; whence  
 they observe that *Ulysses* never used a  
 Bow but once, and that *Ulysses* *Ulysses*  
*Ulysses*, when he scouted by night in the  
 Trojan Camp.

(f) *Gr.* *ῥέκεν ἄλλαν, ὃν ἄλλαν* be-  
 ing such a curl of the Haire as the  
*Athenians* called *ῥέκεν ἄλλαν*, in fashion  
 round like a Horn, which was a badge  
 of them that were free-born and of  
 noble Parentage. So *Juv.* *Sat.* 13.

— *Et madido torquentem cornua circe*  
*whorle untious haire in horned curls do*  
*fall.*

though *Aristotle* interprets *ῥέκεν ἄλλαν*  
 by *ἄλλαν ῥέκεν ἄλλαν*.



Then extream Anguish through his Body shot,  
With Grief as much tormented, up He got;  
His Charioteer commanding not to stay,  
But to the Navy drive the nearest way,  
Leaving alone *Ulysses* who dismay'd,  
Thus to himself a deep Sigh fetching sayd;

Ah Me! what shall I do? my Straights are great,  
Either I must with Terrour struck retreat,  
Or tary to be slain, or taken here,  
Since *Jove* hath Us posselt with Panick Feare:  
Why idle Questions make I thus in vaine?  
Since Valiant Men to quit the Field disdain;  
Cravens will run, stout Heroes never yeild,  
They stand their Ground, and Conquer, or be kill'd.

Whilst to himself he thus discours'd, a Troop  
Of *Trojan* Targeteers came marching up,  
And opening drew behind Him, and before:

As Dogs and Huntsmen circle in a <sup>(e)</sup> Boare:  
Forth from a Wood the salvage Monster drawes,

<sup>(f)</sup> Whetting his Ivory Tusks, with foamy Jawes:  
They charge Him round, his Teeth He angry grates,  
Not all their Threatnings the chaff Foe amates;  
About *Ulysses* so the *Trojans* drew,

And first renown'd *Diopites* He slew  
With his strong Spear, and, faire Advantage watch'd,  
Bold *Tboon* next, and *Ennomus* dispatch'd;  
Then slew *Chersidamas* as down He leap'd  
From his high Steeds; the Launce his Belly rip'd  
Beneath his Shield, He tumbled on the Sands,  
Earths brittle Surface moulding in his Hands.

Then *Charopes* He wounded with his Launce,  
Whom to asist bold *Socus* did advance,  
Resolv'd to give his dearest Brother Ayde,  
And drawing neer, thus to *Ulysses* sayd;

Thou

Thou *Ithacus*, who never wearied art  
To act by Paines or Policy thy Part,  
This Day that Thou hast slaine two Brothers boast,  
Such as but few are Nobler in the Hoast,  
And did'st from Them their Armes triumphing bear,  
Or else thy Death take from my conquering Spear.

This sayd, at Him his Launce the Heroe cast,  
Which through his Shield & high-proof'd Breastplate  
*Ulysses* Side; *Minerva* step'd between, (raz'd  
So that the Poynt peirc'd but the tender Skin:  
Finding the Wound not mortall, undismay'd  
He stepping back thus to bold *Socus* sayd;

Thy Death draws nigh, O Thou, who Me didst stop  
Charging my Foes, for Life no longer hope;  
Slaine by my Speare now Thou without Controule  
Shall grant Me Honour, and grim *Dis* thy Soule.

*Socus* this sayd, betook Him to his Heels,  
When in his Back the fixed Spear He feels,  
The Point betwixt his Shoulders passage found,  
Quite through his Breast; falling his Armes resound.

Then *Ithacus*; As nimble as thou art,  
Death hath o're-took Thee, though thou hadst the  
Nor shall thy Parents at thy Obsequies (start  
Lament thy Death, nor close thy dying Eyes;  
Which ravening Fowls out with their Beaks shall tear,  
When I shall have a royall Sepulcher.

This sayd, the Spear which Warlike *Socus* threw,  
He from his Body and bos'd Target drew,  
Now vvith the Javelin sprung a Sream of Blood.  
But vvhen the *Trojans* saw <sup>(g)</sup> a purple Flood  
Flow from *Ulysses* wound, They all invade,  
Vv'hilst He retires, calling aloud for Ayde.  
Three times He cry'd for Help, as in dispaire,  
And Him as oft did *Menelaus* heare;

And

(e) *Gr. αἰετός*, which hath its denomination ἀπὸ τοῦ αἰετός τοῦ ἀετοειδέος, the wild Boar being of a hot constitution, and thence sacrificed to *Jove*, especially by the *Argives* who held a Feast to her called thence *Hysteria*. *Esst.*

(f) *Οὐδὲν, μάλλον οἱ μάχης ἵκανοι πρὸς τὴν μάχην πρὸς τοῦ ἰδίου τοῦ ἀνθρώπου, the wild Boar before he fights sharpens his teeth against some smoother Rock or Stone: sayth *Ellian*. l. 8. c. 1. And thus the Elephant whets his Tusks against a Tree, and the *Rhinoceros* his against a Stone.*

(g) Hence *Lyburgius* made a Law that the *Spartans* in their Wars should wear no other colour but Crimson, that so the blood they should loose might be less conspicuous.

And thus to *Ajax* standing by him spake;

This is *Ulysses* Voyce, or I mistake,  
As if that He in some great danger were,  
The Enemy hath hem'd Him in, I feare;  
Let Us break through and boldly rescue Him,  
Whom We so love, so honour, and esteem.

This sayd He leads, That follows, where they found  
*Ulysses* with the *Trojans* circled round;

So <sup>(b)</sup> Wolves beset a Deer but newly shot,  
He 'scapes their Fury whilst the Blood is hot;  
Till fainting with the Wound, the salvage Crew  
In his warm Entrails thirsty Jaws imbrow:  
But when a Lion comes, affrighted They  
The Quarry leave, and He devoures the Prey:  
So round about stout *Ithacus* advance  
Many and valiant Foes; He with his Launce  
Himself defends 'gainst their united Power,  
Till *Ajax* with his Target like a Tower,  
Came to his Ayde, then streight the *Trojans* fled,  
And *Menelaus* off the Heroes lead;  
Till neer his Horses with his Chariot drew.

Then mighty *Ajax* 'mongst the *Trojans* slew  
Bold *Dorychus*, King *Priams* naturall Son,  
And through the Body *Pandocus* did run:  
*Lysander*, *Pyrasus*, *Pylartes* wounds;

So falls a Torrent from the higher Grounds,  
And with a Deluge covers all the Plaine,  
When *Jove* offended sends huge Showers of Raine;  
Groves of large Oakes, tall Firrs and pitchy Woods,  
Rowle down with Stones and Rubbish to the Floods.  
Thus scoures renowned *Ajax* all the Field,  
And flying *Trojans* with their Horses kill'd.

This *Hector* heard not, whilst the left-hand Ranks  
He busie charg'd on swift *Scamanders* Banks;

Where

Where in fierce Conflict many *Greeks* He slew:  
Loud were the Clamours, hot the Battell grew  
'Gainst *Nestor* and *Idomeneus*, where  
*Hector* perform'd such Wonders with his Speare,  
Putting their routed Regiments to flight:  
Nor had the *Grecians* then declin'd the Fight,  
Staining their Honour with so foule a Blot,  
But that Prince *Paris* stout *Machaon* shot;  
Through his right Shoulder went the barbed Flight:  
The *Greeks* then fear'd as He forlook the Fight,  
He might be slaine: *Demcalides* then spake  
To *Nestor* thus; Mount, and *Machaon* take  
Along with Thee, Thou who our Glory art,  
And from the bloody Battell streight depart;  
Since in our Hoast his Equall is not found,

<sup>(c)</sup> To draw an Arrow, or to dress a Wound.

*Nestor* this sayd, his Chariot did ascend,  
And took *Machaon* up, his wounded Friend,  
The great Physitian, *Aesculapius* Son,  
Streight to the Fleet his Steeds free-metall'd run.

But when bold *Cebrius*, *Hectors* Charioteer,  
Saw how the valiant *Trojans* routed were,  
To Him he sayd; Here we turmoyle are,  
In all th' extremities of bloody War;  
Whilst younder broken Squadrons spread the Plain,  
Both Horse and Man by cruell *Ajax* slain:  
I know Him well, his Javelins Points are steeld,  
And o're his Shoulders hangs his ample Shield:  
Thither let Us our Steeds and Chariot drive,  
Where Horse and Foot so furiously strive;  
Where equall Audites of fresh Slaughter rise,  
And Shouts unintermitted shake the Skies:

This sayd, the faire main'd Horses felt the Whip,  
And to the Battell swiftest Winds out-skip:

Bodies

<sup>(b)</sup> *Gr. Ser*, which some render a Woolf; others say, it is a Beast begotten between the Woolf and the *Hyena*: it is no greater enemy to the Lion, as feeding both upon raw flesh, *Arist. Hist. Animal. lib. 9. c. 1.* then a friend to Man. *Ellen lib. 1. cap. 7.*

\* *Idomeneus.*

<sup>(c)</sup> *Machaon* was skilled in the Chirurgicall and Therapeutical part of Physick, the Dietetical being the later invention of *Hippocrates*, and brought to greater perfection by *Hierodiscus*, *Praxagoras*, and *Chrysippus*, whence *Dioscorides* is much faulted by the Ancients, for that feigning *Heracles* sick, he makes *Silenus* to prescribe him a Glist. *Enst.*



Go, and ask *Nestor* who in's Chariot  
Wounded He now with him from Battell brought:  
Behind he seem'd *Machaon*, such a pace  
His Horses ran, I could not see his Face.

This say'd, with Speed from thence *Patroclus* went,  
Whilst they arriv'd at ancient *Nestor's* Tent,  
And streight alighted on th' all-fostering Earth;  
*Eurymedon* his Charioteer came forth;  
And from the Chariot takes the weary Steeds:

They neer the Ocean dry'd their sweaty Weeds,  
This done to coole Retirement they repair'd,  
Where *Hecamede* a Cordiall prepar'd  
Old *Nestor* her, *Arifon's* Child, enjoy'd; two men W  
After *Achilles* *Tenedos* destroy'd;  
Which choysen Gift they did for Him select,  
So much did They his Parts and Worth respect.

First She for them a curious Table plac'd,  
With Ebony Feet and antique Carvings grac'd;

An Onion in a stately Charge set  
With Honey, and the Seed of sacred Wheat;

Next brought the old Maps *Bowls*, with Gold in-  
Which had four Handles wrought with mighty Cost;

On each two golden *Pigeons* sought their Food, W  
And on two Feet the ample Goblet stood;

Which fill'd with Wine few hardly could lift up,  
Yet He himself at pleasure rais'd the Cup.

In this *old Pramnion* Wine the Lady puts,  
And with a brazen Knife in Slices cuts

A Goats-Milk Cheese, which in the Bowl She throws,  
And purest Flour o're all the Mixture strows,

Then bids Them drink, about the Goblet trouls:  
When having quench'd their Thirst, and cheer'd their

With various Discourse their Time they spent, (Souls,  
Untill *Patroclus* drew into the Tent;

o'd

Him



Domino Thomas  
Com: Antix Tabulam  
Payton Baroneto  
hanc. L.M.D.D.D.  
I.O.

(\*) All the Heroes, *Menelaus* excepted, had their Concubines, *Nestor* also, as old as he was, and *Phoenix*; for not being debauched but temperate in their youth, they were healthfull and able in their old age. *Euph.*

(†) *Gr. νύκτωρ, nύκτωρ* 244, that is, to make them relish their drink, the Ancients calling all *νύκτωρ* 244, that is, *Sauces*, save Bread only, they all serving to cause us eat that the more savourily, Bread being the Staff of life: only *Sal* *agit omnia*, salt gives that too a relish, and all things else. And these they called 244, not that they eat them only in the Evening, but because the feeding upon flesh and all things but bread, was a more novel practice, men living at first upon the fruits only of the earth. Others say he calls it *νύκτωρ* 244, because the Onion being hot procures thirst, and rectifies superfluous and peccant humours in the body, and dries them up. *Euph.* and *Did.* Besides being *Diuretical* it prevents Fevers, *Hippoc.* so fish as be wounded, and is prescribed to be taken presently by such as are bitten by a mad Dog. *Euph.* *Plinius* relates, that *Alexander* drunk of this poison of *Flavocrotalus*, prepar'd of whetting crocuses, some were given him by his physicians, either to shew the lightness of his humor, or the greatness of his Art, that taking things contrary, he could notwithstanding cure himself. *Plin.* *lib. 10. c. 10.*

(‡) Some make this Cup of *Nestor's* a description of the World. It was after presented to *Diana*, and preferred to *Menelaus* *Capitain* *Campania*.

(§) By *νύκτωρ* 244, here some understand not *Pigeons*, but that *Corbel* *tion* called *the Pleader*, of which as also for the figure of this Cup of *Nestor's*, consult *Achilles* *lib. 22.* One calling this Cup *Mars* his Viall, another call'd it a silver Well.

(||) Or *Pramnion* Wine, from *Pram* a Mountain in *Thrace*, where Vines first were planted. Others derive its name from its laking, *as nix* *magister* *Phryg.*

Whom *Nestor* first espying streight arose,  
 And leading in, desired to repose:  
 But, He refusing, modestly thus sayd;  
 By no means, Noble *Nestor*, Me perswade;  
 Whom most I love, most honour, and admire,  
 Imploy'd Me hither that I should inquire  
 What wounded Prince Thou brought'st along with  
 Now since my Friend *Machaon* tis, I see, (Thee;  
 This to *Aecides* I streight must tell,  
 And beg Your Pardon; for You All know well  
 His (1) hasty Nature, who will lay the blame  
 Still upon Me, although I guileless am.

Then *Nestor* thus; And will *Achilles* no  
 Compulsion on our wofull Army show?  
 The *Grecians* Sufferings little He resents:  
 Our prime Commanders wounded in their Tents,  
 Disabled lye; there *Diomed* He may view,  
 Wise *Ithacus*, great *Agamemnon* too,  
 And there *Eurypylus* shot in the Thigh  
 With barbed Steel, and now another I,  
 Hurt with a cruell Shaft, brought off the Feild,  
 Yet He not cares, nor will Assistance yeild.  
 Staies He till They upon Our Navy fall  
 With hostile Fire, and there destroy Us all?

Much I am alter'd from what I was young;  
 (2) Ah! would I were as Youthfull now and strong,  
 As when 'twixt *Pylus* and the *Elean* State  
 Wrongs Peace transform'd to War, and love to hate;  
 When *Itymoneus*, who in *Elis* dwelt,  
 Rescuing Their Cattell, first my Fury felt;  
 Amongst the formost with my well-aim'd Dart,  
 Through all his Armes I peirc'd Him to the Heart:  
 He falne the Rusticks fly; We thence convey,  
 Triumphant to our Walls a glorious Prey:

(1) Parallel to this is the Character which *Horace* gives him in his *de Arte*.

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.*

(2) *Nelus* is the Son of *Neptune* having an excellent breed of Horses, sends them to *Elis*, to a Race appointed by *Augens*, where winning the Prize, *Augens* seizeth the Steeds and dismisses their Riders. *Nelus* dissembling the affront, his youngest Son *Nestor*, getting an Army together, enters *Elis*, regains the Horses, and returns with a great Booty.



Fell by my Spear, and dying bit the Ground,  
 Old *Athens* Sons had then like Mercy found,  
 But *Neptune* pleas'd Them in a Cloud to save;  
 So *Jove* to Us a signall Victory gave.  
 The Foe We chas'd, slaughtering & plundering Arms,  
 Untill We reach'd *Buprasium's* fertile Farms,  
 Th' *Olenian* Rock and *Ales* spacious Feild;  
 There *Pallas* stop'd Us, and no more I kill'd.  
 Our Men their Steeds back from *Buprasium* drove  
 To sacred *Pyle*, and there gave Thanks to *Jove*  
 Above all Gods; to *Nesstor* above all Men;  
 So much was I in Estimation then.

But great *Achilles* the Fruition  
 Of his own Virtues loves to take alone:  
 Sure when our Armie's lost, He needs must grieve.  
 Your Father, Sir, did graver Counsell give,  
 When You he first to *Agamemnon* sent,  
 I and *Ulysses* heard each Document:  
 When Men to raise We went from Court to Court,  
 And mongst the rest to *Peleus* made resort;  
 There in his Pallace We *Menæti* found,  
 Thee, and *Achilles*, now so much renown'd:  
 In the base Court *Peleus* the brawny Thighes  
 Of Beeves to thundring *Jove* did sacrifice;  
 And rich *VVine* from a golden Goblet pour'd  
 On sacred Victims, which the Flames devour'd:  
 But *VVe* mean while did in the Portall stand,  
 Till Us *Achilles* taking by the Hand  
 Led friendly in, desiring *VVe* would sit:  
 For Strangers Entertainment all things fit  
 Before Us plac'd, when feasted to the height.  
 There to this *VVar* You both I did invite;  
 Both willing were; then both Your Fathers grave  
 Advice to You, being well experienc'd, gave:

*Peleus*

*Peleus* from *Pasion* bold *Achilles* charmes,  
 Yet nere to be out-done in Feats of Armes.  
 And thus *Menæti*us did admonish Thee;  
 Son, though *Achilles* thy Superior be,  
 And stronger much, yet Thou the Eldest art,  
 And prudent Counsell mayst to Him impart;  
 Thou mayst command Him, and shalt be obey'd,  
 When Him to what is good Thou dost perswade.  
 These Precepts now are in Oblivion drownd;  
 But to *Achilles* this Thou mayst propound,  
 And some kind Power may make Him condescend,  
 For powerfull are the Advices of a Friend:  
 If any Oracle his Mind dissuade,  
 Or ought from *Jove* his Goddes-Mother say'd,  
 Yet Thee He out may with his Squadrons send,  
 So Thou the *Greeks* from Ruine mayst defend:  
 If Thou but in *Achilles* Armes appeare,  
 The *Trojans* will retreat, surpriz'd with Feare;  
 Then the distressed *Greeks* may breath a while,  
 And find some Respite weary'd out with Toyle:  
 Fresh Souldiers may at ease the Foe defeat,  
 With Duty tir'd, and drive them from the Fleet.

These Words in Him a deep Impression made,  
 That his Return *Patroclus* not delay'd.  
 Now when He reach'd *Ulysses* Vessel, where  
 They sate in Council, and their Markets were,  
 Where <sup>(1)</sup> sacred Altars were in order set,  
 There sad *Eurypylus* He wounded met,  
 Halking from Feild, Sweat in a brinie Flood  
 Ran down his Head and Shoulders, purple Blood,  
 In streams as ample, issued from his Wound,  
 Yet still his Heart was good, his Judgment sound:  
 Whose chance *Patroclus* pitying, much dismay'd,  
 Thus with an undissembled Sorrow say'd;

Oh

(1) Here every God had his peculiar Altar, erected him by the Nations by whom they were worshipped.

O Grecian Princes, You most wretched are,  
Who from Your Friends and Native Country far,  
Must Banquets be for Dogs and Birds of Prey.  
But tell Me, deare *Eurypylus*, oh! say  
Whether the *Greeks* can stand *Hector*, or All,  
That Him oppose must by his Javelin fall.

Then He reply'd; No longer can We make  
Resistance, but Our Navy They will take;  
Now at Our Fleet those who most Valiant are,  
Lye wounded by the various chance of War;  
And still the *Trojans* gather fresh Supply:  
Oh! help and draw this Arrow from my Thigh;

And with <sup>(k)</sup> warm Water wash away the Gore,  
Then Balmie infuse that may the Limb restore:  
Such skill, They say, You from *Achilles* got,  
Whom *Chyron*, that renowned *Centaure*, taught:  
For *Podalyrius* and *Machaon*, who  
Such great Physitians are and Surgeons too,  
One in his Tent sore wounded lyes, although  
He skilfull be, the other stands the Foe  
In cruell Fight: Then sayd *Menotius* Son,  
How may this be? or how shall this be done?  
Because from *Nestor* I a Message have  
Now to *Achilles*, yet I would not leave  
Thee in such Misery, *Patroclus* sayd,  
And Him imbracing tenderly convey'd

To his own Tent, whose Servants took Him in;  
And lay'd Him softly on <sup>(l)</sup> a Bullocks Skin:  
He from his Thigh the deadly Arrow got  
Out with an Instrument, with Water hot  
Wash'd off the clotted Blood, then neatly bruis'd

<sup>(m)</sup> A bitter Root, whose healing Juyce infus'd,  
He suddain Ease from its great Vertue found,  
Which stench'd the blood, & clos'd the gaping wound.

HOMERS

(k) *Aspē*, that is *scalding* moderately warm'd, hot water easing the pain for the time, but procuring a greater efflux of blood, and cold water chilling the Wound and repelling the Spirits,

(l) These Hides being the common Couches whereon the Heroes reposed, *Agamemnon* conceives they had some thing lighter more then ordinary, then other Skins, and that he thinks to be their softness, contracted by the *Carrivars* dressing them, whereas those of the common Souldier were raw and undressed.

(m) This Herbe some will have to be *draculicis*, called also *Ischamos*, *Dierburt*, others *Adulphium*, yarrow, which *Pliny* sayth was called *Achillea*, as being found out by him in mitigating pain and stancheth bleeding: Hence the *Scholiast* observes that the ancient *Medical Art* was merely *Botanical*, by Roots and Herbs.



Dom. Rodolphus Hare de Stone  
Baronetto. Tabulam



Bardolph in Com. Norfolk  
hanc. L. M. D. D. I. O.  
Lib. 2. 10. 166.



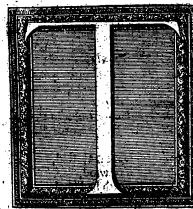


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Trojans resolve on Foot their Camp to take.  
The Battell of the Eagle and the Snake,  
Stops them attempting as a bad Presage.  
Polydamas forbids Them to engage.  
The Lycians boldly the first on-set give,  
Whom Hector and his Regiments relieve;  
He batters down their Gates, and mounts their Walls;  
And the whole Army on the Navy falls:*



Hus He the Anguish of his  
Wound asswad:  
Whilst in mixt Parties *Greeks*  
and *Trojans* rag'd;  
No longer now could Tren-  
ches, Walls, nor Banks,  
Beat off bold *Hector*; and his  
Conquering Ranks,

Which they (yet to the Gods no offering gave)  
Rais'd high their purchas'd Spoyles and Fleet to save:

(\*) Works though stupendious rear'd without their  
A little Time did easily supplant:  
Whilst *Hector* liv'd, *Achilles* in a Chase,  
King *Priam* in his strong-built City safe;  
So long those Battlements did firm remain:  
But after many Chiefs on both sides slain;

Q q

(\*) *Homer* only (sayth the *Scholi-  
ast*) erected this Fortification, and  
that purposely to honour *Apollo*, slight-  
ing it presently again, lest he should  
be prov'd a Liar, Posterity not obser-  
ving any remains of it, or so much a sic-  
ruines. Some make this Wall to be over-  
thrown with a Deluge and Earthquake;  
the one caused by *Jupiter* or the *Sun*,  
he being *Zeus* or *Jove*, the other by  
*Neptune*, & *Cerberus* & *Antiphates*.  
Eust.

In

(c) By Hills understand the severall  
kings or tops of *Ida* which were four,  
*Lettus*, *Phalacro*, *Gargarus*, and *Sige-*  
*rus*, of which two had Cities upon them  
of their own name, viz. *Gargarus* and  
*Sigeus*, of which last *Ench.* hath this  
Story. A witty Youth, and Lady of  
Pleasure, meeting with an impertinent  
Companion, one that was ex-  
tream talkative, he telling her that he  
came from the Hellespont, she demands  
of him, How it hapned that coming  
thence he repaired not to the principall  
Town, wherupon he inquiring Which,  
the replied, *de Sigeo*, to *Sigeum*, so  
flouting him for his lavish Tongue, the  
word importing silence.

(d) So named from the many cir-  
cuits it fetches about *Cale pence*, which  
it incomparably, so *Strabo* tells us, lea-  
ven times.

(e) Called also *Rhoite*.

(f) Which falling into *Esepus* is  
called after *Pidy*.

(g) The same with *Scamander*, so cal-  
led for that it quenched *Hercules*  
thirst, and so *Quintus* *disq.* *magnitudi-*  
*ne* *h.* *et*, and so easing his labour.

(h) *navis*, nine daies, which some  
read *navis*, one, making so much loose  
work of it, and that the better to save  
the reputation of their Gods, it no  
little derogating from their power to  
be nine daies demolishing that which  
the *Greeks* erected in one.

(i) *Protoph.* for whereas all other Naturalists imputed Earthquakes to Wind pent up in the Caverns of the Earth, tearing and  
renting her Entrails to find a vent, the most ancient of the *Greeks* ascribe the cause of it to *Neptune*, to water contained in some  
greater quantity & impetuously born, forcing continually and beating against it to unbowell it and make a Channell. The Ro-  
mans not resolved what should cause it, being in all other their Devotions, Rites, and Ceremonies, most punctuall and precise,  
when they were sensible of an Earthquake themselves, or were told of it by others, though they proclaimed a cessation from all kind  
of work and labour, forbore yet to nominate any God to whom they held it, lest they should possess their people with a false Reli-  
gion: whence when any had so profan'd those *Feris*, that there needed an expiation to be made, he offered his Sacrifice *S I D E O*.  
*S I D E O*, to whether God or Goddess, and this according to the pontificall Directory, *Quoniam & quia vi & per quem Deum*  
*Deumque terra tremavit incertum est*. So *A Gellius*, lib. 2. cap. 18. Of the latter of these causes (which was the opinion of *Demo-*  
*critus* (albeit he make a double motion then of the Earth, as in our Pulse, one caused by the accession of Rain-water to that under  
ground, and the verberation of both to find some receptacle or make a passage; the other by the recession and attraction of these by  
the dryer parts and cavities of the earth) thus *Lucretius*.

in primis terram fac ut esse reari  
Subter item, ut supra est, ventis atq; undiq; plenum  
Speluncis, multoque lacus, multoque lacuna  
Tegmine, quate, & ruptis decompagis, Jan:  
Solusque sub tergo terrore flammae tellis  
Volvere vi flammis, submersoque saxa spandunt est, &c.

The reasons now of Earthquakes I'll disclose,  
You first her ample Body must suppose;  
Both under and above to be all one.  
With Caves, Lakes, Streams, replenish'd, Rocks torn down,  
And broken Stones, borne with the heady force  
Of Waters in precipitated course:  
She being all one produceth this effect.  
These things considered well we may collect,  
Earth shakes above from ruins in her Womb,  
Where in false Rubbith, Caves themselves intomb,  
Torn down with age, thus shook, whole Mountains fall,  
And with the clap a trembling all:  
Which, is most clear, so loosed Wagons make,  
Jolting along the Streets, our Houses shake,  
Each Roof no lesser trepidations feels,  
When swift Steeds Chariots draw with iron wheels,  
So a huge peice of Earth torn down with age,  
Will without Wind on Lakes make Billows rage:  
A Baton full of water totters so,  
Untill within the Liquor quiet grow.

In the tenth Yeare Those who were left prevail'd,  
And after *Troys* Destruction Homeward sail'd;  
*Neptune* and *Phæbus* then contriv'd how they  
With violent Floods these Walls might levell lay:  
Who mustered all those Rivers, Streams, and Rills,  
Which seek the Ocean from (c) *Idean* Hills;  
(d) *Heptaporus* (e) *Rhesus*, *Caresus*, and *Rhodo*,  
*Esepus*, (f) *Grenicus* and (g) *Xanthus* Flood,  
With *Simois* who, dividing fatall Feilds,  
Swallow'd so many Heroes, Helmes, and Sheilds;  
These *Phæbus* swolne to *Cataracts* engag'd:  
(h) Nine Daies They with devouring Gullets rag'd,  
Whilst *Jove* expended Deluges of Raine,  
Which swept Their floating Bulwarks to the Maine:  
Arm'd with His Trident, (i) *Neptune* leading on  
Impetuous Waves, which left nor Pile, nor Stone:  
What They with so much Industry had form'd,  
He with his roaring Batterers so storm'd,

Of the former thus,  
Est hæc ejusdem quoque magna causa tremoris;  
Ventus nobis atque animæ subito vis maxima quædam  
Zus extrinsecus, aut ipsa à seipso coorta,  
In hæc se cavi terrore coarctat, ibique  
Speluncas inter magnas terrore, aut tumultu i  
Versabundaque portatur post in sua quam vis, &c.

Another cause of Earthquakes we may find,  
When a grois Vapour rarifi'd to wind,  
Which from above or else beneath had birth,  
Hath got into vast Caverns of the Earth,  
And pent in Dungeons roaring fly about,  
Then with strange violence at last breaks out;  
And on the Surface tears a hideous gap,  
As did at *Cydon* and at *Æge* hap,  
For with such force the abortive Issue goes,  
It shakes whole Cities, many Walls o'throw;  
And many Towns their People, Cohn, and Goods;  
Sink in the Sea, are swallow'd in the Floods:  
And though it break not forth, such is the force,  
And raging strength in its impetuous course,  
Dispeirc'd each where through numerous crannies, yet  
It puts the earth into a trembling fit:  
As in an Age when our Limbs grow chill,  
We are inforced to shake against our will.

Till Their proud Towers were levell'd with the Main,  
And spreading Sands invest Their Own again,  
Then bids His Waves back to their Channell run,  
This was by *Neptune* and *Apollo* done.

But now these Walls the valiant *Trojans* round  
With Armes beset, and batter'd Towers refund;  
The *Grecians* down by *Joves* Chastisements brought,  
For Preservation, not for Conquest fought;  
They *Hectors* Prowels feare, his force admire,  
Who like a Whirwind charg'd, or raging Fire.

As when a Lion or a Boare in chafe,  
Trusting his Strength will Dogs and Huntsmen face;  
They in defensive Posture standing, throw  
Whole Showers of well-aim'd Javelins 'gainst the Foe;  
His valiant Heart all Terror doth disdain,  
He knows not feare whose Valour proves his Bane;  
But oftner his Pursuers He defeats,  
And where he Chargeth, the whole Troop retreats:  
So *Hector* turning went through *Trojan* Ranks,  
His Friends encouraging to leap the Banks;  
But their swift Steeds would neither on, nor shrink,  
But Neighing stood upon the rising Brinck.

Deep Precipices sunk on either side;  
With Ranks of Palizadoes fortifi'd  
Opposing stood, the Stakes were strong and large,  
To break the Fury of a suddain Charge;  
Impossible with Chariots to be storm'd:  
Such Work on Foot perhaps might be perform'd.  
Then grave *Polydamis* to *Hector* sayd,  
And thus did all the Cavalry perfwade;  
Fondly You strive, although with able Horse,  
To pass these Trenches, and such Works to force,  
Thick Palizadoes guard the opposing Bank,  
Which Walls defend, and well Man'd Bulwarks flank:  
Q q 2 Charge

Charge here We cannot, such the streights We see,  
 Nor yet retreat, but needs must worsted be;  
 If *Jove* intends their Army to destroy,  
 And Us will as his Instruments employ;  
 I wish it done, and that their Names be lost,  
 As well as Lives, far from Their Native Coast;  
 But should They face, and force Us to retreat,  
 And to these Trenches in disorder beat;  
 I feare scarce One there would be left to tell,  
 How re-inforced They upon Us fell:  
 But let my Counsell at this time prevaile,  
 On Foot, compleatly Arm'd, their Bulwarks scale,  
 And let your Servants with Your Horses stay,  
 And all as one *Hector* our Prince obey:  
 Nor shall the daunted Foe our Charge sustain,  
 If now their utter ruine Fates ordain.

This prudent Counsell *Hectors* Judgment charm'd,  
 Who from his Chariot leap'd compleatly Arm'd:  
 His great Example takes, and all with speed  
 Do what unimitable *Hector* did;  
 Ordering their Charioteers to keep their Ranks,  
 In readines upon the Hostile Banks.  
 Straight They resolv'd, and suddainly array'd,  
 And five Brigades as many Cheifs obey'd.  
*Polydamas* and *Hector* had the Power  
 Amongst the *Trojans* to select the Flower:

All strangely zealous undertook the Work,  
 To force those Walls where sculking *Grecians* lurk:  
 And fight it out to firing of the Fleet:  
*Hector* conceiv'd *Cebriones* most fit  
 To be the Third, so his bold Follower grac'd,  
 And in his Chariot a worse Souldier plac'd:  
 Next <sup>(k)</sup> *Paris*, *Alcath*, and *Agenor* lead,

(l) *Deiphobus* and *Helemus* precede

(k) His Mother being big of him, dreamt she was delivered of a Fire-brand, whence he was no sooner born, then expos'd. A Shepherd observing a Bear to suckle him, bred him up. From escaping this untimely end, he was call'd *Paris*, and *Alexander*, from his assisting the Shepherds against wild Beasts and Thieves.

(l) *Deiphobus*, the Sonne of *Prism*, married *Helus* after the decease of *Paris*. He was slain by *Meneleus* at the storming of the Town, and his body cast out unburied, which was metamorphos'd into an Herb call'd *Asphodelus*, of a approved vertue against the distillates of the Spleen. *Enst.*

The third Brigade, both Princes of the Blood,  
 Then *Asius*, whom from sweet *Selleens* Flood,  
 Four gallant Horses brought of wondrous Worth.  
*Anchises* valiant Off-spring had the fourth,  
*Archilochus* and *Achamas* took place,  
 Next Him, both Valiant, both *Antenors* Race.  
*Sarpedon* with the bold Auxiliars goes,  
 He <sup>(m)</sup> *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* chose;  
 These did in Martiall Discipline excell  
 All but Himself, He had no parallel:  
 Each buckles on his Bull-skin quilted Shield,  
 Not from the Service now to be withheld,  
 Thinking the Foe could not their Charge withstand,  
 But would beyond their Ships out-run the Land.  
 The *Trojans* Army thus Themselves array'd,  
 And bold *Polydamas* grave Advice obey'd.

But sprightly *Asius* not on Foot would go,  
 And leave his Chariot and his Horses so,  
 Against their Portalls He a Tilt must run,  
 And fondly drive where Death He could not shun,  
 Whose wofull Fate did entertain Him there,  
 Slain by *Idomeneus* cruell Speare;  
 He charg'd a Passage on the left Hand side,  
 Through which the Foe discomfited did ride:  
 To such high speed his foamy Steeds he put,  
 That He was there before their Gates were shut;  
 Yet were they strongly guarded, that they might  
 Sraglers receive came flying from the Fight.  
 Hither his Course with nimble Steeds He bends,  
 And with loud Clamours his whole Troop attends,  
 Bragging the Foe durst not them stand, but They  
 The flying *Greeks* should slaughter to the Sea.  
 Two *Lapiths* standing at the Gates they found,  
*Perithous* Son, so much in Armes renown'd,

(m) *Enstadius* enquiring why *Sarpedon* being the Son but of *Bellerophons* Daughter, *Laudamia*, should be preferred to have the conduct of the *Lycians* before *Glaucus* who came of *Hippolochus*, *Bellerophons* Son; answereth, that this was done in honour of his Mother, who when there was a contest between her two Brethren, *Glaucus* and *Hippolochus*, about the succession, and a challenge upon it to shoot a Ring hung on the breast of a Child lying upon his back, proffered them to make the experiment upon her own. *Enst.*

(u) The *Lapithi* were a noble Family in *Thessaly*, Enemies to the *Centaurs*, descended from *Lapithus*, the Son of *Apollon* and *Stilbe*. These *Pin-*  
*dar* calls *Lapithas*, for their resolution and valour.

Bold *Polypetes*, and conjoyn'd with Him  
*Leontius*, whom like *Mars* they did esteem;  
 Like 'Okes they stood accustom'd to sustain  
 Afsiduous Gusts and Deluges of Rain,  
 Whose Roots about the Center fixed were:  
 So did these stand, nor more did *Asius* feare;  
 Who with his Party feircely on did march,  
 Raifing their Shields, shoutes scald Heav'ns marble  
 Whom *Iamen*, *Achamas*, *Tboon*, and renown'd (Arch,  
*Orestes* and *Oenomaus* surround;  
 Whilst they within cheer One another up,  
 To stand the Fury of so feirce a Troop;  
 But when they saw the Enemy draw neer,  
 The *Grecians* clamour, struck with Panick Fear:  
 But they before the Portalls rushing fought,  
 That them to be wild Boars thou wouldst have thought;  
 Who on the Mountains stand th' approaching rage  
 Of Men and Dogs, and earnest to engage,  
 Their Tusks they whet the Enemy to guanch,  
 Tearing intangling Shrubs up Root and Branch:  
 Their gnawing Teeth resound, till in the Strife,  
 One with a Javelin falls depriv'd of Life:  
 So glittering Armes upon their Bosoms rung,  
 Stones from above they boldly fighting flung;  
 Not onely Stones, they Spears and Javelins throw,  
 Which fell as thick as Haile, or driven Snow,  
 When blustering Winds the feathery Flakes divide,  
 And spacious Plaines with silver Atomes hide;  
 No lesser Showers the bold Assailants feel,  
 Their Targets thundring under Stone and Steel;  
 When raging *Asius* sayd, and beat his Thighes,  
 Art Thou O *Jove* the Father too of Lies?  
 I little dream't the *Greeks* though Valiant, would  
 Once stand our Charge, or if They durst, they could;  
 When



Joanni Cutler de Harwood  
 Ebor. Arm. Tabulam



et Gauthroux Comitatu  
 hanc L.M. D.D.D.  
 I O

When They like Wasps or Bees in numerous swarms,  
In Dusty Pathes build Forts by force of Armes,  
Where they in Posture Pillagers expect,  
Resolv'd their Wealth and Off-spring to protect:  
So these not shrink, but still their Gates maintain,  
Fighting untill they taken be, or slain.

These Words affected *Jove* no more then Wind,  
That great Success for *Hector* He design'd.  
But how each where the *Grecian* Works were storm'd,  
Some God must sing, not else to be perform'd;  
(c) But Inspiration on the *Trojans* brought,  
The *Greeks* though sad yet for their *Navy* fought;  
And all the Gods who took the *Grecians* Part,  
Look'd on the Battell with a heavy Heart:  
Whilst on, the *Lapiths* did so feircely fall,  
That their Example Courage gave to all;  
There *Polypætes*, fam'd *Perithous* Son,  
His Speare quite through *Damafus* Helmet ran,  
Nor could his Cask though strong the Point restrain,  
Untill it made a Medley of his Brain:  
Down falls the Heroe, after Him He slew  
Great *Pilon* and renown'd *Ormenus* too;  
*Hippomachus*, *Leonteus* Javelin felt,  
Furioufly driven through his massie Belt:  
His Sword drawn, at *Antiphates* then flew,  
Whom rushing through the bloody Fight He slew,  
Dead on his Back he lay upon the Ground.  
*Menon* and *Iamen* like Fortune found;  
Next at *Orestes* furioufly He leaps,  
And Pile-waies up their slaughter'd Bodies heaps.  
Whilst these were busied stripping of the Dead,  
*Polydamus* and valiant *Hector* lead  
Their Squadrons on, who bold and many were,  
To fire the Fleet, and down their Rampires tear:

But

(c) Gr. *Θεοί αὐτοὶ τὴν ψῆφον*, a fire divinely kindled, by which he expresseth the great heat and fury of the fight, *τὸ θυμὸν τῶν πολεμῶν τῶν ἀντιπάλων*.  
Eust.

But yet they cool'd a while in drawn up Ranks,  
 Making a halt upon the Trenches Banks;  
 For They above a soaring Eagle 'spy'd,  
 Cutting soft Ayre upon their left-hand side,  
 Bearing a speckled <sup>(g)</sup> Serpent yet alive,  
 Which did for Life and Preservation strive;  
 This gripes with Pounces, striking with her Beak,  
 That turning bites with a distorted Neck:  
 For Anguish then away Her Prize she threw,  
 And down the Wind, her Lofs lamenting, flew:  
 At which the Trojans much discourag'd were,  
 Viewing the coyld up Serpent drop so neer;  
 This Prodigy their Fury much alay'd,  
 When thus Polydamas to Hector sayd;

Me for my Counsell You have often blam'd,  
 For which I was, nor am not yet asham'd:  
 In Court or Feild it none of Us behoves,  
 Counsell to give which not Your Power improves:  
 And now to speak my Mind I shall not spare.  
 This Day th' intrenched Enemy forbear:  
 Much I suspect that this Event may be,  
 As We this towing Eagle here did see,  
 Grasping a speckled Serpent by Us glide,  
 Through yeilding Ayre, on our sinister Side;  
 And being worsted down among Us flung,  
 A Feast provided for her Callow Young:  
 So should we force Our way, and break at length  
 Down these proud Bulwarks with united Strength,  
 And to their Ships the routed Grecians beat:  
 Yet We perhaps too swiftly may retreat;  
 And many of Us falling short, be slain,  
 So well they may their Fleet and Camp maintain;  
 So would a skilfull Auger judging say,  
 That this portends, and th' Army should obey.

Then

Then frowning on Him, Hector thus reply'd;  
<sup>(h)</sup> Polydamas, I am not satisf'd,  
 Nor pleas'd at all with your pretended Skill;  
 You may advise Us better if you will:  
 But if this as your Judgment you impart,  
 I am perswaded Thou distracted art:  
 To say that I should Joves Command neglect,  
 Whose Grant I have our Army to protect;  
 Must I mark Birds when they their Wings expand?  
 Leave sure Designs upon their Countermand?  
 Let Them for Me to <sup>(i)</sup> right or left Hand fly,  
 Where the Sun riseth, or forsakes the Sky;  
 Joves Pleasure We should do without delay,  
 Whom Mortalls and Immortall Gods obey:  
 Tis a good <sup>(k)</sup> signe We for our Country fight.  
 Why should these Omens Thee so much affright;  
 For in this bold Adventure should We there  
 Perish each Man, Thou hast no cause to feare:  
 Thou art not valiant, Thou no Fighter art:  
 Yet if thou dar'st this Enterprize desert,  
 Or dissuade Others, look not to survive,  
 For this my Speare shall Thee of Life deprive.

This sayd, He leads, with shouts all following march,  
 And horrid Clamors rend Heavens Chrystal Arch;  
 Then Jove from Ide raising a suddain Gust,  
 Drove on the Navy a thick Cloud of Dust;  
 Which the defensive Party much dismay'd,  
 As much did Hector and the Trojans ayde.  
 Cheer'd with this Signe, they on like Furies fall,  
 Storming at once in many parts the Wall:  
 They seize the Battlements, at Turrets reach,  
 And teare down jetting Props, to make a Breach,  
 Layd by the Grecians to sustain those Towers, (yours;  
 Whilst their whole Works their swallowing Hope de-

R r

Nor

(g) Macrobius comparing this passage of our Poet with the like in Virgil, prefers this much before the other, Virgil, taking notice of the Prey only and Quarry of the Eagle, &c. but passing over without any the least mention, that which was the life and soul of the relation, its Omens or Augury, whence Homers Verses here being full of vigour, life, and spirit, he resembles Virgil to a dead Corps, or caput mortuum. *Hic pretermittit (quod sinistra veniens vincens prohibebat accessum, & accepto a captivo serpente morsu, pradam dolere desinit, facitque virpidum, scilicet clamore dolorem resstante pretervolat) quæ animam parabola dabant, velut exanimæ in latinis versibus corpus remanet.* So he lib. 5. cap. 14.

(h) The Augers of old prognosticated future events from Fowls or Birds three waies; first from their manner of flight or wing, and place of their perching; these Birds, as also the place where they light or rested, were called *Prophetae*, to which were opposed those they called *Isurae*, whence we may conjecture that the lucky Birds were such as Homer there calls *νικηφόρους*, such as having an expanded and able wing made the strongest and highest flight. The second way was by their Note or Cry, and those Birds they stiled *Osicini*. The last from their meat when they fed them, they observing how it fell, and whether it bounded, and this term'd *Isissimum virpidium, a solo*, from the ground. See *A. Gell. lib. 6. cap. 6.*

(i) Naturalists tell us, that there is a naturall antipathy between the Eagle & Dragon, each seeking to destroy the others Egg, and therefore the Eagle encounters him where ever met, but the Serpent so winds about him, and pinions his wings, that many times they come both to ground together. Of the gratitude of an Eagle freed from such fatal embraces, see *Ælian Hist. Animal. lib. 17. cap. 36.*

(j) Hercules having plundered Priam, assuming the Government, sent to consult the Oracle about the present state of affairs: They that went brought not only the Response of the God, but his Priest also *Pantheus*, who wedding *Pronoe*, the Daughter of *Clytus*, had by her *Polydamas*, whence he taught the Art of Augury. It is affirmed that Hector and he were born the same night. *Scholi.*

(k) *Δίχα τὸ ἀνατολὸν ὁ ἄστερ ὅς ἐστι Διώνη.* The East in Southflying or Augury was accounted the right side of Heaven, the West, the left. *Did.* But the *Hæstorian* Augurs (and so also Poets) give the right hand to the North, and to the South the left.

(l) That little credit is to be given to this kind of Divination, appears from that Story of *Mosolam* the Jew, related by *Josephus, lib. 1. cont. Appianum*, a Southfayer commanding the Souldiers to make a halt till he consulted a Bird that perch'd close by, concerning the success of their expedition, taking his Bow and Arrows privily with him, kills the Bird before the Diviner could perfect his observation; whereas, he with some others being highly offended, he tells them they were mad men to enquire of that Bird the event of their affairs, which was altogether ignorant of what so nearly concerned her self, her own so imminent perill, and who would never have come certainly to that place to be killed by him, had she had any perception at all, or the least provision.

Nor shrunk the *Grecians* but withstood the Foe,  
And from their Bulwarks wounded Them below;  
When both the *Ajaxes* Themselves bestir'd,  
And on the Turret, up their Soldiers cheer'd;  
This, with faire Words, That, on with rougher set:  
When They saw any from the Fight retreat:

You, sayd They, who in *Mars* his School were nurst,  
Who e're is best among You, or who worst;  
Though all in Armes are not improv'd alike,  
Yet all have Hands to shoot, to throw, and strike:  
This well You understand, there's no Retreat,

No Hope to be expected at the Fleet,  
When at your Heels the threatening Foe you heare:  
Therefore stand to't, and one another cheer;  
Perhaps great *Jove* may Us like Favour show,  
And We to *Ilium* drive th' insulting Foe.

Thus heightened by these Heroes, with a Shout  
Afresh they charg'd, resolv'd to fight it out.

As thick as flakes of Snow in Winter fall,  
When *Jove* sets open his vast Arcenall,  
And from the middle Region of the Skie,  
Dischargeth all his cold Artillery;  
The bluftring Brethren sleep, untill He hides  
Mountains high Foreheads, and their Rocky sides;  
Covering with fleecy Sheets the fertile Plain;  
Harbours and Shores wax white, but th' ample Main  
Swells still in Purple, though the God his Power  
Shews in a sharp unintermitted Shower:

So thick the *Greeks* down Stones and Javelins cast,  
Which from the *Trojans* upward Rain'd as fast,  
Shoutes scale the Skies; yet *Hector* and his Mates  
Had not prevail'd, and broken down the Gates,  
Had not great *Jove* his Son *Sarpedon* sent  
Against the *Greeks*, who like a Lion went;

Before

Before He held his Sheild which th' Artift Gilt,  
And strongly lin'd with a tough Bull-skin Quilt:  
From whose Circumference to the Center, large  
Circles of Gold did splendent Beames discharge:  
Arm'd with this Sheild, He feircely did advance,  
And brandish'd in either Hand a Launce.

Like a huge Lion who the Mountain haunts,  
Famish'd for Food, perswaded by his Wants,  
(Although the Forest King) descends to Theive,  
And 'mongst the bleating Flocks Himself releive;  
When to receive Him stands a ready Guard  
Of Dogs and Swains, with Pikes and Prongs prepar'd;  
Yet He all Danger slighting takes his Chance,  
Eeither a Prey, or Death upon a Launce:

So fearless rushing on, *Sarpedon* rag'd,  
But first Illustrious *Glaucus* thus engag'd;

Why, my dear *Glaucus*, are We so renown'd:  
At Feasts sit highest, our large Goblets <sup>(7)</sup> crown'd;  
In Wealthy *Lycia* like their Gods ador'd,  
On *Xanthus* Banks Our vast Possessions stor'd  
With spreading Vines, or cloath'd with golden Grain;  
But that in Feild We valiantly sustain,  
Fighting in Front the Fury of the Day:  
Where 'mongst the well-arm'd *Lycians* some may say;  
Our Princes no unworthy Leaders are;  
They drink delicious Wines, and highly Fare,  
But yet Themselves upon all Dangers throw,  
And still in Battell worst the daring Foe.

Could We, dear Friend, this War declining, have  
From Age a Dispensation and the Grave;  
I would not first adventure in the Fight,  
Nor Thee to this bold Enterprize invite;  
But since We are so many waies beset,  
By Our approaching Fates, whom never yet

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Any

(a) He was the Son of *Jupiter* by *Europa*, or so our Poet of *Lacedaemon*, the Daughter of *Belus* says; *Jupiter* prolonged his life to three Ages. *Apollodorus*. *Bib. lib. 3*. But he was not so much engag'd to his Father for his lease of three lives, but he is more to *Homer*, for transmitting his memory to all Ages, and that by his Verse. And to this happily *Pindar* relates in that his *Entemnimus* of Poetry, *Pyth. Ode 3*.

*Nestor* & *Antenor*  
*Sarpedon* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*  
*Antenor* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*  
*Antenor* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*  
*Antenor* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*  
*Antenor* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*  
*Antenor* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*  
*Antenor* & *Antenor* & *Antenor*

Then mayst observe how *Nestor's* name,  
And *Lycian Sarpedon's* fame,  
Are mix'd from Age to Age remais,  
Preserv'd in our compos'd Verse,  
Such as *Antenor* & *Poet* write, whose later,  
To Virtue add immortal praise:  
Few to the Heroes Actions give,  
Such life as make them ever live.

(7) Those that served at Table at greater Entertainments filled still the nobler Guests Brimmers: now that the *Lycians* were *Antenor's*, would take off their Cups, appears from the numerous and various formes of them which bore their name *Antenor's* *Antenor's*, and *Antenor's* *Antenor's*, for that any Cups took their name from their Inventor, or the *Antenor*: this *Antenor* denies, affirming that they were all denominated from some City or Country. *Enst*.





His brawny Armes then up *Sarpedon* stretch'd,  
And with a Leap the oppos'd Bulwark catch'd,  
Which pulling down the Walls denuded were,  
Opening a Passage like a Thorough-faire;  
But *Ajax* and bold *Tenue* ply'd Him hot.

An Arrow this through his rich Baldrick shot:  
But *Jove* preserv'd his Son, nor would admit  
Fate should Arrest Him ere They seiz'd the Fleet;  
And *Ajax* with his Javelin peirc'd his Shield,  
That He gave back, but did not leave the Feild;  
Nor could You call his lost Ground a Retreat,  
Because his Hopes to purchase Fame were great;

Who to his *Lycians* sayd; Why shrink You back,  
And thus your Force in heat of Battell slack?  
'Twere hard for Me, though ne're so Strong and Stout,  
To force my Way, and these alone to Rout;  
But now stick close, this is no Work for One,  
With many Hands it will be better done;  
The *Lycians* not their Princes Threatnings slight,  
But fresh they thronging round about Him fight:  
Nor did disparing *Greeks* their Bulwarks leave,  
But their feirce Charge as furiously receive;  
Yet could the *Lycians* not with all their Power  
Gain further Passage through the ruin'd Tower;  
Nor could the *Grecians* drive the *Lycians* back,  
Who still maintain'd the Ground they first did take.

But as two Farmers will to neither yeild,  
Measuring the Bounds, which part a common Feild;  
For small Shares striving of a little Land:  
So Breast to Breast they in the Passage stand;  
The Bull-skin Buckler and light Target founds,  
Their Bodies Carbonadoed with Wounds;  
Mix'd in commutual Gore both Parties stood,  
Sprinkling the Walls and Battlements with Blood.

But

But so the *Greeks* would not throw up their Game,  
And turn by Flight their Honour into Shame.

Like <sup>(a)</sup> a poor Spinster who Her Living gains,  
Day and Night working with unweary'd Pains,  
Her Children to provide <sup>(b)</sup> a little Bread;  
With one Hand Yarne, with th' other puts the Lead  
Into the Scales, then lifts the Beam, to peise  
Her Work and Waight in equall Ballances.

So stood the Fight, None could the better vaunt,  
Till *Jove* that Honour did to *Hector* grant,  
That He should first surmount the *Grecian* Walls,  
Where thus He to his bold Asistants calls;

Come, follow on; We shall no more retire,  
Till broken through, their painted Ships We fire.  
These words th' Eares winding Lab'rinth Passage  
And Them at once encourag'd, and inform'd; (stomd,  
Who all at once obeying his Commands,  
Leapt on the Towers, strong Javelins in their Hands:  
But *Hector* first took up a ponderous Stone  
Lay at the Gates, all pointed, such a One,

<sup>(c)</sup> That two imploying their whole Strength and Art,  
Could hardly lifting lay upon a Cart,  
Such as weak Nature brings forth now a daies,  
Which He with much Dexterity did raise,  
And twirl about, as if a limber Wand;  
But *Jove* had in this Miracle a Hand.

As a Ram's silver Fleece some Shepherd lifts,  
And sporting from one Hand to th' other shifts:  
So to the Gates, this Stone bold *Hector* brought,  
Whose Leaves with double Barrs were strongly  
So many Iron Bolts the Work did knit, (wrought,  
And one huge Key their severall Locks did fit;  
Drawn within distance, there the Heroe stands,  
Fixing his Feet to re-enforce his Hands;

And

(a) With how equal valour on either side this Pass was disputed, *Homer* illustrates by this rich Simile of a poor Spinster, where he puts not the Beam or Ballance into any wealthy womans hand, or into a Servants; either of which might not have been so exact, its probable, in the waight, but added rather to it, the one out of bounty, the other for want of care, but into her hand who was first *Zeus*, just, then *Zeus*, who got her livelyhood by her labour, and lastly who had Children and so a charge, who as just would not, as poor could not here transgreffe, least she and hers might suffer for it. *Eustathius* conceives *Homer* relates here to his own Mother *Cretia*, who *Zeus* living by her labour, took in Work (as *Herodotus* tells us, in *Homer's* life) sometime of one, sometime of another: She was imployed in this kind by *Phemius* of *Smyrna*, who at length importun'd her to marry him.

(b) *Gr. ἀνὰ μισθόν*, which the *School* interprets by *turnum* & *mercedem*, a poor and pious reward. They that think *Homer* here intended his Mother, tell us, that as he commended her for her justness, so he again condemned her for her being mercenary, *ὅς τ' ἀνὰ μισθόν* *ἐργάζετο*, as though to do ought for reward or Wages, were illiberat and ffordid, and *μισθόν* were no other then *μισθὸν* *μισθόν*, an unworthy letting a mans self out for hire. Hence the *Admirers* to take off some of the odium of the thing, and sweeten it a little, *ἐργάζετο* *τὸν* *μισθόν* *ἐκ* *δουλοῦ*, changing by an *Euphemism* *Wages* into admiration, instead of *μισθόν* *μισθόν*, of paying a Salary, used *τὸν* *δουλοῦ* to admire, insinuating in that of the *Comedian*, *ἐστὶν* *δὲ* *μισθολογία* *τὸ* *διδασκαλεῖν*; and this they collect from the harsh Epithite here, *μισθόν*, which denotes properly ought that is undescent.

(c) *Homer* makes his Heroes in bulk, stature and strength, far exceed those of his own time, or any that lived after them. *Herodotus* in his first Muse tells us that *Orestes's* body being taken up was found to be seven Cubits, that is twelve foot and a quarter long, whereas *Paros* fixeth seven foot as the ultimate term of humane growth in respect of height. *Vossius* *prolixioraque corpora hominum antiquorum*, at nunc quæ jam mundo insenscente, verius atq; hominum decremata sunt, the dimensions of mens bodies being much every way greater in ancient times, whereas the World being now in its decline, men and all things else decrease with it, *A. Gell. lib. 3. cap. 10.*

And in the midst th' opposing Portall hits,  
The violent blow the loos'd Hinges splits;  
The Stone broke through, did from the Earth rebound  
Though ponderous, and the shatter'd Gates resound;  
The Bars were broken, all the Plankers rip'd;  
In like a Spirit valiant *Hector* leap'd:  
His Brow more dreadfull then a stormy Night,  
His splendent Armes cast a prodigious light;  
Shaking two Speares, no Mortall could have stood  
Him in his fierce Advance, without a God;  
When to call in his following Troops He turn'd,  
His rowling Eyes kindled with Fury burn'd.  
They all obey, the Bulwark these ascend,  
Others their course through broken Portalls bend:  
The routed *Grecians* to their Navy fly,  
The *Trojans* following, Shouts ascend the Sky.

HOMERS

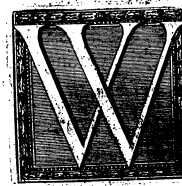


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Neptune like Calchas th' Ajaxes first cheers:  
To many prime Commanders next appears.  
Hector their Camp, through Works deserted, fills.  
Idomeneus stout Othronius kills.  
The rallied Grecians roughly entertain  
The enter'd Foe: on both sides many slain.



When Jove had brought the  
Trojans to the Fleet,  
Where they did rougher  
Entertainment meet;  
He turning thence his plen-  
did Eyes explores,  
Renowned for Chivalry, the

(c) Thracian Shores;

And (d) Mysians who in drawn up Squadrons fight,  
And Hippomolgs that so in Milk delight,  
A (e) long-liv'd Race for (f) Justice most extold;  
Nor longer Trojan Bulwarks did behold;  
S f Presuming

(c) The Samians of Ionia received an Oracle the 209. year after the building of Troy, to remove into Thrace in the Trojan Territories; which doing, it was thence called *Samostracia*, or as others, from *Samo*, which denotes height, from its high situation. It was formerly called *Chalce*, (so *Strabo*.)  
(d) A Nation of Asia near the Hellespont, bordering upon Thrace.

(e) Their only sustenance (they abstaining wholly from all other living Creatures) was Honey, Mares milk, and Cheese. So the *Pythagoreans* Dyet was Honey and Bread.

(f) *Gr. Aps*, so called (by some) *Apudissus*, because they lived not in Houses but Carts and Wains. *Strabo* saith they were so called for that they lived without Women. None invaded their Territories as containing nothing desirable, in which respect also they were *Acop* as suffering no violence. Others will have them so called *q. Myas* *q. Aps*, as living by their Bow. Those that came after, *Homer* conceive them so styl'd, either because of their long life, occasioned by their thin and spare dyet, or from their great strength *q. maulissu*. They were esteemed the justest of men, as having all things common, besides the Weapons they wore, and Cups they drunk in, and eating only what the Earth brought of her own accord, without culture or tillage. Covetousness alone being the root and source of rapine and injustice. *Esop*.

Johanna Lenny de  
Ebor. Arm. Tabulam  
Leston in Comitatu  
hanc. L M D D D.  
I O.





Whilst such Discourses these bold Heroes had,  
 Of their inspired Strength and Courage glad;  
 With a fresh Spirit *Neptune* others stir'd,  
 Whom he found resting with hard Duties ty'd:  
 Greiv'd to behold, the Foe broke in, they stood,  
 And could not stop that inundating Flood;  
 Teares from their Eyes in briny Rivers run,  
 Not seeing how their Ruine They might shun:  
 But *Neptune* 'mongst the wofull Bands resorts,  
 First *Tencor*, *Leitus*, then *Peneleus* courts,  
*Meriones*, *Thoas*, *Deiper* did perswade,  
 With stout *Antilochus*; and thus He sayd:  
 Blush You not, Sirs! ne're yet did I suspect,  
 But that your Valour would our Fleet Protect;  
 Which if You now desert, this Day We shall  
 By the insulting *Trojans* perish All:  
 What may be styl'd a Miracle We see!  
 And which I deem'd impossible to be:  
 The Foe is at our Heels, the *Trojans* here,  
 Who us'd to run like Herds of flying Deer,  
 Which Lynxes, Leopards, & stern Wolves are wont  
 Through Groves and Desarts as their Prey to hunt:  
 So these such dreadful Conquerors ne're durst,  
 Stand the least Shock of Warlike *Greeks* at first;  
 Who now assault our Fleet, encourag'd both,  
 By a <sup>(\*)</sup> Kings Folly, and his Souldiers sloth:  
 Who Factionous not the Navy will maintain,  
 No Quarter shall, when We are slaughter'd, gain.  
 If *Agamemnon* guilty be, who hath  
 By Contumely stir'd *Pelides* Wrath;  
 We by no means our Duty should neglect,  
 But our gross Errour cheerfully correct;  
 Ingenious Souls most corrigible are:  
 But You, the prime Commanders in this War

Forget

Forget your Selves: Cowards I would not blame  
 To shrink, but I with You offended am;  
 Since Negligence of Cowardize takes place,  
 And is by far more mischeivous and base:  
 Let every one Himself first reprehend,  
 Great are the dangers which on Us attend:  
 For *Hector* through the Breach and broken Gates,  
 Comes pouring on with his insulting Mates,  
 Encourag'd thus, and strengthend by the God,  
 With th' *Ajaxes* two bold Brigadoes stood;  
*Pallas* nor *Mars* 'gainst these could find no Piques,  
 All were such expert, strong, and valiant *Greeks*;  
 Firmly they stand expecting *Hectors* Charge,  
 Spears guarding Spears, & Targe being lin'd with Targe;  
 Shields clash 'gainst Shields, Helms Helms, Backs against Breasts,  
 Casks touch with waving Plumes & glittering Crests:  
 So thick They Files drawn up in Bodies joyned,  
 Brandishing Javelins which like Lightning shine:  
 The *Trojans* first the bloody Fight begun,  
 By *Hector* lead, and furiously fall on.

A hanging Stone so from a Mountains crown,  
 With an impetuous Torrent tumbles down;  
 Which washing Showers above had loosen'd round:  
 It bounding skelps, the circling Groves refound;  
 Whilst headlong hurries the torn Rock, untill  
 It settle at the bottome of the Hill.

Such Opposition did bold *Hector* meet,  
 Cutting his Way through Slaughter to the Fleet,  
 Untill He came where these two Bodies stood,  
 Who with a sharp Dispute their Ground made good,  
 And forc'd Him with their Swords and Javelins back;  
 When thus He, cheering up his Squadrons, spake;  
 Stout *Trojans*, *Lycians*, and bold *Dardans* stay,  
 They shall not long our Victory delay,

Though

(\*) In that feigned Contest betwixt *Homer* and *Hesiod* at the Funerals of *Amphidamas*, which of the two was the Poet *Laureat*, either being willed by *Panades*, who being brother of the deceased *Amphidamas*, was made Umpire also of this learned difference, to repeat some Verses; *Homer* repeating these his Verses, as the best, so he conceived of his Poem, had judgment given against him, and so lost the Prize, contrary to the merit of his cause, and the expectation of the Auditors, and that upon this account merely: That *Hesiod* writ of a peaceable Argument, Tillage, and Husbandry, *Homer's* subject was War and military achieve, ments.

These *Hesiod's* Opera Dies lib. 2.  
 Παιδίδων ἀνταγὰς ἴβωσι δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ἀγὰρ δὲ δώματι, ἄγριος ὃ δῶμα δίδωκεν. &c.  
 Begin to sow when Atlas daughters rise,  
 And plowing end, when they forsake the  
 Sires,  
 who forty nights their radiant heads  
 conceal,  
 And when thou grind'st thy Share, a  
 gain reveal;  
 These Village Rules, all keep dwell near  
 the Main,  
 And who remote from Seas the fertile  
 Plain,  
 And Valleys plant. Sow naked, naked  
 plow,  
 And naked reap too; that the better thou  
 may'st Ceres Works endure, and that thy  
 Field  
 In season may a plentiful Harvest yield,  
 And lest thou by an empty Crop grown  
 Poor  
 Shouldst go a begging to anothers door:

(\*) He hints at *Agamemnon* though wounded.

Though like a brazen Wall this Shock they beare,  
I'll shatter Them with my all-conquering Speare :  
Since Me Heavens King, great Juntos thundring Lord,  
His promised Assistance will afford.

This Speech their Strengths recruits, and cheers their  
And first *Deiphobus* out boldly starts, (Hearts,  
Nimble on foot against the hostile Troops,  
And his Shield raising with his Body stoops;  
At whom *Merviones* a Javelin cast,  
Which lighting on his Target only rac'd  
The Bulls Skin; with strength and skill He threw,  
Yet neer the Point the Speare in Splinters flew:  
*Deiphobus* his high-proof'd Shield held off,  
Fearing the broken peeces of the Staff,  
Then shrunk the *Trojan* Prince into the Reare,  
For his lost Conquest vex'd, and broken Speare :  
And for another went: but on They fought,  
Whilst Shouts & clamors scale Heavens marble Vault.

And first bold *Imbrius* *Teucers* Javelin felt,  
Rich *Mentors* Son who at <sup>(1)</sup> *Pedaus* dwelt,  
Before the *Grecians* had beleagu'd *Troy*,  
And *Priams* naturall Daughter did enjoy  
*Medesicastes*, but when they did come  
With their revengefull Fleet to *Ilium*,  
He took Command, and liv'd in equall Port,  
With *Priams* Sons residing in his Court:  
Him valiant *Teucer* peirc'd beneath the Eare,  
Who backwards fell, when He had drawn his Speare;  
Like a tall <sup>(2)</sup> *Ashe* which on a Prospect stood,  
The Glory of a Mountain cloth'd with Wood;  
Hewn down green Branches ruffle on the Ground:  
Such was his Fall, so did his Armes resound:  
In *Teucer* hastens, *Imbrius* Corps to strip,  
Whilst *Hector* at Him let a Javelin slip,

Which

Which He espy'd, and did by stooping shun:  
But not *Amphimachus* <sup>(3)</sup> *Creatus* Son  
Did so escape, for as He onward prest,  
It quite peirc'd through his Corflet and his Breast;  
Down falls He dead; to finish his bold Task,  
In *Hector* runs to seize his glorious Cask;  
At whom strong *Ajax* struck but did no harm,  
Since high proof'd Brads did all his body arme;  
His bolsie Shield rung with the dreadfull blow:  
So with great Courage he repuls'd the Foe,  
Forcing from both their Bodies to retreat,  
Whom the *Greeks* after vent'ring in did get;  
Bold *Stychius* and *Meneftheus*, who were  
*Athenians*, off *Amphimachus* did beare:  
Then the stout *Ajaxes* no time delay'd,  
But hast to *Imbrius* like two Lions made,  
That they might seize a Goat from greedy Hounds:  
They bear their Purchase high through woody Grounds;  
The Corps so raising from the Earth they strip,  
And off his Head inrag'd *Oilides* whipt,  
And like a Ball, where hottest was the Fight,  
Amongst them threw, which did by *Hector* light.

Then *Neptune* angry for his Nephew slain,  
Cheer'd up the fainting *Grecians* once again:  
And Mischief for the *Trojans* did prepare,  
*Idomineus* famous for his Speare,  
Met Him returning from his Friend, who came  
Late from the Battell wounded in the Hamme;  
Born off by Friends He left Him under <sup>(4)</sup> Cure,  
Nor longer from the Battell could endure:  
To whom the Earths Imbracer thus begun,  
Resembling *Thoas* stout *Andraemons* Son,  
Who <sup>(5)</sup> *Pleuron* rules, and *Calydons* high shore,  
Whom all his People like a God adore.

Where

(3) This *Creatus* was *Amphimachus*, being reputed the Son both of *Athen* and *Neptune*, who hence seems to be revenged on the *Trojans* for the death of *Amphimachus* his Grandchild.

\* *Neptune*.

(4) There being other Physicians in the *Grecian* Camp beside *Maechon* and *Podalirius*, every Nation having their own Chyrurgians which they brought with them to the League.

(5) These were Cities of *Atolia*, so called from *Aetolus* the Son of *Endimion*, whose Son *Pleuron* had issue *Cowrus* and *Calydon*, these denominated the Nation *Corueta*, and its two principal Cities *Pleuron*, and *Calydon*.

(1) *Gr. Σαυαλθα ορμησεν*, by which some understand a kind of *Marsch* dance, or military measures; others expound it of his keeping his body within the Ambit or Orbe of his Shield, it being not of the largest size, or *επισημνος*, such being of that latitude and compass as to cover the whole body. *Spand.*

(2) A City of *Caria*.

(3) This Tree growing seldom in the Vallies (as *Pliny* observes) as delighting in higher Grounds or Mountains, and thriving there best.

Where are *Idomeneus* all our Vaunts,  
And high-flown Threats made in our drunken Rants  
Slighting the *Trojans*? they are layd aside;  
To whom the *Cretan* Generall reply'd:

Blame no Man, *Thoas*, since I know We are  
All hardy, Valiant, and expert in War,  
Nor any here to venture out are loath,  
Stop'd by base Cowardize or drouishe sloath;  
But to our shame great *Jove* is pleas'd, I feare,  
That far from Home We all shall perish here:  
But Thou who hast been formerly renown'd  
For valiant Deeds, now make them stand their Ground;  
The Sluggish chide, and Man by Man perswade  
To save their Honour; thus then *Neptune* sayd;

May ne're that Man return from *Troy*, but there  
May greedy Dogs his Limbs and Vultures teare,  
Who disobedient shall refuse to fight,  
Hoping to save Himself by sordid flight;  
Come, let Us Arme with speed, and let Us two  
Try what our Forces may united do;  
Cowards conjoyn'd do much, but well We know  
How to receive the Fury of the Foe.

This sayd, the God into the Battell went,  
*Idomeneus* to his royall Tent;  
There claps on glittering Armes, and takes two Spears,  
Which shone like lightning 'midst the gloomy Sphears  
By angry *Jove* from steep *Olympus* hurl'd,  
A dreadfull Omen to the guilty World;  
So glitter'd He, marching in Armes compleat,  
And his lov'd Friend *Meriones* first met,  
Going in hast to fetch another Spear:  
To whom He sayd; O Thou to Me most dear,  
Why com'st Thou hither, and hast left the Feild?  
Or art Thou hurt, and so inforc'd to yeild,

Or

With bitter pain and los of Blood grown faint,  
Or Me with some Concernment to acquaint:  
Tents I not fancy, nor in Sloath delight,  
Battells rejoyce Me, and I love to fight:  
I come to borrow (if Thou hast perchance  
In thy Pavilion left) another Lance,  
When thus to Him *Meriones* reply'd;

O Thou in whom the *Cretan* Troops confide!  
But now my Javelin, made of knotted Oke,  
I on *Deiphobus* his Target broke.

Then He reply'd, If Thou wouldst have a Speare,  
Against the Walls stand one and twenty, there  
Shining in order, from the Bodies ta'ne  
Of valiant *Trojans*, by my own Hands slaine;  
For I my Javelin us'd not so to throw,  
Nor with such slights to strike the distant Foe:  
Therefore the Trophie of my Valour yeilds  
Not only Spears, but Breastplates, Helms, and Shields.

*Meriones* then; My Ship affords Me store  
Of *Trojan* Spoys, and my Pavilion more;  
But these too distant are so soon to get,  
I far have ventur'd and am valiant yet,

And still in Front, where braver Men are nurst,  
I most delight, and love to charge the first;  
And though my Deeds to others are unknown,  
Yet well canst Thou attest what I have done:

Then He reply'd; Thy Prowess, Friend, I know,  
That what Thou sayst Thou able art to do.  
Should for an Ambush We choyce Men designe,  
(For there true Vertue will more cleerly shine)  
The Valiant then, and those whose Spirits faile  
Plainly appear, the Cowards Cheeks grow pale;  
Feare shakes him from his Covert, up he gets,  
And stooping mounted on his Tiptoes sits,

T t

His

(a) Naturalists observe that the Lion devouring all his Prey, Dogs having glutted themselves make sport with the remainder by tumbling it up & down. Schol.





(b) *Popiter and Neptune.*

In dreadfull Medley mix'd: Who could be glad?  
But rather at such horrid Objects sad:

Thus <sup>(b)</sup> *Saturns* valiant Sons discording rag'd,  
And Gods and Heroes in dire Wars engag'd;  
On *Hector Jove* would Victory bestow,  
Honouring *Achilles*, and would Favour show  
To *Thetis*, yet not totally destroy  
The *Grecian Army* at the Walls of *Troy*:  
And from Sea *Neptune* rising in a Mist,  
Did covertly the worsted *Greeks* aslist,  
Against his thundring Brother spur'd with Ire:  
Though both were of one Lineage, had one Sire;  
Yet *Jove* was eldest, and more Prescience had,  
Whence *Neptune* durst not Them in publick ayde,  
But did their Rage in humane shape excite.

Now equal stood the countepoised Fight;  
A Chain inviolable o're they threw,  
Which bound the Battell up, and many slew.  
*Idomeneus* first, though almost gray,  
Leap'd in, and chang'd the fortune of the Day,  
Killing *Othryoneus* who lately came

From <sup>(c)</sup> *Cabesus* by Wars inviting Fame:  
He <sup>(k)</sup> faire *Cassandra* offer'd without Dower  
To wed, and promis'd with a mighty Power,  
Spight of their worst, to drive the *Greeks* from thence:  
That She should be his Bride, the King consents.  
He for his Princess bravely did advance,  
At whom *Idomeneus* couch'd his Lance,  
And in his proud Career did Him assayle,  
Nor did his high-proof'd Breast-plate ought avail;  
Run through the belly, down the Heroe falls,  
T'whom thus aloud the insulting Victor calls,

*Othryoneus* Thee, who dost so much transcend  
All Mortalls else, I highly must commend,

Hadst

Hadst Thou done what thou promis'dst to do,  
And *Priam* promis'd Thee his Daughter too.  
Let Us upon the same Conditions joyned,  
And *Agamemnons* Daughter shall be Thine;  
Whom Thou at *Argos* marrying shalt enjoy,  
If Thou wilt Us aslist to ruine *Troy*;  
But come along where further Wee'l advise,  
The *Grecians* will not prove thy worst Allies.  
This sayd; off by the foot the Corps he drew:  
Revengeing *Asius* after did pursue,  
Whose Steeds came puffing at his back, so neer  
Their Master, driven by his Charioteer,  
To kill *Idomeneus*, but his Lot  
He from the *Cretan* just before Him got,  
Run through the Throat, down sinks he with the stroke:

Like a tall <sup>(l)</sup> *Poplar*, <sup>(m)</sup> *Pine*, or stately *Oke*,  
Which long had flourish'd on a Mountains crown,  
By Shipwrights cut for Navall Timber down:  
So He before his Steeds lay in a Swound,  
Biting in Deaths Convulsions the Ground.

When Him thus false his Charioteer espy'd,  
At his mishap extreamly terrify'd,  
He could not shun, yet durst not entertain  
The Foe, nor back his head-strong Horses rain,  
Whom with a Spear *Antilochus* assail'd,  
Although of Steel, his Breast-plate not avail'd,  
The Point a passage through his Bowells found;  
He from his Chariot tumbled on the Ground,  
Whilst *Nestors* Son his beauteous Steeds did get,  
And from the *Trojans* drove them to their Fleet.

*Deiphobus* pursuing in his Rear,  
To revenge *Asius*, at Him cast a Spear,  
Who saw when He his Javelin did discharge,  
And shrunk his Body close within his Target:

Which

(l) *Hercules* going to *Tartarus* to fetch thence *Cerberus*, espying there a *Poplar*, and being much taken with it, girt his Temples with a Coronet made of its Boughs, and so adorned ascend: It bears not, and is thence consecrate to *Pluto*, whence *Proserpine* Meadow is said to be planted with these, *Irmas* & *abyssus*.

(m) The first Vessells were made of Pine.

(c) Some make *Cabesus* to be in *Lydia*, and this *Othryoneus* *Sarpedons* Brother. *Enst.*

(k) *Gr. δὲ δῶκεν, the fairest*, which some of the Ancients interpret, *δῶκεν ἔσθ' ὡς ἄσπερον*, understanding by it the gift of Prophecie, which was given *Cassandra* by *Apollo*, but together with another, for falsifying her promise, never to be believed; as if *δῶκεν* here were no other then *δωκεν*, from which acception of the word that so famous Southsayer *Polydes* took also that his name, *Enst.*





And from the valiant Heroe flew in vain,  
*Oenomaus* though was by the *Cretan* slain;  
 Who through his Armes Him in the Belly thrust,  
 Dying He falls, and grasps the bloody Dust.  
 Back then He plucks his Spear, but could not get  
 His Armes, so thick They threw, nor yet retreat;  
 Nor could He, now grown ancient, nimbly run  
 In for his Javelin cast, nor Javelins shun,  
 But standing to it firmly, kept off Fate,  
 Nor thence could fly, unless He fled in State.

*Deiphobus* who deadly <sup>(1)</sup> Hatred bare

*Idomeneus*, cast at Him a Spear,  
 But missing, it *Ascalaphus*, the Son  
 Of mighty *Mars*, did through the Shoulder run;  
 The Heroe falling, his bright Armes resound,  
 Whose Elbows took possession of the Ground.

But *Mars* heard nothing of his Off-springs Fate,  
 He on the Spire of steep *Olympus* late,  
 'Mongst golden Clouds, where other Gods did sit,  
 For *Jove* Him to engage would not permit.  
 Whilst 'bout *Ascalaphus* the Fight grew hot,  
*Deiphobus* his curious Helmet got:  
 In leaps *Meriones* like the God of War,  
 And ran quite through the *Trojans* Arme his Spear;  
 From his numb'd Fingers falls the glittering Cask  
 Upon the Ground, then finishing his Task,  
 Like a fierce Vulture in He flies, and warm  
 Pluck'd out the Javelin from his wounded Arme,  
 Retiring straight: *Polytes* 'bout the Waft  
 His youngest Brother strickly then embrac'd,  
 And brought Him off from Danger to the Rear,  
 Where stood his Chariot, Steeds, and Charioteer;  
 Which to the Town his Hand distain'd with Gore,  
 Him much lamenting and tormented bore:

U u

Whilst

(1) As his Corrivall, *Idomeneus* also being a Servant of *Helen*.



Whilst They fight on, and Clamour scales the Skies,  
Against *Aphareus Caletorides*,  
*Aeneas* ran, and with his Javelin smote,  
As He wheel'd round to meet Him, in the Throat;  
His Head hying down, down drops his Helm & Shield,  
And Death his Eyes in lasting Darkness seeld:  
*Antilochus Thoas* as He wheel'd about,  
Hit on the Back, and let his best Blood out;  
Cutting <sup>(a)</sup> a Vein, which ran up to his Neck:  
Lying upright in Dust, He could not speak,  
But to his Dearest Friends his Hands extends.  
*Antilochus* off from his Shoulders rends  
His curious *Armes*, the *Trojans* Him surround;  
Huge Blows upon his ample Shield refound.  
But *Neptune* still preserv'd old *Neptor's* Son  
From Swords, from shafts, from deadly Javelins thrown:  
He ne're gave Ground, nor shrunk into the Rear,  
But alwaies fought and brandish'd his Spear,  
His time observing when his Lance to throw,  
Or Hand to Hand assault some daring Foe.  
Whom *Adamas* observing, as He wheel'd,  
Tilting in full Career, struck on his Shield:  
*Neptune* his Point rebating, in that Strife  
Would not *Antilochus* should lose his Life:  
Like a burnt Stake, half stuck upon his Shield,  
The other half lay broken in the Feild;  
Who Death avoiding towards the *Trojans* flew,  
Whom with his Spear *Meriones* ran through  
<sup>(a)</sup> Betwixt his Navell and his Privy parts,  
Where most a Wound receiv'd in Battell smarts:  
There stuck the Point, the Heroe in a Trance  
Shook with Deaths Agony th' infixed Lance.  
As when an Oxe strong Shepherds from a Hill,  
With Cordage ty'd, hale down against his Will;

(a) The *Vena cava*, which arising from the right side of the *Spina dors*, near the Liver, passeth thorough the Diaphragme to the Heart; and from thence to the Neck. See *Arist. Hist. Animal. lib. 1. cap. 3.*

(a) Πτερόν, or *Scapularis*, or as *Suidas* calls it *θυρόν*, a part full of Nerves, and so impatient of pain.

So

So shook the *Trojan* till the *Greek* drew neer,  
And gave Him ease by drawing out his Spear,  
Closing his Eyes in Nights eternall Shade.  
But *Helenus* with a <sup>(a)</sup> broad *Thracian* Blade,  
Peirc'd *Deirys* Forehead through his Cask of Steel,  
Down on the Ground the struck-of Helmet fell,  
Which snatch up prov'd a greedy Souldiers Prize,  
Whilst Deaths cold Fingers clos'd his dying Eyes.  
But *Menelaus* raging did advance,  
Threatning the Heroe with his brandish'd Lance;  
Who ready had his Bow, so up They drew,  
And both at once discharg'd, This shot, That threw;  
The winged Shaft on his strong Breastplate founds,  
Steel striking Steel, and over-match'd rebounds:  
As leap on threshing Floors (when Winnowers cleanse  
With fanning Breezes) Pease, or husky <sup>(b)</sup> Beans.  
So from the *Spartans* *Armes* the Shaft did glance,  
Whom *Menelaus* wounded with his Lance;  
Quite through both Hand and Bow the Javelin pass'd,  
Which made hard Ewe 'mongst tender Fibers fast;  
He to his Friends retreats surpriz'd with Fear,  
And trails along, fixt in his Hand, the Spear:  
*Agenor* drew the Javelin, and the Wound  
Up in a <sup>(c)</sup> Lambs-skin Rowler neatly bound;  
Which his Attendant had: *Pisander* straight,  
Spur'd by Approaches of untimely Fate,  
Up 'gainst the *Spartan* boldly drew, that He,  
O *Menelaus*! so might fall by Thee.  
Soon as these Chiefs within just distance were,  
*Atrides* throwing mist, *Pisanders* Spear  
Broke on his Shield, and no Impression made,  
Yet He with hop'd-for Victory was glad:  
But stern *Atrides* his sharp Faulchion drew,  
And at Him like a Winged Tempest flew:

(a) Of all the Barbarous Nations that came to assist *Troy*, the *Thracians* only us'd broad Swords.

(b) *Enstathius* observes here, That it was not lawful for Priests to eat Beans, because of the black specks in them, they accounting it all one as to eat the brains of their Parents.

*Δαδω, μηδ' ἄνθος, καὶ ὅσα καὶ ἄλλα ἐσθλὰ.*  
*Τέταται καὶ ὁμοίως τὸ φαγεῖν, ὡς φαγεῖν τὸν πατέρα.*

Touch not a Bean, you must prophane,  
At good you eat your Parents brain.

Others say, these being their chief Food or Bread under *Saturnus*, or in the golden Age of the World, their use was prohibited by *Jupiter*, to extinguish to the memory of his Father. *Aristotle* saith, *Pythagoras* interdicted the eating of Beanes, ἐν αἷματι γὰρ αὐτὰς ὡς ἐν νεκρῶν βύσσοντες, because they resembled the Gates of Hell, & are Enemies to Generation (so some would have it, whereas they conduce rather, being of a stultuous nature) or for that they are inflexible, and so resemble *Pluto*, whom the Poets make inexorable. *Lactantius* saith, that being purified by the *degeneration*, *Pythagoras* chose rather to dye then to set his foot in a Field of Beans; of which that Author thus:

*Αἰεὶ, Πυθαγόρης ἐν τέλει καὶ αὐτὸς ἐσθλὸς  
καὶ δὲν φαεινὸς ἀμάρτυς ἦν τῆς ψυχῆς.  
Χορὴν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν, ὅτι καὶ τὸν βύσσοντες,  
ὅτι ἡ ἀφαιρέσις αὐτῶν τὸν νεκρὸν.*

Why did *Pythagoras* honour Beanes so much?  
He wish his Scholars rather then to touch  
A stalk or trample down one tender  
Cud,  
Refus'd to dye and perish in the Road.

(c) The *Scholiast* observes, that anciently they quilted the ends of their Slings (καὶ ὤμα) with Wool, that so they might be the easier and stretch the more. Others add, that Servants only used them in War, as here *Agenor* is.

Uu 2

Who

Who takes his Pole-Axe from beneath his Shield,  
The Haft smooth Olive, and the Head well steel'd.

So on each other furiously they set,  
This from his Crest his waving Plumage beat;  
That on the Brow hit Him a blow so just,  
His Eyes drop out and rowl in bloody Dust,  
Close at his Foot; He sincks in Deaths Arrest,  
Whilst stern *Arides* trod upon his Breast,  
And stripping proudly said; So shall You quit,  
Insolent *Trojans*, at the last our Fleet,  
You who be never satisfied with War;  
(You of such Qualities not scant'd are)  
Who injur'd Me, and Wrong return'd for Love,  
Nor fear'd the Wrath of Hospitable *Jove*:  
He will on You his Indignation powre,  
Who stole my Wife, and Her so <sup>(a)</sup> Wealthy Dower,  
Without Pretence, and her in *Troy* detain,  
Who You so Courteously did entertain:  
And now once more maliciously Conspire  
Our Cheifs to murther, and our Fleet to fire.  
*Jove*! Thou who dost in Wildome far out-shine  
All Men and Gods, are not their Actions Thine:  
For now Thou grant'st this Impious Nation Aide,  
Who Blood-shed love, and make of War a Trade.  
(b) Enough of Sleep, enough of Loves Delights,  
Singing and (c) Dancing cloy our Appetites;  
But those who love the Sports of cruell War,  
Ne're have enough, and such these *Trojans* are.  
This said, from Him his bloody Armes he strips,  
And sends them by his Servants to the Ships:  
Then went He back into the Battel, where  
*Harpalion* charg'd Him, King *Pylamenes* Heire,  
Who under his dear Father bore Command,  
And now no more must see his Native Land:

The

(a) Helen being forced away as she was going to Sacrifice, all her richest Vessels being borne before her.

(b) So *Pindar*.  
καὶ πόλε, ἢ τὸ εὖ πολεῖν ἀποκρίνηται.

Henry is self will glut,  
And Venus pleasant fruit.

(c) The more commendable kind of dancing (intended here by *Homer*) was invented by *Minerva*, or as others, by the *Discouri*, *Castor* and *Pollux*: the more scurrilous and Theatrical, i. the Comick and Scenickall, by *Pan* or *Bacchus*, *Phrynichus* the Tragick Poet, gave such as invented a new way or Scheme of dancing *Triclinium*, which occasioned that Abuse, *Cyclus* is, *multiflorus*, albeit others deduce it from *Pythagoras*, who to encourage his duller Schollars gave them so much for every Mathematicall Figure they were able to demonstrate, purchasing for their industry and diligence. *Euseb.* *Salus* commend dancing as much conducing to health. Of the severall kinds of it among the Ancients; see *Jul. Scal. Poet. lib. 1. cap. 18.*

The Spear did hit his Shield, but could not pass  
Through all those foldings plated o're with Brass;  
But looking round about he did retreat,  
Fearing a sharper Javelin Him might hit:  
At whom *Meriones* shot, the barbed point  
On his right Side peirc'd the Scyatick Joynt;  
Quite through his Bladders Neck the Arrow pass,  
He in his Friends Embraces breath'd his last,  
And like a Worm lay stretch'd upon the Ground,  
A Purple River gushing from the Wound:  
Whose Corps the wofull *Paphlagonians* laid  
In his own Chariot, and to *Troy* convey'd;  
With Them <sup>(d)</sup> his Father went, and made great Moan,  
Not staying to revenge his slaughter'd Son;

When *Paris* saw Him weltring in his Gore,  
Who Him with many *Paphlagonians* more,  
Had treated oft, enrag'd a Shaft He drew,  
And rich *Helvidius* Son, *Euchenor* slew:  
Who dwelt in *Corinth*, and his Fate did know,  
Yet in this Expedition needs would go,  
Though oft fore-told by his <sup>(e)</sup> Prophetick Sire,  
He should at Home by <sup>(f)</sup> sad Disease expire,  
Or else be at the *Grecian* Navy slain,  
Which <sup>(g)</sup> Destinies He strove to shun in vain;  
Beneath his Eare the deadly Arrow stuck,  
Whose Soul his Body suddainly forfook:  
Death his Eyes feeling in eternall Night.  
Thus like devouring Flames both Armies fight.

But on the left Hand *Hector* knew not yet  
The strong Resistance his bold *Trojans* met;  
Where *Neptune* had the *Greeks* Victorious made,  
And did with mighty Strength and Courage aide;  
He keeping where He first had pass'd the Banks,  
Discomfiting the Target-bearing Ranks:

Where

(d) Some here querying how *Pylamenes* could accompany the Corps of his Son, being formerly said to be slain by *Memnon*, save it by saying, that there were two of the same name, both Leaders of the *Paphlagonians*. Others understand it of his Fathers Ghost only, whose Carke lay uninter'd, it being a generally received Tradition amongst the Heathen, that the Spirits of such whose bodies were unburied, their Funerall Rites unperformed, hovered still about their late left Mansions. Thus *Polydorus* his Carke floats upon the Ocean, and besting upon the Beach, *Euripides* makes his Ghost to prologue it to his *Hecuba*. Others to elude this objection, read thus the latter part of the Verse,  
— καὶ δὲ τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ νεκροῦ.

(e) *Polydorus* was the Son of *Clitus*, *Clitus* of *Mantius*, *Mantius* of *Melampus*; *Euchenor* and a Brother of his called also *Clitus*, having assisted the *Epigoni* at the taking in of *Thebes*, engaged after with the *Greeks* in their Expedition to *Troy*.

(f) He prefers his glorious death; though sudden and violent, before a long languishing sickness, choosing rather to dye in the Field, fighting for his Country, by the Sword of an Enemy, than to perish peccemeals and by degrees by a lingering disease.

(g) *Gr.* Ἀπαυλὸς βάλω, i. ἀπομαυλῶ *Cyclus*, a pecuniary fine or mulct set upon such their heads as refused to serve their Country in their Wars, and that a very high one.



This graver Counsell *Hector's* Fury charm'd,  
Who from his Chariot leap'd compleatly Arm'd,  
And thus reply'd; Thy Counsell I obey,  
But here a while with all these Princes stay,  
Till I that Party yonder do relive,  
And then returning, forth new Orders give.

This said, He through the Regiments did go,  
Like a huge Mountain cover'd o're with Snow:  
Soon as the *Trojan* Prince his Leaders heard,  
All to *Polydamas* with speed repair'd,  
Whilst *Hector* went to find *Deiphobus*,  
*Adamas*, *Asius*, and Prince *Helenus*,  
Through all the Battell, but He none could meet,  
Hurt, or alive; They at the *Grecian* Fleet  
Lay slaughter'd by the Foe in cruell Fight,

(\*) For some of them being hurt with Arrows and Stones from Bowes and Slings, others were wounded with Swords and Lances.

Or wounded in the Trenches in their Flight:  
At last He *Paris* on the left Wing found,  
Labouring the *Trojans* to maintain their Ground;

To whom He thus; O, Thou, whose comely Parts  
Are onely fit to captive Womens Hearts;  
Ah! where is *Helenus* and *Deiphobus*,  
*Adamas*, *Asius*, and *Othronens*?

Now *Priams* lofty Towrs I falling see,  
And dreadfull Vengeance waiting upon Thee:

*Paris* reply'd; Why lay'st Thou so much Blame  
Brother, Upon Me, Who not Guilty am?

Once I retreated; true, Once, and no more:  
Our Mother never Me a Coward bore;  
Since to the *Grecian* Fleet Thou mad'st thy Way,  
I held the Foe continually in play:  
Slain are those Friends for whom Thou hast enquir'd;  
*Deiphobus* and *Helenus* retir'd,  
Both with long Javelins wounded in the Hand,  
But *Jove* their present Slaughter did withstand.

Now

Now lead, and where thy Courage prompts, let's go  
Gladly together, and our Valour show;  
Stretching Our joynd Performance to the height:  
(1) Beyond their Strength and Courage none can fight.

(1) So Euripides in *Helenus*.  
Τὸ πρὸς τὴν ἀδελφὴν ἡρώδης ἰ. *Cost.*

*Hector* these plyant Words did well resent,  
And where the Fight was hottest thither went:  
*Polydamas* with Them and *Cebrio*,  
*Polyphæt*, *Phalces*, and *Orthæus* go;  
*Palmus*, *Ascanius*, and Renowned *More*,  
*Hippotion* Sons, who but the Day before  
Came from *Ascania's* fertile Banks to *Troy*;  
These *Jove* against the *Grecians* did employ.

All Charge together like a *Hurricane*,  
Which with dire Thunder hurried o're the Plaine  
Falls on the Sea; high swelling Billowes rore,  
Waves Waves recruiting beat against the Shore:  
The briny Spry surmounts the storm'd Beach,  
All th' Ocean plow'd into one Silver Breach.

So with Supplies They one another fed,  
Glittering in Steel up by their Cheiftains led;  
Bold *Hector* like the God of War, before  
His Orbed Sheild, lin'd and well plated, bore;  
His glittering Cask adorn'd with Horfes Tailes,  
Wav'd with the Wind, where He his Foe assailes;  
Striving to beare down Squadrons with his Sheild,  
But not one Inch the charged *Grecians* yeild:

Then unto *Hector Ajax* thus; Draw neer!  
Think'st Thou to scare Us with a Panick Feare?  
We want nor Skill nor Courage, 'tis the God  
That Us chaftiseth with this heavy Rod:  
Our Ships your Hopes have swallowed, but yet  
Faster then You advanc'd You may retreat;  
And We by Fortunes Smiles encourag'd may  
In Dust Your haughty Bulwarks levell lay:

X x

It



It is not long ere Thou shalt worsted lye  
 Imploring *Jove*, and All who plant the Sky,  
 Thy Steeds may swift as Falcons cut the Aire,  
 And Thee in dusty Clouds to *Ilium* beare.

This sayd, On's right Hand He an Eagle spy'd,  
 Confirm'd his Omen; loud the *Grecians* cry'd;  
 When thus Illustrious *Hector* Answer made;

(1) Unweildy Trunk! what hast Thou vaunting sayd!

Oh! could I be as certain that I were  
 Sprung from great *Jove*, and *Juno* Me did beare,  
 And that all Mortalls would to Me, as They  
 To *Pallas* and *Apollo* Offerings pay;

As I'le this Day bring Ruine on You all,  
 And if Thou stand'st Me, this my Javelin shall  
 Thy (2) tender Body peirce; then Vultures there  
 With greedy Dogs thy Limbs shall feasting tear.

This sayd, He leads, All follow with a (3) Shout,  
 Which *Greeks* return, resolv'd to fight it out:  
 Firmly They stand, reiterated Cries  
 Scale *Joves* bright Court, and combat in the Skies.

(1) *Gr. βαρύνω*, by which word he upbraids him for the vastness and inactiveness of his body, the word being compounded of *βαίνω* the *Earth* (and so noting his unweildiness, *πρὸς βαρύνω* (*Cal. μάλ' ἐπὶ δουρὶν*) and *εἰς ἀνὸς* (and so his greater bulk and corpulency, *πρὸς βαρύνω* *πρὸς*, *μακρὸς δὲ τὸν ποταμὸν*, the word *εἰς*, being never used in composition but to express some magnitude greater than ordinary, and sometime *ἀνωμαλίας* *stupidity*.) *Enst.* The Ancients called such an one *γυμναστής*.

(2) *He* taxeth the tenderness of his skin, *πρὸς τρυφήν*, as if he had been tenderly brought up and not inured to hardness, which yet *Enst.* faith, was occasion'd *διὰ τὴν μακρὰν ἀσκήσαν* *πρὸς τὸν πόλεμον*; to his want of exercise by reason of his bulk.

(3) *πρὸς τὴν μάχην* (*μαχηρὸν δὲ τὸ μακάριον* *ταχὺ*). A shout in Battell was a sign of Courage and resolution.



Guillermo Chetwind filio  
Chetwind de Grindon  
Armigero. Tabulam



enata Maximo Gualteri  
in Comitatu Warwick  
hanc. L.M.D.D.I.O.



# HOMERS ILIADS.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Startled with Clamour, Nestor leaves his Tent :  
The Princes wounded to the Battell went.  
Juno from Venus gets Her amorous Cest,  
Then visits Jove, in gorgeous Habit drest.  
Surpris'd with Sleep, and Loves bewitching Charms,  
He casts off Care, and slumbers in her Arms.  
Calchas cheers up the Greeks : the Trojans flye,  
And Conquer'd Trenches with their Slaughter dye.*

**T**hough <sup>(a)</sup> Nestor drinking  
late, attentive Care  
Presents the rising Clamour  
to his Eare ;  
Who thus to Æsculapius Off-  
spring said ;  
Hark ! louder Cries the ec-  
choing Skies invade

Of furious Youth encountring neer the Fleet :  
Do Thou therefore here, dear Machaon, sit,  
X x 2 Drinking

(a) Not that Nestor was carousing all this while, from the close of the X. Rhapsody, but Homer re-assuaging his discontented disquiet concerning Nestor, takes his rise from what he left him there doing, *Sehol*.







(P) By these *Plutarch De audiend.  
Poetis*, understands broken Musick, wanton Measures, or Dancing, lewd Sonnets, loose Discourse, and what ever else effeminates mens minds.

(9) *Macedon* the Son of *Jupiter* and *Æthiria* had two Sons, *Pierus* and *Amathus*, from whom two *Macedonian* Cities took their denomination, *Pieria* and *Amathia*. Others taking *Pieria* for a Mountain of *Macedonia*, or one of the tops of *Olympus*, sacred to the Muses, understand by *Emathia* the whole Country. *Schol.*

(7) *Atbis* a Mountain or Promontory in *Thrace*, which jetting forth into the Sea and making an *Isthmos* of twelve Furlongs, was digged down and level'd by *Xerxes*, for wracking his Navy, to terrifie the *Greeks*. It was so called from the Giant, upon whom *Nephtune* in their War with the Gods, cast this load : Being three hundred Furlong distant from *Lemnos*, it yet casts its shadow upon that Island, such was its excessive height, whence that Proverb or Adage.

\* Ὁσως χιανίζει τὴν Λευγίαν βοάς.

*The Lemnian Heifer's back tall Athos  
shades.*

because its longest Evening shadow extended as far as the statue of an Heifer in that Island, purposely erected. *Euſt.* adds, that *Diocles* an Artift of *Rhigi-um* promiſed *Alexander* an Image of that Mountaine in the form of a man, holding the City *Myriandros* in one hand, and a River ſtreaming from the other, at leaſt that ſuch a ſail'd by ſhould ſo apprehend it. *Euſt.*

(1.) Sleep is made to reside in *Lemnos*, either as being enamoured on *Pasithea* the Sister of *Charis*, the wife of *Vulcan*: or for that *Lemnos* abounded with rich Wines, which procure sleep. Besides the *Lemnians* were great Drinkers, as being the Offspring of *Thous* the Son of *Bacchus*. Others say Sleep purposely resided then at *Lemnos* to gratify *Philotesius*, and make him the less sensible of his Torments. *Enst.*

(\*) Hence *Mnesimachus*, an ancient Comedian, calls sleep τὸ μνηστὲρ θάνατος, as if that too were a kind of death, whence *Homer* after makes them *ἑσθύνοντες*. *Twins*.

(u) So *Sophocles* also, who stiles sleep *πανεξή, i. εἰς πανβασίλεια*, he commanding all, as an universal Monarch.

**All Honour They would owe Me and Respect.**

Then *Venus*; 'Tis not fit I should reject  
Her Suite, what'e're, whose fairer Bosome warms  
The King of Gods, repofing in his Armes.

This saying, off She takes her curious *Cest*,  
Where all Allurements were of Love exprest;

(2) Dalliance, Desire, Courtship and Flatteries, which  
The Wifest with their Sorcery bewitch,  
And it presenting sayd; This Girdle grac'd  
With curious Figures gird about your Wast,  
Containing in it All you can require,  
By which you may accomplish your Desire;  
*Funo the Cestus* takes, and all the while  
She put it on, could not forbear to smile.

*Venus*, this done, to *Jove's* high Court retires,  
Whilst *Juno* leaves *Olympus* lofty Spires,  
Cutting <sup>(7)</sup> *Pierian* and *Emathian* Skies,  
And over *Snow-crown'd Thracian* Mountains flies:  
Then waving Earth from tow'ry <sup>(7)</sup> *Athos* bends,  
And to the swelling Ocean descends:

At last reach'd <sup>(1)</sup> *Lemnos*, *Thos* royall Seat,  
Where She with *Sleep*, <sup>(2)</sup> *Deaths* elder Brother, met,  
Whom taking kindly by the Hand, She sayd ;

Thou<sup>(\*)</sup> who by Mortals art and Gods obey'd!  
If ere Thou heardst my Suit, now condescend,  
And Me for ever know thy reall Friend.

*Jove* after our Encounter cast asleep,  
His watchfull Eyes in drowsie *Lethe* steep,  
And I'll present Thee with a golden Throne,  
By *Vulcan* made, an everlasting One,  
Which with a curious Foot-stool He shall fit,  
That Thou at Feasts mayst rest thy tender Feet.  
To whom the gentlest of the Gods replies ;  
Great *Saturns* Daughter, Empress of the Skies

I cast

I cast with ease all other Powers asleep,  
Can in soft Slumbers charm the raging Deep ;

(1) But neer great *Jove* I dare not come, unless  
He bids me Him from anxious Cares release.

I well remember Thou didst Me employ,  
When his great Off-spring say'd from sucking *Troy* :  
Then felt my Power the Father of the Gods,  
Whilst <sup>(c)</sup> Thou with Winds plow'dst up the swelling  
And, far from all his Friends, to *Coos* drove (Floods,  
Renownd *Alcides* ; but at last great *Jove*  
Awak'd, and storming flung the Gods about  
Th' *Olympick* Hall, eager to find Me out :

Whom He had cast from Heaven into the Floods,  
But that <sup>(4)</sup> swift Night who sweetens Men and Gods;  
By timely interposing; then asswag'd  
His dreadfull Wrath; though He extreemly rag'd;  
<sup>(5)</sup> Her only Reverence did Him restrain:

And wouldst Thou put Me on the like again?  
When *Fundo* thus, pressing her Business, sayd;

Why dost Thou fondly thus thy self perswade?  
Thinkst Thou that *Jove* loves so the *Trojans*? He  
As much for Them as Him would angry be?  
Ah, yeild! and Ile to Thee in Marriage joyn  
Lovely *Pasithea*, and devote her Thine;  
Thou shalt the youngest of the *Graces* Wed,  
And tast the Sweets of Her long-wish'd-for Bed.

When thus replying, <sup>(4)</sup> joyfull *Sonnius* spake;  
Swear by th'inviolable <sup>(5)</sup> *Stygian* Lake,  
Taking in one Hand <sup>(6)</sup> the Earth, in th' other Seas,  
And the fix'd Land with floating Water peise;

(d) The Gods feared and abominated to swear by Styx, in infernal Lake, either ἐν στυγίῳ ποταμῷ ἢ ἐν ποταμῷ τοῦ στυγίου ποταμοῦ, for that moisture is infinitive and formidable to the Gods; being themselves of a fiery constitution; or ἐν ἡμίῃ τῇ αὐτῇ τοῦ στυγίου ποταμοῦ ὁ ἀρχὴ τοῦ Νέου, in honour of that Element, as the Original of all things, (for which cause also taking Earth in one hand, the takes Water in the other, dropping and moisture being the material and integrating parts of the Universe.) Or lastly, ἐν γένει τῶν ἀθανάτων καὶ εὖνοιας, among the immortal things in Hell or Hades as perfitable, they themselves being immortal & eternal. Ζεφ.

(f) The *Scholiast* observes, that *Σωθῆναι* makes her adjure the heaviness of the Elements, to remind her of not being of a light and fickle faith, falsifying her word and promise, *καταπνεῖ ἐν τῇ βαρύνοντι ἀκρόασι, Σπένει δὲ ὑπὸν*.

(y) Because though the Sea be sometime calm, and seems as it were asleep, and the Aire also, when it is serene, no breath stirring, yet *Jupiter*, that is the Sky, is in continual motion, never at rest. being thence styled *Aether*, *μεγίστη* *Σύρη*, from its perpetual revolution. Others by *Jupiters* not sleeping understand the great vigilancy expected from such as are intrusted with the supremam managing of affairs.

(2.) *Hercules* being cast by a storme, occasioned by *Juno*, upon the Island *Cos*, was prohibited coming a shore by *Euripylus* the Son of *Neptunus*, whom, forcing his entrance, he slew with his Son, and lying with his Daughter *Chalciope* begot *Theſſalus*. *Schol.* The Island was so fruitful that there went this *Adage* of it, *Ὅν ὁ Σέβας ἔχει, ἐκείνους ἔδωκεν Ἀφροδίτῃ*, That whom *Cos* would not maintain, neither would *Egypt*. It abounded with Sheep, which the *Carians* call *μαζα*.

(a) Sleep being said to be the Son of Night, it being then most naturall, flies to his Mother for protection.

(b) *Jupiter* is made to reverence Night she being venerable, *ὡς ἀρχαῖος τις καὶ αἰών, καὶ πρῶτα διὰ τὸ ἀρχαῖος*, for her seniority or antiquity, and for that she and *Chaos* were the *Origin* and *Seminary* of all things, according to the Grecian Theology. *Enst.*

(r) *Homer* makes young enamored of one of the Graces, the youngest, because Courtieses, though never so fresh and new, are many times forgotten, according to that in the Comedy, *ageat* *gratia* *non* *est* *in* *memoria*. We must not be unmindful of benefits, nor sleeping, *nō* *quiescente* *beneficentia* *deditur*. *Paphia* is made one of the Graces, to intimate that our Charity is to extend to all, it is said *omnibus* *gratiarum*, and not to be old or feebler, but visible to all: She is said to be young; in token that *youth* *ad* *gratiam* *facit*; and that Courtieses should not grow old, as *senectus* *et* *gratia* *non* *conueniunt*; youthful, *iuvenculae*, as *Homer* has, younger every day then other. Some make these Graces the Daughters of *Ethere*, because as faith *Pindarus*, *munda* *gratia* *est* *et* *in* *caelestibus* *domina*; so far from being neglected by men, that they are quite forgotten, *falsū*.

(d) Δῶρα καὶ θεοὶ ἀνέθενται, Presents prevail with the Gods themselves: whom Gold cannot move, even those are won by Women.

**Y y z**

## That



Not *Ceres* golden Tresses so inflam'd,  
Nor bright *Latona* for her Beauty fam'd.

Then subtle *Juno* thus made good her Plot;  
Fie, fie, forbear my Dear! now touch Me not,  
Not here at least; what! on the top of *Ida*?

(c) Where is no Shade, all open! on each side  
Nothing but Heaven: should the searching Eye  
Of Gods or Mortals Our stoln Sports espy,  
Rising from thy Lov'd-side, I ne're thy Houls  
Would visit more, thy Sister though and Spouse:  
But if You must, and such is your Desire,  
Unto our Bed-chamber let Us straight retire,  
Which *Vulcan* building shew'd his utmost Skill,  
There We may sleep, and You have what you Will  
Love no Delays enduring, thus reply'd;

Fear not to be by any God espy'd,  
On Mortals: Thee with glittering Dew I'll shroud,  
And hide thy Blisses in a golden Cloud,  
That *Phæbus* not our Dalliance shall espy,  
Who boasts the brightest and most piercing Eye.

Her on a Verdant Couch He then embred,  
Which *Tellus* with her choicest Beauties grac'd,  
With Tulips, Lillies, Roses white and red.

There They reposed upon that fragrant Bed  
A golden Curtain round about them drawn  
Of watry Atomes, Libers of the Dawn:

On lofty *Ida* thus lay deluded Two  
In *Juno's* Arms, surpriz'd with Sleep and Love.

Whilst gentle *Somnus* hasten'd to the Fleet,  
That He might *Neptune*, th' Earths Embasser meet,  
Whom finding out, the Deity thus sayd:

Ah! now or never the faint *Neptune* sayd,  
And up a while Their falling Honour keep,  
Since *Jove* now lies in *Juno's* Lap asleep.

Doubly



Honoratiss: Domino  
Downe. Tabulam



Do Thoma Pope Comiti  
hanc. L. M. D. D. D.  
I. O.



Doubly secur'd; in *Lethes* powerfull Charmes,  
And tender Circles of her twining Armes.

This said, the God more resolutely goes  
To aide the *Greeks* 'gainst their prevailing Foes,  
And thus his Words their Swords & Courage whet;

Shall *Hektor* once again the better get,  
And with our Ships our Honour too be lost?  
As great his Hopes, nor lesser is his Boast,  
Because *Æacides* will not engage,  
But at his Fleet distemper'd lies with Rage;  
Who, though so valiant, need not much be mist,  
Would We each other, as We ought, asist.  
As I advise, perform your severall Tasks,  
Who have best Shields, and who the strongest Casks  
And longest Spears, with Me upon Them set,  
And *Hektor*, though so furious, shall retreat;  
Let Him that's Weaker to the Stronger yeild  
His greater, and receive his lesser Shield.

All like his Counsell, and to charge prepare;  
The Kings themselves, although they wounded were,  
*Tydidēs*, *Ithacus*, and *Atreus* Son  
Bestir'd Themselves to see the Busines done,  
They change their Armes, the Strongest got the best,  
The Weaker took the lightest and the least.  
Then up they march, whom *Neptune* did command,  
A Sword like dreadfull Lightning in his Hand,  
Which brandish'd, none in Battell durst oppose,  
Its glittering Rayes so terrifi'd his Foes:  
Against Him *Hektor* did his Troops prepare,  
*Hektor*, and *Neptune* rough with curled Haire,  
Together must contend in Martiall Lists,  
The *Trojans* This, the *Grecians* That asists.

And now full Sea had wash'd their Tents and Fleet,  
When they with Shouts and hideous Clamour meet;  
Not

Not lower Waves, their Fury spending, roar  
By rougher Winds dash'd 'gainst the oppos'd Shore;  
Nor crackling Flames w<sup>th</sup>, broke from Caverns, haste  
The Woods w<sup>th</sup> cloath the neighbouring Hills to waste,  
Soft stormy Winds 'mongst towering Oakes resound,  
Whose lower Fragers lesser Noises drown'd,  
As Those did when they met; Earth shook, the Skies  
Trembling re-echo'd dismal Shoutes and Cries.

First *Hector* at bold *Ajax* threw a Lance,  
As He came fiercely on, which hit by chance  
Upon <sup>(a)</sup> his Breast, there where his Bucklers Belt  
Lay cross his Swords, his Sword with Silver Hilt,  
Which sav'd his Body: *Hector* in disdain  
That He should throw his Javelin thus in vain,  
Minding his Safety, fairly off retreats;  
But *Ajax* following up a huge Stone gets,  
(Many such lay as Hawfers for the Fleet,  
Which now were trampled under Souldiers Feet)  
And *Hector* smote upon the Collar-bone,  
Above his Shield; the Flint so ably thrown  
Turn'd <sup>(a)</sup> *Hector* like a Top upon his Toes:

As when great <sup>(b)</sup> *Jove* with Thunder over-throws,  
Tearing up Root and Branch, an ancient Oake,  
Filling the vacant place with sulphury Smoke;  
None dare draw nigh the wonderous Chance to see,  
Since sad th' Effects of dreadfull Lightning be:

So wounded *Hector* <sup>(c)</sup> fell, and in that Trance  
His Helmet lost, his Target and his Lance;  
His ponderous Conflict rattled on the Ground.

With joyfull Shoutes the *Grecians* Him surround,  
Hoping to gain his Body; up they drew;  
And thick as Haile their Darts and Javelins flew:  
But all their Lances disappointed mist,  
For many *Trojan* Princes Him asist;

*Polydamas*

*Polydamas*, *Aeneas* and Divine  
*Sarpedon*, *Glaucus*, and *Agenor* joyne,  
Straight to his Aide, nor did the rest neglect,  
But with their Shields their Generall protect,  
And up they rais'd Him maugre all their Spight,  
Bearing in safety from the bloody Fight,  
Where by his Order waited in the Rear,  
His Chariot and his trusty Charioteer;  
Whom groaning they convey'd towards *Ilium*.  
When they to *Xanthus* pleasant Streams were come,  
Where shallow Billows purle his edging Floods,  
Whose Father is the Father of the Gods,  
His Steeds they stopt, and set Him on the Ground,  
Where He from <sup>(d)</sup> sprinkled Water Comfort found,  
His Senses coming to Him by degrees,  
Black Blood He vomits, resting on his Knees;  
But sinking backwards straight, o're-come with Pain,  
Nights sable Pinions close his Eyes again.

Now when the *Grecians* saw stout *Hector* gon,  
More feiree they grew and desperatly fell on;  
Then first *Oileiades* at *Satnius* flew;  
And ran Him with his ponderous Javelin through,  
Him beauteous *Nais* to *Enopus* bore,  
Feeding his Heard upon the *Satnian* Shore;  
Run through the Belly, on his Back He lay,  
Whom either Party strive to drag away:  
*Polydamas* 'gainst *Ajax* did advance,  
Threatning Revenge, and with a ponderous Lance  
Through the right Shoulder stout *Prothenor* thrust,  
Who grasp'd, in *Deaths* Convulsions, the Dust:  
Then thus insulted o're his dying Foe;

*Pantbous* valiant Son did never throw  
From his strong Hand a well-peiz'd Lance in vain,  
But some <sup>(e)</sup> kind *Greek* would ever entertain

Z z

(a) *Spondanus* hence observes, first, That *Ajax* at this time had on no Breast-plate: Secondly, That notwithstanding *Homer* makes him never to have received any Wound, yet was not *Ajax* invulnerable, it being not any such insult of the Gods, but strength of his two Belts, that now preserved him, albeit *Æchylus* be otherwise minded, that he was elsewhere invulnerable, being not to be hurt but in his Arm-pit only, as *Achilles* in his Fleet. (c) *Hector*, not the stone, and this interpretation not only better agrees with the Greek here, *τοξοεις δ' αὖτε κούρην βαλόντες*, but is preferred also by *Enstatius*. Others understand it either of *Ajax's* self, that he was turned round by the great force wherewith he threw; or of the Stone is felt, that it turned as a Top when it came to ground, which is the opinion (amongst others) of Mr. *Chapman*, whose authority alone is too weak to carry it without better arguments than he hath yet produced in justification of his translation of this place.

(b) The Ancients as *Pliny* observes, lib. 2. cap. 30. conceived Thunder to be nothing else then fires that fell from the three superiour Planets, *Saturnus*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, and that they were rather appropriated to *Jupiter*, as proceeding more especially from his Planet, as Scintillæ in the middle of the three, and so being of mean a or middle nature and constitution, that above him, *Saturnus*, being cold and moist, that below him, *Mars*, hot and dry. *Latet plerisque magna culti æstimatione computum a principibus doctrina viris, superiorem trium siderum ignes esse, qui decidunt ad terras fulminum nomina habent, sed maxime ex his medio loca fieri fortassis quoniam contagium nimii humoris ex superiore circulo, atque ardens ex subiecto per hunc modum egerat, ideoque dilatum Jovem fulmina jaculati.* &c. So he.

(c) Of which *Ajax* thus boasts in *Ovid*. lib. 13.

*Hanc ego sanguinea successu cecidi ovantem  
Eminens ingenti resupinum pondere fudi.*

Him as he conquest, led  
Through blood and slaughter, with a  
mighty Bone  
I break to earth.

Mr. Sandi.

(d) So *Hippocrates* lib. de Humiditate msa Aphor. 7. *Si aqua in humido* *Spiritus in frigido remanet in aqua, Sprinkling the extrem parts of the body with water much avails in swooning*, which yet some confine to such swooning fits only as are occasioned by the excurion of the Spirits to the outward parts, water then sprinkled repelling them to their former receptacle and center of the body: but when the swooning proceeds from the obliqution of the Spirits, so that the Heart is oppressed by them, then they prescribed water not lightly sprinkled, but violently cast, that so this sudden greater coldness of the extremer parts might alarm them forth and summon them to their relief and rescue. *Aristotle* saith, that the coldness of the water hinders the evaporation of the Spirits, and congelation of the blood by obstructing the Pores.

(e) *Gri. spon.* as if they had kindly and purposely received his Spear into their Bodies, supporting themselves by it, and using it as a Staff in their way to *Elysiun. Enst.*

It in his Breast, and so come bravely off  
To *Pluto's* Pallace, leaning on a Staff.

The *Grecians* chaf'd to heare this Ranter boast,  
But *Telamonius* seem'd concerned most,  
Because next Him He fell, and drawing neer  
Threw at *Polydamas* his ponderous Spear,  
Who stooping, so untimely Fate to shun,  
The Lance *Archilochus*, *Antenors* Son,  
Hit on the Neck, so had the Gods design'd,  
Cutting those Nerves the <sup>(f)</sup> *Vertibers* conjoyn'd;  
Long on the Earth He stood upon his Crown,  
Like a Tree waving, ere his Heels came down.

Then *Ajax* thus aloud; Proud *Trojans*! say,  
Doth not this Prince *Prothoenors* Lofs repay?  
Sure He's of high Extraction, ten to one  
This is *Antenors* Brother, or his Son:  
Thus He, the slaughter'd Prince well knowing, sayd;

Then Greif and Rage the *Trojans* desperate made:  
Bold *Achmas Promachus* sped, as He drew off  
His Brothers Corps, thus girding with a Scoff;  
Accurs'd *Greeks*! who still such Vanters are,  
Not We alone thus suffer, toyle and care,  
But You sometimes like share of Woe do feel:  
See there your *Promachus*, physick'd by our Steele,

Now sleeps in Peace, though once so stern and strong,  
Nor to revenge my Brother stay'd I long;  
Of the same Lineage still may One remain,  
Thus to take Vengeance for a Kinsman slain!

These vapouring Words incense the *Grecians* much,  
But most of all renown'd *Peneleus* touch,  
Who at Him throws, the Dart the Heroe shuns,  
But *Ilioneus* wealthy *Phorbas* Son,  
Who gain'd, by <sup>(g)</sup> *Hermes* Favour, <sup>(h)</sup> Riches store,  
(The only Off-spring his faire Mother bore)

He

He ran quite through the Chrystall of his Eye,  
Out at his Neck, whence vitall Spirits flye;  
His Hands He falling stretch'd out in a Trance:  
*Peneleus* quits his executing Lance,  
And running in, out his sharp Falchion drew,  
With a smart Blow off Head and Helmet flew,  
Which fixing on the Spear He rais'd aloft,  
And thus tryumphing, the sad *Trojans*, scoff'd;

When Conquerors You to *Ilium* returnd,  
Bid *Ilioneus* hapless Parents mourn,  
Since *Promachus* his Wife as little joy  
Is like to find when We return from *Troy*.

At this the *Trojans* much astonish'd were,  
Each One presaging his own Fate drew neere.

Say Mules, who in Heavenly Mansions dwell,  
Whose bloody Spoyles first to the *Grecians* fell,  
When *Neptune* did the fainting *Greeks* recruit:  
Great *Ajax* first slew *Hyrtilus* in pursuit;  
*Antilochus*, *Phalces* and *Mermerus* spoyle'd;  
*Meriones*, *Morys* and *Hyppotion* kil'd;  
*Tenzer* left *Periphet* and *Prothoos* dead;  
*Atrides*, *Hyperenor* wounding sped,  
Whose panting Bowells smoak'd upon the Ground,  
His Spirits issuing at the deadly Wound,  
Whilst his bright Eyes eternall Darknes seal'd.  
But many more *Oileus* Off-spring kil'd,  
As from the Fight discomfited they flew,  
Because He was more nimble to pursue.

Z z 2

HOMERS

(f) The uppermost Vertebra of the Neck, or the Necks *Atlas*, so called, for that it bears up the Head, as that Giant Heaven. *Eustathius* commenting upon this place, upon the word *ῥαχιδος*, saith that *Diogenes* detesting money, made a Law that in his Policy or Common-wealth *ῥαχιδος* should be current Coyne.

(g) *Mercury* one of the greater Favourers and Protectors of Shepherds, as having been of that profession himself. Besides *immortalis*, a peaceable and happy close of life, when men died a naturall death, as also what ever gain men encountered casually and by fortune, was appropriated likewise to *Hermes*, and the last, what was found, called thence *ῥεματις*, which being anciently equally enjoyed by them that found it, a Mother taking a comely Personage over familiar with her Daughter, would needs share with her upon this account; *ῥεματις δὲ ῥεματις* is *ῥεματις*. *Eust.*

(h) *Gr. ῥεματις*, Possessions, which word, as also *ῥεματις*, which denotes riches, *ῥεματις* deduceth and is deriv'd from *ῥεματις*, the Wealth of the Ancients consisting chiefly in these.

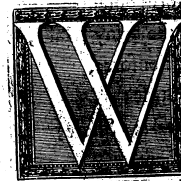


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

## The ARGUMENT.

Jove wakes and sees the Trojans overthrown;  
Juno He chides: then sends Apollo down,  
Hector to comfort, and his Bruiſe to cure;  
Whoſe furious Charge the Grecians not endure,  
They quit their Fleet; bold Ajax laſt retires;  
Proteſilaus Veſſell Hector fires.



W H E N routed They, had  
Works and Trenches croſt,  
And many in Retreat and Bar-  
tell loſt,  
When thoſe who kept the  
Chariots in the Rear  
Forfook their Stands; ſurpriz'd  
with panick Fears

Then Jove awaking roſe from Juno's ſide,  
And, mounted on a ſwelling Summit, ſpy'd  
The Greeks and Trojans, viewing how Theſe fled,  
And Thoſe purſu'd, whom cheering Neptune led;

But



J. Sambart. ſculptit. Londini



Honoral: Georgio Pierrepont  
March: Dorchester, de Old  
Tabulam hanc

fratri Honoratiss: Henrica  
Cots. Comitatu Derby.  
D. D. D. L. M. I. O. Lib. XV. cap. 15.

But when He *Hector* saw upon the Ground,  
( His Friends and sad Attendants waiting round )

(c) *Gr. Tuler* whom the City *E-*  
*uria* took its name, from *Thyestes*: his  
vomiting up his Children, whom his  
Brother *Atreus* had dress for him, &c.

(c) Vomiting Blood, breathless, his Senses lost,  
Hurt by the strongest of the *Grecian* Host;  
Pity on Him the Gods great Father took,  
And much incens'd thus to *Juno* spoke;

This is thy Plot, thy mischeivous Designe,  
To make bold *Hector* leap the *Grecian* Line,  
And force the *Trojans* basely to retreat:  
I know not if I should for this Deceit  
Again (so much my Patience Thou dost urge)  
Pay Thee as erst, and without Pity scourge.

(d) The Anvils *Jove* took from  
off *Juno's* feet were cast by him to the  
ground, not far from *Troy*, where, as  
some Geographers relate, they were  
long after to be seen. &c.

Hast Thou forgotten, since thou hung'st so high,  
When I two (d) Anvils to thy Feet did tie,  
Binding with golden Chains thy tender Wrists,  
And bleaching left Thee 'mongst dark Clouds and  
Not all the Gods who in *Olympus* dwell, (Mists:  
Though greiv'd could help, nor yet dissolve the Spell;  
For whom so e're I intermeddling found,  
I breathless hurl'd from Heaven unto the Ground:  
I for *Alcides* could not so assuage  
My bitter Grief and just conceived Rage,  
When Thou of *Boreas* didst a Storm obtain,  
Which up in Mountains plow'd the briny Main,  
And plotting his Destruction didst enforce,  
To *Cos*, far from his intended Course:  
But my dear Off-spring to the *Spartan* Shore,  
After much Hardship I in fasty bore,  
This I re-minde Thee of that Thou may'st leave  
Such treacherous Plots, and that Thou may'st perceive  
Our Love and Bed shall soder up no Breach,  
When Thou lay'st Trains how Me to over-reach.

When *Juno* thus submissively replies;  
Let vast Earth witness, and the ample Skies;

The

Dull *Stygian* Waves, and thy most sacred Head,  
And the first Pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,  
( An Oath I never violated yet )  
*Neptune* I not upon the *Trojans* set:  
He with the *Grecians* did in Pity joine,  
Not on my Score, but on his own Designe:  
But Him I shall advise to go that Way  
Which Thou direct'st, and Thee great *Jove* obey.

The Father then of Men and Gods, this sayd,  
Thus smiling did his beauteous Queen perswade;

Wouldst Thou, what e're, our Business not decline,  
In our Consults unanimously joine,  
*Neptune*, thy Convert, soon would Thee assise,  
And put in Execution what We list;  
If thy once distant Heart and Tongue are joyn'd,  
Go, carry on our Work, and *Iris* find,  
And *Phæbus*; who at Court now feasting are:  
Straight bid Her to the *Grecian* Camp repaire;  
And *Neptune* charge the Battell to decline,  
Then in his watry Realm Himself confine:  
But *Phæbus* must send *Hector* to the Fight,  
And strengthen so, that He his Pains may slight  
Which now torment Him; once more He must set  
Upon the *Greeks*, and force Them to Retreat,  
Whom the prevailing Foe shall close pursue,  
Untill They perish in *Achilles* view,  
That He *Patroclus* may send forth, who shall  
A Sacrifice to *Hectors* Fury fall;  
But first in Field He must great Honour gain,  
And my *Sarpedon* by his Hand be slain:  
Then *Hector* on *Achilles* Spear must dye,  
And after that the *Trojans* alwaies flye,  
Untill the *Grecians* close beleagure *Troy*,  
And *Priam's* Towers by *Pallas* Aide destroy;

Mean



To suffer Sorrow dost thou Pleasure take,  
And to be sent roughly entreated back,  
Bringing a Mischief with Thee on us All?  
*Jove* straight will leave humane Affairs, and fall  
Upon the Gods, as conscious of the Plot,  
Chastizing who are Guilty, and who not.  
Nor for your Son so much distracted be,  
Since many Stronger, Valianter then He,  
Are Slain, and shall be: Hard it is to save  
One born of mortall Parents from the Grave.

This sayd, She brought Him back into the Hall,  
Whence *Juno* forth did bright *Apollo* call,  
And *Iris*, still attending *Joves* Affaires,  
To whom She thus her Husbands Will declares:  
Great *Jove* commands You presently ascend  
To *Ida*, and his Pleasure there attend:  
What He shall order must with Care be done.

*Juno* this sayd, retreated to Her Throne,  
Whilst they with Speed through airy Regions glide,  
Resting at last on Fountain-fostering *Ida*,  
*Jove* They descry'd, where He on *Gargarus* Crown,  
Veil'd in a perfum'd Cloud, late looking down:  
To whom they straight humbly Themselves present,  
Who well their Care and Duty did resent,  
Because his Queens Injunctions they obey'd,  
And thus the God to winged *Iris* sayd;

To *Neptune* speed, and this our Message beare,  
That Thou inform Him well take speciall Care;  
Bid Him the Field on our Displeasure leave,  
Our Court must Him, on his own Realm receive;  
If He presume our Order to despise,  
Let Him take heed and warily advise.  
Ere He begin, least He his Rashness rue,  
Since He is Younger, and the Weaker too.

Nor

Nor sooth Himself, as high as He aspires,  
To equall *Jove*, whom all Heavens Court admires.

This sayd, the Virgin from the Mountain flies  
To sacred *Ilium* through the Chrystall Skies,  
Swift as a Storm of Haile, or Drift of Snow,  
When cold Cloud-chasing Winds in Winter blow,  
And through the airy Realms Her-self convey'd,  
Then drawing neer to curl-hair'd *Neptune* sayd;

Earths great Embracer, and the Oceans King,  
From *Jove* to Thee this Embassy I bring:  
Thou must the Fight, on his Displeasure, leave,  
And Thee His Court or thy own Realms receive.

If Thou resolv'st his Order to despise,  
He bids Thee think, and warily advise  
Ere Thou begin'st, least Thou thy Rashness rue,  
Since being Younger Thou art Weaker too;  
Sooth not your Self, as high as You aspire,  
To equall Him, whom all the Gods admire.

Highly incens'd, then *Neptune* thus reply'd,  
This speaks too much his dis-obliging Pride,  
To threaten Us his Equall and Co-heire:  
*Rhea* three Sons did to old *Saturn* beare,  
This *Jove*, my Self, and *Pluto* King of Hells;  
And unto each a severall Portion fell;  
*Pluto* pale Shades and lasting Darkness got,  
To rule the sacred Ocean was my Lot;  
The Skies to this Insulters Share did fall,  
But *Earth* and *Heavens* mate common to us All;  
For Him I'll not draw off, though nere so Strong,  
Since He my Right invades, and doth Me wrong,  
His Language shakes Us not, with which He might  
Do well his Sons and Daughters to affright;  
We scorn his Threats, but roundly chidden, They  
Of force must yeild, and his proud Will obey.

A a a

To

(d) A sweetness occasioned partly by those odoriferous Herbs and Flowers which the earth brought forth at this meeting of those two Deities, or from *Juno's* rich Perfumes and Ornaments.

(b) Hence *Neptune* is called *Pluto*; *Pluto* by *Euripides* *Pluton* *Pluton*, a terrible God; and *Pluto* *Pluton*, the infernal *Jupiter*. *Euclid* saith that *Jupiter* had interest in the Earth, as it contains in its Caverns all kind of Mines, and *Neptune* in respect of the Waters both contained in its Bowels, and encompassing its whole Globe.





This sayd, the Princes Bosome He inspir'd,  
And fainting Spirits with fresh Courage fir'd.

As when a Horse flies out with broken Rains,  
And, Stables left, enjoys the open Plains,  
Either through Meads he seeks a Stud of Mares,  
Or to accustom'd Watering repaires;  
Wanton, his Head erected, loud he neighs,  
His Maine upon his Neck and Shoulders plaies:

Cheering his Friends so nimbly *Hector* stir'd  
His supple Knees, after He *Phobus* heard,

As rougher Swains and eager Hounds in view  
A shaggy Goat or crooked Deer pursue,  
Who seeking Covert amongst craggie Rocks,  
Or sheltering Groves, their Expectation mocks;  
When rous'd by Clamours They a Lion spy,  
All leave the Chase, and in disorder fly:  
So close the *Grecians* follow'd in the Rear,  
Great Slaughter making both with Sword and Spear;  
But when in Front bold *Hector* they espy'd,

⑥ Their Courage fell, extremely terrified

*Thoon*, *Andromon*'s Son, the valiantest of all  
Of all th' *Etolian* Leaders, and the best,  
Who well could fight on foot, well throw a Dart,  
And was in speaking Master of his Art;  
(For such his Eloquence, that few the Prize  
Ere bore from Him), thus gave the *Greeks* advice.

Behold, a Wonder! *Hector*, seen again  
Appears, whom all supposed by *Ajax* slain:  
Some God his Life restor'd, He lavish spils  
Now Seas of Blood, and many Heroes kills;  
Nor could He thus break thorough where he lists,  
But that great Jove his bold Attempt assists:  
Take my Advice, and do what I desire,  
Let Our main Body to the Fleet retire;

Let



Arthur Ingram  
Tabulam



Mercatori Londini  
hanc. D.D.D.L.M.I.O.

Let Us, who boast our Valour, draw up here,  
And with a Stand of Pikes make good the Rear;  
*Hektor* though bold, to charge Us any where  
Upon such Disadvantage will beware.

The Counsell takes, the Cheifs no time delayd,  
There *Ajax* and *Idomeneus* stayd,  
*Teucer*, *Meriones*, and *Meges* too,  
And full of Resolution up They drew  
Against the Enemy, with Fury fir'd,  
Whilst the main Body to the Fleet retir'd.  
By *Hektor* led the *Trojans* first begun,  
Who like a Fury brought his Squadrons on;  
Before Him went *Apollo*, who in Clouds  
And dusky Mists his shining Body shrouds,  
Arm'd with that dreadfull and immortall Targe,  
Which *Vulcan* made with so much Art and Charge,  
Presenting it to *Jove*, with Edges purld  
And dazeling Beams to terrifie the World:  
Up He conducts Them with this wondrous Shield,  
The *Greeks* stood firm, and stoutly kept the Feild,  
Whilst Shoutes and Clamours battell in the Skye,  
From twanging Bow-strings deadly Arrows flye,  
With a resounding Storm of Javelins mixt;  
Some in the Bodies of bold Warriors fixt,  
Others <sup>(1)</sup> fell short and stuck upon the Ground,  
Mising their Aime t' inflict a mortall Wound.  
Whilst *Phobus* shooke not his fo' <sup>(2)</sup> dazeling Shield  
Commurial Slaughter dy'de the equall Feild;  
But when the *Grecian* Squadrons in their Charge  
Beheld *Apollo* brandishing his Targe,  
And heard his Voyce, their Courages foot quail'd,  
Amaz'd They stood, and all their Forces fail'd.

As two stern Wolves who in <sup>(3)</sup> the dead of Night,  
A flock of Sheep, or grazing Bullocks fright,

Suddainly

(1) *Πολὺν δὲ ἐπὶ πύργῳ, μάλα βίβη*  
in the midst, which the ancient Gram-  
marians understand of their Javelins,  
being thrown with that strength that  
they run half way into the earth. *Eust.*  
(2) This Shield was made of the skin of  
that Goat which gave suck to *Jupiter*; for  
when the Giants, assailing *Latomede*, made  
War upon him, he was advised by *Thetis*  
to make him a Shield of the *Amalthea*;  
(so was that Goat called) for  
that the *Trojans*; nor any other should  
be able to endure the sight of it, which  
doing he obtained the Victory. *Schol.*  
From bearing this Shield he is stiled  
*ἀσπίς*.

(3) *Ἢν, νύκτε ἀμύγῃ*, that is either  
in a mystery, when men work not, or  
in a darkness, when men travel not. The  
old Grammarians expound *ἀμύγῃ*, *ἡδὲ*  
*ἀμύγῃ*, making so νύκτε ἀμύγῃ to be  
midnight. *Eust.*



The routed *Grecians* run, then much dismay'd,  
Beating his Thighes, He thus lamenting, sayd;  
With Thee I dare no longer tarry here,  
To tend thy Cure; loud Clamour strikes my Eare;  
But let thy Servant wait, whilst I perswade  
*Achilles* his distressed Friends to aide;  
Perhaps Hee'l to my Motion condescend;  
Good is the Admonition of a Friend.

This sayd, He leaves him; but the *Grecians* stood  
Firmly their Foes, and made their Station good;  
The *Greeks* the *Trojans* could not make Retreat,  
Nor could the *Trojans* back the *Grecians* beat.

Like as a skilfull Shipwright draws a Line,  
To square his Navall Timber by divine  
*Minerva's* Art; so equally They stand,  
Their Fronts extended, fighting Hand to Hand.

Whilst every where courageously They fought,  
*Hektor* gainst *Ajax* up his Squadron brought;  
Both for one Vessell strove; Neither retire;  
This labours to defend, and That to fire.

Then *Ajax*, stout *Calestor* <sup>(c)</sup> *Clytius* Son,  
Raising a Torch, did through the Bosome run;  
He falling dies, and drops the sparkling Brand.

When *Hektor* saw his Kinsman on the Strand,  
Weltring in Blood close to the Vessells side,  
He to the *Lycians* and his *Trojans* cry'd;

O save *Calestor*, faln by *Ajax* Ship,  
Let not the greedy Foe his Body strip:  
And as He spake at *Ajax* threw his Speare,  
Which missing, hit bold *Lycophron*, whose Eare  
The Javelin peirc'd: With *Ajax* in Exile  
He long had liv'd, forc'd from his Native Soile;  
Where by mischance He One of Note had slain:  
Down from the Stern He tumbled on the Plain,

Where

Where soon his vitall Spirits Him forfook.

Then *Ajax* troubled to his Brother spoke;

*Hektor* our <sup>(d)</sup> Friend *Mastorides* hath kild,  
To whom We kindly did Protection yeild,  
When He in Exile visited our Seat,  
And entertain'd as We our Parents treat:

Where are thy Arrows now and fatall Bow,  
Which favouring *Phæbus* did on Thee bestow?

This sayd, He fetcht his Quiver from his Tent,  
And from his Bow a well-aim'd Arrow sent;  
The Shaft *Polydamas*, *Clitus* Favourite, hit,  
As He gave licence to the curbing Bit,  
And up his Chariot, to gain *Hektor's* Love,  
Where hottest was the Battell feircely drove.

The well-drawn Shaft encountred with no Check,  
Untill the barbed Steel transpers'd his Neck:

Down falls the Prince, his boggling Steeds retreat,  
And with their Heels the empty Chariot beat;  
To seize his Horse *Polydamas* falls on,  
And to *Astionus*, *Protiaons* Son,

Gave them with strick Command to keep in Sight,  
Returning straight where hottest was in Fight.

*Teucer* at *Hektor* then another Shaft  
Aim'd, which the Heroe had of Life bereft,  
And He then peris'd at the *Grecian* Fleet,  
But that all-seeing *Jove* would not permit,  
Who Him protected, and depriv'd the Foe  
Of th' Honour; for as *Teucer* drew his Bow,  
He broke the String, made strong of Hempen twilt,  
Threw down his Bow, and so his Arrow mist:  
Then *Teucer* frighted to his Brother sayd;

Our Counsells by some God are frustrate made,  
Out of my Hand my trusty Bow He threw,  
And brak my String, which was this Morning new,

B b b 2

Then

(d) *Gr. Mastorides*, by which word, as also by *basileus* is not meant in *Homer*, such as are really Slaves or Servants, but such only as live under one and the same Roof, or Household friends, such as was *Moriones* to *Idomeneus*.

(c) *Clytius* was brother to *Priam*, and to *Calestor* Cousin-german to *Hektor*.

Then *Ajax*; Since some spitefull Deity  
Thus disappoints Us, lay thy Quiver by,  
And take thy Target with thy ponderous Spear,  
So charge the *Trojans*, and the *Grecians* cheer,  
That though They conquer Us, they may not yet  
Our Navy without Blowes and Labour get;  
Let's to the last Man fight it out. This sayd,  
In his Pavilion up his Bow He layd,  
Claps on his Sheild, and straight his Browes impails  
With a bright Helmet, grac'd with Horses Tails,  
Whose stately Plumage with each Motion shook;  
Then takes a Javelin up of knotty Oake,  
Straight running in his Brother to assit.  
When *Hector* saw that *Tenens* Arrow mist,  
Thus He aloud, cheering his Friends, did call;  
*Trojans* and *Lycians*, and bold *Dardans*, all  
Your Strength and Valour to the utmost show;  
These Eyes beheld when *Jove* broke *Tenens* Bow;  
We now with ease may see whom He protects,  
Whom He encourages, and whom dejects;  
How now the *Grecian* Forces He unnerves,  
And Us as an Auxiliary serves:

(c) *Patria charitas una omnes omnium charitates superat*, whence *Socrates* in *Plato* affirms, we must do and suffer more for the preservation of our Country, then of our Parents; whence the welfare of those also, and all other our Relations being involved in that, we may not refuse to dye in defence of it, no death being so honest, none more honourable, according to that of *Tyrants*:

Τὸ δὲ δίκαιον ἢ ἄλλο δὲ ἀνθρώπων μὲν οὐκ ἔστι δὲ ἀνδρῶν, οὐδ' ἔστι μὲν ἄλλοι, οὐδ' ἔστι μὲν ἄλλοι.

Death honourable is to every man,  
Dies fighting for his Country in the Van.

(f) *Gr. ἡ ψυχή τῆς πατρίδος* That is, their Children in succession, or posterity after them: so the *Scholiast* cited by *V. Horius*, ἡ ψυχή τῆς πατρίδος ἡ πατρίδος, αἰώνιος ἀθάνατος ἡ ψυχή τῆς πατρίδος.

(g) *Gr. εὐχρησθῆναι* his Lot, that is, his Possessions, especially Land, because anciently when they mastered or possessed themselves of any place they divided it still by Lot.

Let's charge them home; nor grant the *Grecians* Breath,  
Who ere of Us here wounded meets his Death,  
His suddain Fate receiving, let Him lye,  
(<sup>e</sup>) (Their Honour lives, Who for their Country dye)  
His Wife and (<sup>f</sup>) Children shall his (<sup>g</sup>) State enjoy,  
If ere We drive these cursed *Greeks* from *Troy*:

These Words made Toil with Death & danger Sports,  
Whilst *Ajax* thus his fainting Friends exhorts;  
For shame, you *Grecians*! shall They beat Us yet?  
Resolve to perish, or preserve the Fleet,  
And drive Them back: Can any here believe  
If *Hector* take our Navy, He will give

Us

Us Quarter, and a severall Pass, that so  
Back to our Country We (<sup>h</sup>) on foot may go:  
Heare You not how his Soldiers Hearts He cheers  
To make a Way for Fire with Swords and Spears:  
He not to Masks or Balls his Men invites,  
But entertains Them with more dire Delights,  
In bloody Battels: Come, your Valour try,  
Better We bravely in this Action dye,  
Then live to be confum'd by lingering War,  
By such who so much our Inferiours are.

These Words their Bosoms with fresh Courage fill,  
But *Hector* *Schedius*, *Perimeds* Off-spring, kild;  
*Ajax* *Laodamas*, *Antenors* Son,  
Who led up Foot, did through the Body run;  
*Polydamas* (<sup>i</sup>) *Cyllenian* Otus sped,  
*Meges* great Friend, who bold *Epeians* led:  
*Meges* beholding of his sad Mischance,  
Then at *Polydamas* turning threw a Lance,  
Mising his Aime (*Phæbus* would not permit  
The deadly Spear should (<sup>k</sup>) *Panthus* Off-spring hit)  
He *Cresmus* hurt; Who falls before the Ships,  
Whom *Meges* of his glittering Armour strips:  
Him *Dolops* charg'd, renowned *Lampus* Son,  
Whose Grandfire was the fam'd *Laomedon*,  
He his strong Javelin run through *Meges* Sheild,  
But yet his high-proof'd Breastplate would not yeild,  
Which *Phylus* brought from sweet *Selleens* Flood,  
(A Gift *Euphetes* on his Guest bestow'd)

His Body to defend in Martiall Strife.  
This now preserv'd his noble Off-springs Life,  
But through his Crest *Meges* his Javelin thrust,  
And layd his (<sup>l</sup>) purple Plumage in the Dust.

Whilst *Meges* thus striving for Victory fought,  
Timely Assistance *Menelaus* brought,

Who

*Gr. ἱππάρχης*, by which some understand, ἱππάρχης ἰππάρχης, a kind of Soldiers dance or measures, such as was that of the *Lacedæmonians*, when they returned home Victors. *Εὐφ.*

(i) *Cyllene* was a Mountain in *Arcadia* sacred to *Mercury*, he being tiled thence *Cyllenius*.

(k) As being skill'd in the Art of Divination, of which he himself was the Founder, at least the tutelary Patron and Protector.

(l) His Crest being of Bone or Ivory, and dy'd into Purple.

Who stealing close behind bold *Lampus* Son,  
Quite through his Shoulder did his Javelin run,  
Till at his Breast appear'd the brazen Tip :  
He falls, in run the *Greeks* his Corps to strip :  
When *Hector* who, cheering his Kinsmen, came  
To aide Him, thus did <sup>(m)</sup> *Melanippus* blame ;  
(He e're the War his cloven-footed Breed  
Did in *Percota's* fertile Pastures feed ;  
But when the *Greeks* beleagur'd *Ilium* round,  
To *Troy* He came, and there was much renown'd ;  
There He in *Priams* Court was entertain'd,  
And with his Sons like Love and Honour gain'd.)  
Shall We, O *Melanippus* ! thus neglect  
Thy slaughterd Cofin, nor his Corps protect ?  
See'st Thou not how to gain his Armes they strive ?  
Come, follow Me ; if These We leave alive,  
Not One shall scape inhabits spacious *Troy* ;  
But They with Fire and Sword will All destroy.

*Hector* this sayd, like to a God led on ;

When *Ajax* to his Party thus begun.

Shew your Selves Men, and sensible of Shame ;  
Be tender, Sirs, of your untainted Fame ;  
More flying fall then in the Battell dye,  
Safety and Honour both flie those who flye.

Spur'd with these Words, the *Greeks* obedient All  
Maintaind their Navy like a <sup>(n)</sup> brazen Wall,  
Though *Jove* against Them for the Foe appear'd :  
Then *Menelaus Nestors* Son thus cheer'd ;

Since younger none than Thee in all the Hoast,  
None that more truly can his Prowess boast,  
(For ! Thee Fleet and Valiant can attest)  
Go, single out some *Trojan* from the rest ;

Having thus sayd, He shrunk into the Rear :  
*Antilochus* advancing threw his Spear :

The

The Foe retreated seeing Him advance,  
Who sent not an unsignifying Lance ;  
The Point bold *Melanippus* charging met,  
And run Him through the Bosome neer the Teat,  
Who dying falls, and his bright Armes resound.

As o're the Chase a tender-sented Hound  
Pursues a Fawn, fore wounded by a Swain,  
Who, put from Covert, dies upon the Plain :  
So for Thy Armes in, *Melanippus*, flew  
Grave *Nestors* bolder Son ; but when in view  
*Hector* appear'd advancing to thy Aide,  
Thy Corps He quits, and leaves the Field dismay'd.

And as a Mountain-Lion, Mischief done,  
The Dog or Master slaughterd, thence doth run  
Before the Rusticks, and the Country rise ;  
So bold *Nestorides* from *Hector* flies :  
After the fleet Prince the *Trojans* send  
Vollics of Shouts, and Showers of Javelins spend.

And now They charge the Navy ; Such the Will  
Of mighty *Jove*, who Them assisted still,  
And with fresh Vigour had their Breasts inspir'd,  
Whilst the *Greeks* fainted with hot Service tyr'd.  
For *Hector* now immortall Fame must gain ;  
And *Thetis* th' Issue of her Suit obtain ;  
The *Greeks*, their Vessell fir'd, the Foe must beat  
Up to their Walls, and shamefully defeat.

And now *Jove Hector* mov'd, though prompt before,  
That so the God the *Grecians* might restore :  
Like *Mars* the Heroe rag'd, or burning Cops,  
Whose tapering Flames transcend the Mountains tops ;  
His Mouth all foame, his Eyes like Comets shin'd,  
His waving Plumage danc'd to every Wind,  
And with such Strength his Spirits *Jove* recruits,  
That singly He with their whole Power disputes :  
Since

(m) They that write of the nature of Animals affirm it to be the property of the Lion and such ravenous Beasts, having done mischief, to fly upon it, as conscious of what they have done, and fearing to be punished for it. *Hesiod.* But *Aristotle* saith, that the Lion opposing his Pursuers upon the Plains never runs but in Woods and Forests, where the thickness of the Covert may conceal the ignominious of the action.

(m) He was *Hector's* Brothers Son, and Grandchild of *Priam*.

(n) Defending it with their brazen Shields : so *Apollon* calls the *Grecian* Navy, a wooden Wall.



Up to the City drives the common Road,  
 Admir'd by all Spectators like a God;  
 He alwaies safe, and certain at full Speed,  
*Pomadoes* shews, and vaults from Steed to Steed:  
 From Ship to Ship so striding in his March,  
 Swift *Ajax* bounds, whose Voyce Heavens chryftall  
 Did with continuall Calls and Clamour rend, (Arch  
 Cheering the *Greeks* their Navy to defend.  
 Nor did renowned *Hector* idly stand,  
 Defended by a well-arm'd *Trojan* Band.  
 But as the swiftest Fowle, the Eagle, stoops,  
 Where, feeding neer some Stream, loud cackling Troops  
 Of Geese or Swans, or long-neckt Cranes She spies;

So *Hector* at a black pror'd Vessell flies:  
 Him *Joves* great Hand encouraged to fight,  
 Who those were with Him also did excite.  
 Feircely again They charg'd with Fury fir'd,  
 Nor couldst Thou say they worsted were or tyr'd,  
 So earnestly both Parties fought it out;  
 For Desperation made the *Grecians* stout,  
 And with like Fury on the *Trojans* fall,  
 Hoping to fire their Fleet, and slaughter All.  
 Thus mov'd by severall Passions so unlike,  
 Incessantly they strove, shoot, throw, and strike:  
 But *Hector* did a stately Vessell seize,  
 Which bore *Protesilaus* through the Seas,  
 Yet back from *Troy* neer to his Country brought;  
 Here Hand to Hand the *Greeks* and *Trojans* fought:  
 No Spears they throw, nor use the barbed Flight,  
 But with broad Swords and Battell-Axes fight,  
 And furiously with Javelins strike and thrust.  
 Swords with bright Hilts lye tumbled in the Dust,  
 Dropt from their Hands or Shoulders where they stood  
 In hot Contest, the Earth was dy'd with Blood:

But

Yet *Hector* let <sup>(1)</sup> not loose the hold He had  
 On the high Stern, but thus commanding sayd;  
 Charge boldly with a Shout, and bring up Fire:  
 Behold the Day so long We did desire;  
 Their Ships are Ours, who <sup>(2)</sup> in despite of Fate  
 Have Us involv'd in this so sad Estate,  
 Through Our grave Councils Fears, who never yet  
 Would Us once suffer to attack the Fleet;  
 Though then great *Jove* our Judgments did distract,  
 He with Us now complies, and helps Us act.

This sayd, they All at once fell in amain,  
 Nor *Ajax* longer could their Charge sustain,  
 But to a lower Bank himself betook,  
 And shunning *Death* the upper Decks forsook,  
 Yet so defends the Fleet none could advance  
 With hostile Fire but felt his deadly Lance,  
 And thus aloud the *Grecians* He exhorts;

Bold Princes, who delight in Martial Sports!  
 Stand firm your Ground, and wonted Valour show;  
 We no Reserves to entertain the Foe,  
 Nor stronger Bulwarks have, which may defie  
 Their Force; no City fortified nigh,  
 Nor favouring Friends who Us may Succour yeild,  
 But are surrounded in the *Trojan* Feild,  
 Far from our Country, with the Ocean Sands:  
 Ill trust They Feet, whose Safety's in their Hands.

This sayd, He so bestir'd Him with his Speare,  
 That who so e're, asisting *Hector*, neer  
 Approacht the *Grecian* Fleet with *Trojan* Fire,  
 Roughly entreated soon He made retire;  
 And twice six *Trojans*, who on feircely fell,  
 Did from the Fleet with mortall Wounds repell:

So bravely He the Foes Impression stood,  
 And brandisht Fires extinguishd with Blood.

Ccc 2 HOMERS

(1) *Homer* makes *Hector* seize the Ship only of *Protesilaus* who was dead, that he might not seem to take the cowardliness of any that were living, as he had, had he made him put fire to any others. *Schol.*

(2) He means that the Gods shew'd their dislike of this the *Greeks* expedition by many sad and disastrous Omens, they enduring much extremity ere they set out on their Voyage, and during the Siege.





Honorat

Roberto Cholmondeley  
Tabulam hanc



de Cholmondeley  
L. M. D. D. D. I. O.

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# HOMERS ILIADS.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

## The ARGUMENT.

Patroclus woos his Friend, That in his stead  
He in his Armes might forth his Squadrons lead :  
Achilles yeilds: Much Trojan Blood He spills,  
Rescues the Navy, and Sarpedon kills:  
Disarm'd by Phœbus, He surpriz'd with Feare,  
Hurt by Euphorbus, dies on Hectors Speare.



HURST for this Ship They play  
an equall Game,  
Patroclus weeping to Achilles  
came:  
Tears down his Cheeks in  
trickling Drops distill,  
As from a <sup>(\*)</sup> Rock descends a  
chrystall Rill;

Whom when in this sad Posture, so dismay'd,  
His Friend beheld, Him pitying thus He sayd;  
Why com'st Thou, like a Girl, with blubberd Eyes?  
Who running by her busie Mother cries

To

(\*) Gr. *abysme vergus*; that is, such a Rock as is left by the Goat, and that either for its barrenness, having nothing growing on it; or else for its extraordinary height, for the Goat having a light body, and his Legs armed with many and strong sinews, delights still to feed upon Precipices.

To take Her up, and by her Garments holds,  
Till Shee the Fondling in her Armes infolds:  
Such thy Demeanour, so Thou pow'r'st forth Tears.  
Weep'st thou for my Concern, or thy Affairs?

Any sad News from *Phibia* hast Thou met?

<sup>(b)</sup> *Menæti* lives, they say, and's lusty yet,  
And *Pelew* amongst his *Myrmidons* doth reign,

For both whose Deaths We could not more complain,  
Or mourn'st Thou for the *Greeks*, who slaughter'd be  
Amongst their Ships, <sup>(c)</sup> for so much wronging Me?  
Come, ease thy loaden Breaſt, and let Me know,  
That I may be Copartner in thy Woe.

Then sighing He reply'd; O Thou, the most  
Admir'd for Prowels of the *Grecian* Hoast!

Be not offended that I thus lament,  
Since they are hurt who be most eminent:  
*Tydidēs*, *Ithacus*, <sup>(d)</sup> *Atrides* lye  
Maim'd, with *Eurypylus* shot in the Thigh,  
Whose Palms they strive to ease with healing Balme;  
But thy incens'd Bosome ne're will calme:

(May no such Palsion harbour in my Heart!)

Thou who so rich in useleſs Vertues art,  
Who yet unborn shall thy Assistance have,  
If now thy dearest Friends Thou wilt not save?  
Not *Pelew* Thee, hard-Hearted! did beget,  
Nor beauteous *Thetis* suckled at her Teat,  
But some hard <sup>(e)</sup> Rock topt by a <sup>(f)</sup> Billow bare,  
The rougher Issue of a rugged Paire.

If thus on Thee some <sup>(g)</sup> Prophecie hath wrought,  
Or <sup>(h)</sup> those Commands from *Jove* thy Mother  
Let Me thy Squadrons lead into the Field; <sup>(i)</sup> brought,  
That We our Friends may some Assistance yeild;  
That I may wear thy dreadful Armes parmit,  
And, Thee resembling, drive Them from the Fleet.

Then

Then the afflicted *Greeks* may breathe a while,  
Gaining a short Cessation from their Toyle;  
We then refresh'd shall get with ease Renown,  
And drive the weary *Trojans* to their Town.

Thus He propos'd, and fondly woos his Friend,  
Tempting his Fate, and neer approaching End:  
When deeply Sighing, thus *Achilles* sayd;

To what would'st Thou, *Patroclus*, Me perswade?  
Those Oracles Thou mention'st Me not move,  
Nor mind I more those Messages from *Jove*;  
But this strikes deep, and wounds Me to the Heart,  
That One who boasts no more then I Desert,  
Should Me of my hard purchas'd Share deprive,  
By tyranny of his Prerogative?

The Center of my Soule these Sorrows touch,  
That Her from Me, for whom I toyld so much,  
Whom all Our Princes did on Me bestow,  
On Me who did her Fathers Walls o're-throw,  
*Atrides* took, whilst Fury made Him rave,  
And use Me as his tributary Slave.

But I'll not mind how much He Us disgrac'd,  
Nor shall our Indignation alwaies last.  
Th' Affront I said I never would forget,  
Till the prevailing Foe should charge our Fleet.  
Take then our Armes, and lead into the Field  
Our hardy Troops, who know not how to yeild;  
Since such a Cloud of *Trojans* more and more  
Comes gathering thick, and on the narrow Shore  
Shuts up the *Greeks*, and them would over-whelme  
Beholding not Our formidable Helme,  
From which but seen they suddainly had fled,  
And fill'd the *Grecian* Trenches with their Dead;  
Had *Agamemnon* done but what He should:  
But now each Way They charge Us uncontroll'd:

No

(b) *Menæti* residing at *Opus*, leaving his Native Country, begot there *Patroclus*, who killing unwittingly *Amphidamas* the Son of *Cleonymus*, flying for the Fact into *Phibia*, was kindly received by his Kinsman *Pelew*, and committed together with his Son *Achilles*, to the tuition of *Chiron*. *Schol.*

(c) Not that they were active, or Parties in the Injury done him, but because by interposing they hindred not *Agamemnon*.

(d) *Patroclus* mentions *Agamemnon* neither first nor last, but puts him in the middle of this Catalogue; not first, least *Achilles* disrelishing the Preface, should distaste the sequel, and not grant his suit; not last, least the memory of the Injury received from him, should exasperate him against all, who, when they might, neglected to interpose.

(e) The Stones of the Mountain *Peleus*, from whence his Father had the name of *Peleus*, and where he was educated by *Chiron*, and so, as the Race of *Democleus* and *Pyrrhus*, was *durum genus*, of an obdurate Stock.

(f) As *Polyphemus*, and such other the Sons of *Cyclops*.

(g) He was told that engaging in the War against *Troy*, his life should be short but highly glorious, whereas remaining at home his days should be many, but his Fame obscure, of which, it being left to his election, he chose the former, preferring an eternal name before a temporary being.

(h) That he should withdraw and forbear to engage.

(i) *Gr. desueto armavaco*, that is, one who as being an Alien and stranger cannot be admitted to beare any Office of Command or trust in a Common-wealth.



(\*) These *Harpies* were ravenous kind of *Demons* or Fowles, of which there were three only, *Hello*, *Ocyrops*, and *Podarge*.

(†) *Parus* in his *Books de Rust.* reports that the Mares about *Lisbon* in *Portugal* conceive by the Wind, but that the Foles are not vitall, not living above three years at most: of which breed thus *Virgil*, *Georg.* lib. 3.

*Continuque avidis ubi subdita flamma medulla,  
Vere magis, &c.*

And straight with hidden fire their Marrow burns,  
But most in Spring, when heat of blood returns,  
Then all to courting *Zephyrus* turn their face,

And plac'd on Rocks lascivious Gales embrace,  
And often pregnant prove without a Mate,  
Big with the Winds, and wondrous to relate,

Then over Hills and Dales are carried on,  
Not to thee *Eurus*, nor the rising Sun,  
Nor *Boreas*, nor whence *Auster* doth arise,

And with black Showers in mourning cloaths the Skies.

(\*) He makes *Pedafus* mortall, because being golt, he could not propagate, the other two immortal, *the 2d* *the 3d* *the 4th* *the 5th* *the 6th* *the 7th* *the 8th* *the 9th* *the 10th* *the 11th* *the 12th* *the 13th* *the 14th* *the 15th* *the 16th* *the 17th* *the 18th* *the 19th* *the 20th* *the 21st* *the 22nd* *the 23rd* *the 24th* *the 25th* *the 26th* *the 27th* *the 28th* *the 29th* *the 30th* *the 31st* *the 32nd* *the 33rd* *the 34th* *the 35th* *the 36th* *the 37th* *the 38th* *the 39th* *the 40th* *the 41st* *the 42nd* *the 43rd* *the 44th* *the 45th* *the 46th* *the 47th* *the 48th* *the 49th* *the 50th* *the 51st* *the 52nd* *the 53rd* *the 54th* *the 55th* *the 56th* *the 57th* *the 58th* *the 59th* *the 60th* *the 61st* *the 62nd* *the 63rd* *the 64th* *the 65th* *the 66th* *the 67th* *the 68th* *the 69th* *the 70th* *the 71st* *the 72nd* *the 73rd* *the 74th* *the 75th* *the 76th* *the 77th* *the 78th* *the 79th* *the 80th* *the 81st* *the 82nd* *the 83rd* *the 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And to the Feild leading their Squadrons went,  
 Whilst back *Achilles* goes unto his Tent,  
 Where off a curious Chest the Lid He took,  
 (His Mothers Gift when He the Land forsook)  
 Fill'd with embroider'd Vests, and warmly lin'd,  
 A Fence 'gainst pinching Cold, and biting Wind;  
 There lay a Bowl engrav'd with rare Designe,  
 In which He only drank delicious Wine,  
 Pouring Libations from the stately Cup  
 To none but *Jove*: This Goblet taking up  
 With <sup>(a)</sup> Sulphure Flower He hallowing; after cleans'd  
 With Water; next his Hands the Heroe renc'd,  
 Swelling the Gold, then thus to <sup>(v)</sup> *Jove* He prayd,  
 And <sup>(c)</sup> Heaven beholding due Libations payd;

Great King of Deities, <sup>(a)</sup> *Pelasgian Jove*,  
 Almighty Ruler of <sup>(b)</sup> *Dodona's* Grove,  
 Where <sup>(c)</sup> *Sellius* dwell for Prophecie renown'd,  
 With <sup>(d)</sup> unwash'd Feet reposing on the Ground;  
 Thou' heardst my Prayer, and grantedst my Desire,  
 And for my Sake the *Grecians* felt thy Ire:  
 O heare once more; Though here I stay, my Friend,  
 Whom Troops of valiant *Myrmidons* attend,  
 Now takes the Feild: Great *Jove*, his Heart inflame,  
 And grant that He may win immortal Fame,  
 Making proud *Hector* by Experience know  
 That He as well can singly fight the Foe;  
 Not onely then shews his resistless Rage,  
 When I with Him in bloody Fights engage:  
 And when He makes the clamorous *Trojans* quit  
 Their Ground, and flye amazed from the Fleet,  
 Let Him with all his Armes in safety back  
 Returning, none of all his Squadron lack.

Thus He requested; *Jove* heard his Request:  
 Part of his Prayer He grants, denies the rest;

That

That from the Fleet He should the *Trojans* drive,  
 But never from the Feild return alive.  
 His Prayer and Libations done, the Cup  
 He safe in former Custody layes up:  
 Then stood without his Tent, where best He might  
 Behold the various Fortune of the Fight.

*Patroclus* now had forth his Squadrons drawn,  
 Ready to fall with desperate Fury on.

As buzzing Swarms of angry <sup>(d)</sup> Wasps engage,  
 Whom neer the Road unhappy Boyes enrage,  
 Vexing their Cells, where They in quiet lay,  
 Till many smart in earnest for their Play;  
 When any neer approacheth, though no Harme  
 Intending, yet They muster straight and arme,  
 Then drawing forth, their Lives profusely spend,  
 Their Progeny and Fortrels to defend:

So from the Fleet the *Myrmidons* <sup>(e)</sup> poure out,  
 And with like Courage raise a hideous Shout;  
 When to Them thus *Patroclus* spake aloud;

You who to serve *Aeacides* are proud,  
 Shew your Selves Men, remembering what You are,  
 Honour your Prince the valiantest by far  
 Of all the *Greeks*, and to *Atrides* Shame,  
 Who Him so wrong'd, immortalize his Fame.

Encourag'd thus, they charge the Foe, and round  
 The trending Shores re-echoed Shouts resound.  
 Soon as the *Trojans* saw *Menæus* Son  
 In glittering Armes, and stout *Automedon*,  
 All stood amaz'd, surpriz'd with suddain Feare,  
 Supposing stern *Achilles* had been there,  
 He and *Atrides* Friends, each to save One,  
 Plots his Escape, and how best to be gone:  
 And first *Patroclus* cast a Javelin, where  
 They in the hot Engagement thickest were,

About

(a) *Plinie* tells us lib. 35. that they purified also their Vessels with Brimstones where also he speaks of a kind of Sulphure much used by Fullers for that purpose.

(v) Paid them to *Jupiter Hercens*, so called from his preserving all, *dei* *et* *alii* *regis*.

(c) As praying to one of the super-natural Deities.

(d) The *Pelasgi* inhabited *Thessaly*, being expuls'd *Bombia* by the *Aegyptians*.

(b) *Daulcean* after the Cataclysm or Deluge which happened in his time, had Oracles constantly given by a Dove from out of an Oake, where also, gathering such together as were left after the flood he inhabited, & called the place after the name of one of the Sea Nymphs, *Dodona*. Here *Jupiter* had his Temple, which *Sophocles* calls *μαρτυρα*, from the multitude of Responses which were given by that Oracle. It was formerly called with the region about it, *Helopia*.

(c) Those *Selli* were a people of *Epirus*, so called from the River *Sellus*, *Pindar* calls them *Helli* from *Hellus* the Son of *Drymon* who first found out this Oracle. *Schol.*

(d) Which they did either as retaining the ruder and ancientest manner of living, or for that the God required to be so minister'd unto. Others say, that being a Waslike people, they so imit'd themselves to hardship. Some say, that never stirring from forth the Temple, they never soiled their feet, and so had no need to wash them. *Schol.* They lay upon Skins, and had their Oracles imparted to them by Dreams. *Erythron* calls these Prophets *μυρμιδωνες*. *Enst.* *Strabo* calls them *Tomaroi*, from *Tomarus* a Mountain of *Thessalia*, at the foot whereof this Temple was situate.

(d) He resembles them to Wasps or Hornets, *διὰ τὸ διακρύβειν ἐν καταισκάς*. *Θουκυδίδης* *lib. 1* *τοῦ* *ἔργου* *ἡ* *πυλὸς* *αὐτῶν* *ἐστὶν* *ὡς* *τοῦ* *σκότου*, for the choler and sting of that Creature, being angry and vindictive, especially those of them that are next the way, as being ofttest irritated and provoked. *Enst.* the smallest Creatures not wanting will nor weapons to revenge themselves, according to that old Adage, *Habet & musca splenem & formica sua bilis insect.*

(e) *Τὸ* *ἐκείνην* *δοῦναι* *ἐν* *ἐνταῦθα* *ἡ* *ἑαυτοῦ* *ἀντιπαρὸν* *τὸ* *ἔργον* *ἡ* *ἀντιπαρὸν* *τὸ* *ἔργον*. *So* *Enst.*

About *Protesilaus* Ship, and flew  
*Pyrrachmes*, who the crested *Pæons* drew  
 From *Amydos*, where pleasant *Axius* flows:  
 The cruell Point through his right Shoulder goes;  
 Groaning He falls, and all his Soldiers flye,  
 When They beheld in Dust their Leader lye;  
*Patroclus* Valour made Them all retire,  
 And straight He cleerd the Fleet, & quench'd the Fire.  
 Half burnt the *Trojans* left the Vessell there,  
 And in confusion fled, surpriz'd with Feare:  
 From their recovered Ships they fall out,  
 And charge the Foe now in a panick Rout:

As when great *Jove* removes a gather'd Cloud,  
 Whose sable Curtains high crown'd Mountains shroud,  
 Presenting Groves in a delightfull Scene,  
 Faire Hills and Dales, and all Heavens Face serene:  
 Such Happiness the *Greeks* enjoy'd a while,  
 And fickle Fortune seem'd once more, to smile.  
 But yet the Business was not finish'd quite,  
 For though they had the *Trojans* put to flight,  
 And by their Valour drove Them from the Fleet,  
 Yet They their Hands more trusted then their Feet;  
 But in their Reare the *Grecians* close pursue,  
 And severall Princes *Trojan* Leaders slew.

Then first *Arcilicus*, *Menæus* Son,  
 As Him he fac'd, quite through the Thigh did run,  
 The peircing Steel in Splinters broke the Bone;  
 Down on his Back He tumbles overthrow'n.

But valiant *Menelaus*, *Thoas* killd,  
 Peircing his naked Bosome, neer his Sheild,  
*Phylides* did *Amphiclus* Speed observe,  
 And peirc'd beneath his Calf the greatest Nerve;  
 The <sup>(f)</sup> mighty *Sinew* cut in two, He fell,  
 And lasting Darknes up his Eyes did scale:

*Antilochus*

*Antilochus* charg'd *Atymnius* in the Reare,  
 Running him through the Bowells with his Speare,  
 But *Maris* at his Brothers Death enrag'd,  
 Close by the Corps *Nestors* bold Son engag'd,  
 Whom *Thrasymedes* charg'd; his Speare not mist,  
 But ran Him through the <sup>(f)</sup> Shoulder to the Wrist,  
 Cutting the Bone He falls, his Armes resound,  
 And Nights dark Curtains straight his Eyes surround.  
 So these bold Brothers, great *Sarpedons* Friends,  
 Slain by two Brothers, meet their wofull Ends;  
 Whose Sire <sup>(g)</sup> *Amisodarus* up had bred  
 Dreadfull *Chimera*, who such Mischief did.

*Oiliades* at *Cleobulus* let drive,  
 And from the mixed hurly pluck'd alive;  
 His Neck then almost off the Heroe slasht,  
 A purple Stream his reeking Faulchion washt.  
*Penelius* then and *Lycôn* next advance,  
 And each at other threw in vain their Lance;  
 Then with their Swords they came up Breast to Breast;  
 Bold *Lycôn* struck *Penelius* on the Crest,  
 And broke the Blade; then leaps the *Grecian* in,  
 Lops off his Head, which hung down by the Skin.

*Meriones* did *Acamas* pursue,  
 And, as He mounted, run his Shoulder through;  
 He falls, and lasting Night clos'd up his Eyes.

At *Erymas*, *Idomenæus* flies;  
 And in his Mouth his cruell Weapon ran,  
 The Bones dividing which support the Pan;  
 His Teeth drop out; from's Eares, his Eyes and Nose  
 Warm Blood, as from so many Conduits, flows;  
 Death her dark Curtains round about him drew:  
 And thus each *Grecian* Prince his *Trojan* slew.

As ravening Wolves on Kids or tender Lambs,  
 Who on the Mountains, severed from their Dams,  
 Wander

(f) This the Greeks call *σινωρ*, it is compounded of many strong Sinews intermixt with flesh.

(f) This the Greeks call *σινωρ*, it is compounded of many strong Nerves intermixt with flesh.

(g) Whose Daughter was married to *Bekrophen*, He was King of *Caria*.

Wander neglected by the careless Swain,  
 Seize, and their greedy Jaws with Blood distain:  
 So charg'd the *Grecians* this disorder'd Rout,  
 Who struck with Terror, never fac'd about.  
 (<sup>b</sup>) *Ajax* who strove to be for ever fam'd,  
 Sought *Hector* still, at *Hector* only aim'd,  
 Who well experienc'd hangs a thwart his large  
 And spreading Shoulders his huge Bulskin Targe,  
 And well observes safe Distance by his Eare,  
 From singing Arrows and the founding Spear:  
 Knowing how fickle Chance alternate fides,  
 He for his Squadrons Safety still provides:  
 As a dark Storm from steep *Olympus* flies,  
 When *Jove*, condensing Vapours, dims the Skies;  
 So Shouts and Clamour thunders from the Fleet,  
 Whilst in such strange Confusion They retireit,  
 Him *Hector* Horses thence in those Alarmes  
 Bore off in safety with his ponderous Armes,  
 But stoic whom He commanded, gainst their Will  
 To pass the Trench, He left the Trench to fill,  
 Whose frighted Steeds their Team-pole broken, tear  
 Their Harness, leaving their main'd Chariots there.  
 Cheering his Men, *Menæus* Son pursu'd,  
 Spur'd on with Glory and inveterate Feude;  
 A dusty Cloud scales Heaven from *Hector*'s Feet,  
 As they to *Ilium* flying left the Fleet,  
 Where Them disorder'd most *Penthesilea* spies,  
 There in He falls, and on more fiercely flies,  
 Some from their Chariots false lye on their Backs,  
 Whilst on their Bellies runs the humming Axe,  
 Others, together with their Chariots lay,  
 O're all th' immortal Horses made their Way:  
 (Those Steeds the Gods on *Pelion* had bestow'd)  
 For at high Speed He after *Hector* rode,  
 Spur'd

Spur'd on by Hope of Fame, and made no doubt  
 To over-come Him, though so strong and stout;  
 As when Autumnall Tempests scour the Plain,  
*Jove* dis-imboging Showers of frequent Rain,  
 Angry with those who wrest well-meaning Laws,  
 Orgain by Bribes or Perjury their Cause,  
 Justice contemnd and Reverence of the Gods:  
 For those He musters inundating Floods,  
 Whose Torrent breaks down Banks & Trenches fills,  
 In Cataracts descending from the Hills,  
 Which falling in the Sea aloud resound,  
 The Labours both of Men and Oxen drown;  
 So *Hector*'s Steeds ran panting towards the Banks.  
 Soon as *Patroclus* broke the foremost Ranks,  
 He cours'd them towards the Ships; nor would permit  
 That they their Walls, so much desir'd, should get,  
 But midst their Navy, Streams and Bulwarks flew,  
 And for so many lost took Vengeance due.  
 First *Pronous* He with his strong Javelin kild,  
 Piercing his naked bosome neer his Shield;  
 Down falls the Heroe, and his Armes resound:  
 And next He *Theslor*, *Ænops* Off-spring found;  
 (He fate in's Chariots crouching struck with Feare,  
 And lost his Rains:) *Patroclus* ran his Spear  
 Through his right Cheek & Teeth, strung on the Staff,  
 Quite from his Seat then lifts the Cowrer off.  
 As when an Angler sitting neer a Brook,  
 A (<sup>b</sup>) silver Fish draws with a barbed Hook;  
 So from his Chariot he Him gaping drew,  
 Who dropping down, to Nature payd her Due.  
*Euryalus* after He of Life bereft  
 With a sharp Stone, which Head and Helmet cleft;  
 He falling on his Face, depriv'd of Breath,  
 Gives up Lifes Mansion to intruding Death.  
 Next *Erymas* and *Amphoter* He slew,  
*Echius*, *Ephates*, *Theoppelem* too,  
 E c c  
 P y r e s

(b) *Gr. Alu* δ' ἵππας αὐτὸν ἴδ'· ὅτε, ὅτε, where *Dem. Phalaris* observes that *Homer* purposely affected this hiatus and Caesura in his Verse, making it hang loosely and sound harshly, the better to express the magnitude and majesty of the subject he was then upon.

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(d) *Gr. ἱερὸν ἰχθυὸν, an holy Fish*, which *Aristotle* interprets of a Fish called *Anthis*, which is so called, *holy*, for that where it frequents there are not found any of a mischievous nature, and therefore such as dive for Sponges do it securely there, without feare of danger. Others by it understand the Dolphin, or any other fish friendly to Mariners. *Eust.* Others understand it of any greater fish: so that bone in our bodies, and the falling sickness are called, the one *Os sacrum*, the other *Mercurius sacer*, the one from its greatness, the other from its malignity. Lastly others by *ἱερὸν* understand *Aspis*, a fish which being taken in a net, or otherwise, was thrown in againe, as being under the tuition of some deity, and thence dismissed. *Eust.*





So He extended by his Chariot lay,  
Grasping the Dust, and kneading bloody Clay.

As when a hungry Lion forth doth cull  
The glory of the Heard, a stately Bull,  
Who slaughterd in defending of his Cause,  
Lies groaning under the stern Monsters Jaws:

So lay *Sarpedon*, drawing near his End,  
And dying thus calls to his dearest Friend;

Ah! now or never *Glaucus* act thy Part,  
If Thou or Valiant, Strong or Active art,  
Cheer up our Bands, that They with all their Might  
May for their Leader, and their Honour fight:

Ah! bring Them up with Speed to my Relief,  
Least that I prove a crucifying Grief,  
And thy Reproach so long as Thou shalt live,  
If that the Foe Me of my Armes bereave:  
Therefore bestir thy Self, and bring up Aide.

Eternall Darknes clos'd his Eyes; This sayd,  
His Foot *Patroclus* setting on his Breast,  
Pluckt out the deadly Javelin from his Chest;  
The glittering Steel his Hearts best Blood did noyn;  
His Soul in Purple flung on the Point; low on the Ground  
The *Myrmidons* his panting Horses got,  
Hurrying along the empty Chariot, neerer than A

But bitter Grief did *Glaucus* Soul invade,  
To hear *Sarpedon*, whom he could not Aide,  
His Hand then laying on his wounded Arme,  
Which paid him much hurt in that dreadfull Storm;  
By *Teucers* Shaft, when He the Works maintaint;  
Thus then to *Phobus* He aloud complaind;

*Apollo*, whether Thou <sup>(\*)</sup> in *Lyrice* art,  
Or else at *Troy*, since Thou from any part  
Hearst the Complaints of those afflicted here,  
Heare Me, whose Grief is turning to Despaire;  
This

(\*) He being there especially honoured and called thence *Ausepius*, from the lesser *Lyrice*, which also was called the lesser *Troy*, or *Troja*.

This painfull Wound I in the Battell got,  
Which rages much; my Hand by *Teucer* shot  
Still bleeds and swells, nor have I power to clasp  
My nummed Fingers, nor yet firmly grasp  
My ponderous Spear, th' Encounter to sustain;  
And yonder lies renown'd *Sarpedon* slain;  
Yet cruell Fate will not his Son assise.  
Oh! cure this Wound, and ease my pained Wrist;  
Afford, great King, Strength that I may excite  
The *Lycians* for their Princes Corps to fight.

*Apollo* hears sad *Glaucus* thus complain,  
His Blood then stops, and mitigates his Pain,  
And Spirits spent with Sweat and Toyle repairs.

*Glaucus* rejoycing *Phobus* heard his Prayers,  
Advancing with his *Lycians* feircely goes  
The Corps to rescue from insulting Fods  
He up to *Hector* and *Aeneas* came,  
*Agenor* and renown'd *Polydames*,  
When thus to bold *Pryamides* He sayd;

Little Thou tenderst Those who bring Thee Aide,  
And far from Home, their Children and their Wives;  
On thy Account adventure here their Lives;  
*Sarpedons* Body now Thou wilt not save.

Who To Thee (thankless!) such Assistance gave,  
Who by his Power and Justice did maintaine  
His wealthy Realms, lies by *Patroclus* slain;  
Disdain the Foe his glorious Armes should take;  
And on the Corps their Indignation wreak;  
*Achilles* angry Squadrons let Us see  
Who rage for those We slaughterd at their Fleet.

These moving Words the *Trojans* much incense,  
Who, though a Stranger, as their main Defence  
Lookd on this Prince, since He such Forces brought,  
And in the Front so valiantly fought.

(\*) Which two qualities, Fortitude & Justice, *Achylus* hath also linked together, and thus commended,

*ὄντι δὲ δύστην ἦ δὴ δὴ,  
τίδ' ἔστιν ἡδὲ σπουδῆς;*

Valour and Justice joyn'd, a couple are  
Not to be match'd, we're driven a better  
Pair.

Straight up They came, and furiously engag'd,  
By *Hektor* led, who for *Sarpedon* rag'd;  
*Patroclus* cheers the *Greeks*, and calling Aid,  
To th' ever ready *Ajaxes* thus sayd;

Bold Princes now asist; ah! now restore  
Our Honour lost! be what You were, or more;  
*Sarpedons* false, who mounted first our Wall,  
Come! on his Body wreak your Vengeance All,  
Teare off his glorious Armes, and let Them feel,  
Who ever interpose, your vengefull Steel.

This sayd, They gather boldly to asist:  
Soon as each Party drey up to resist;  
*Trojans* and *Lycians*, *Myrmidons* and *Greeks*  
Charge round the Corps, with horrid Cries & Skreeks;  
Clashing of Armes resound, then o're the Fight,  
Whilst they the Corps dispute, more black then Night,  
*Jove* draws a sable Cloud, the *Trojans* first  
In this so desperate Charge the *Grecians* worst,  
A *Myrmidon* of nobler Abstract slain,  
*Agastus* Son, *Epigtus* who did reign  
Once in *Bulwer*; there his Nephew flew,  
From thence to *Peleus* and faire *Thetis* flew,  
Whom they to *Troy* sent with their valiant Son;  
Him, the Corps seizing, *Hektor* with a Stone  
Struck on the Brow, which Head and Helmet cleav'd;  
He on the Body falls of Life bereft  
Death o're His Face her sable Wings extends:

Greif at this *Lois Patroclus* Bosome rends,  
Who 'mongst the *Lycians* straight and *Trojans* sties;  
As a swift Falcon stoops at Crows and Pies;  
*Patroclus* so for his dear Friend engag'd,  
Both *Trojans* and *Auxiliars* engag'd,  
And *Sibomlaus* flew, *Ichemens* Son,  
Whose Neck He dislocated with a Stone;

Tearing

Tearing the binding Sinews, from his Ire  
Bold *Hektor* and his forward Troop retire:  
As far as any can a Javelin throw,  
To gain the Prize, or charge the daring Foe,  
Worsted They shrunk, and Ground new gotten lost.  
Here first the Foe illustrious *Glaucus* fac'd,  
And *Bathycleus* slaughterd, *Chalcons* Son,  
Who rich, in *Hellas* had much Honour won;  
He turning short on Him as he pursu'd,  
His well-couchd Javelin in his Breast imbrowd;  
Falling his Armes resound: the *Greeks* were sad,  
That such a Prince They lost, the *Trojans* glad;  
About his Corps they thronging make a Halt,  
But long they were not guilty of that Fault;  
Soon re-enforcing They the Foe pursue:  
Then stout *Meriones*, *Laogon* slew,  
*Oeneters* Son, *Joves* Priest, who his Abode  
Had on Mount *Ide*, and honourd like a God;  
Beneath his Eare the Point a Passage found,  
Sending his Soule to the infernall Sound.  
At Him *Aeneas* did his Spear discharge,  
Aiming to take beneath his ample Targe,  
Which He perceiving warily declin'd  
The Lance by stooping forward, fast behind  
It fixed in the Ground, the butt-end shook,  
The deadly Point rebated firmly stuck:  
*Aeneas* when He saw his Javelin had

Such ill Success, extremely chaffing sayd;  
*Meriones*, though Thou so well canst <sup>(1)</sup> Dance,  
I (had I hit) had sped Thee with my Lance:

Then He repl'y'd, Though Th' art so strong, not All  
That Thou encounterst by thy Hand must fall,  
And I beleive, Thou also Mortall art,  
Whom if I miss not with this well-steeld Dart,  
Mauger

(1) There were three kind of Dances amongst the Ancients, *misse*, which were certain military measures, practised by the *Cretans* to render them more ready and expert at their Armes: *Choreus* which was used in their religious solemnities only: and lastly, *Pyrrhic*, which being loose and lascivious, was used by such persons which were debauched. *Schol.* This last was invented and used by the *Phrygiens*, in honour of *Bacchus*, having its name from a Nymph, one of the Followers of *Cybele*. *Enst.*

(\*) What *Patroclus* faults here in *Meriones*, is by some returned upon *Homer* himself, viz. that he is impetuous and tedious in his Harangues or Orations, making his Heroes argue it by words, when they should dispute rather, and decide the controverſie by their Weapons; for which *Philemon* thus excuſeth him.

Τὸν δ' ἔτι λέγοντα καὶ φησὶ· τίς μανέρη,  
μήδ' ἐντολῇ· τίς μὲν ἀνδρῶν ἐπὶ μάχῃ  
τῶνδε καὶ τῶν ἐντολῶν ὁμοῦ λέγει,  
ὅς τ' ἐπὶ βέλῳ καὶ μάχῃ καὶ λόγῳ  
καὶ δὲ καὶ ὁ μανέρη λέγει.

Think him not tedious: who speaks well,  
Though much and many things he tell,  
Since, though Homers words are long,  
None ever tedious call his Song.

Mauger thy strength, Thou shalt without controul  
Give Me fresh Honour, and grim *Dis* thy Soule.

Whom thus *Patroclus* chides; *Meriones*! (\*) Why  
Dost Thou who art so Valiant make Reply?

We with reviling Words shall never drive  
Them from the Corps, whilst One remains alive:

Tis not vaine Language, as our Business stands,

The Work will finish, but our active Hands:

Talk not, but fight; This sayd, He boldly led,

*Meriones* follows with as little Dread:

Like the confus'd Noyse of Wood cut down,  
When Swains make bald a Mountains bushy Crown;

So Stroaks re-ecchoing ring through all the Feilds  
Of Swords, Casks, Spears, and rattling Bulskin Shields.

And now *Sarpedon* None could know, all o're  
From Head to Heel besmeard with Dust and Gore,  
Trampled and drag'd, with Arms and Truncheons hid,  
Whilst each to gain the Corps their utmost did.

As buzzing Flies about the Milk-Paile swarm,  
When Vernal Season makes the Vessell warm;

So They about the Body throng, whilst *Jove*  
Ne're from the Battell did his Eyes remove,

But fate Spectator still, and alwaies watcht  
How best *Patroclus* Fate might be dispatcht:

If *Hector* Him should on *Sarpedon* kill,  
Seizing his Armes, or He pursue Them still;

Then thus resolves; the Foe He on should drive,  
And many more of dearest Life deprive.

To work this Plot, first with a panick Feare  
He *Hector* strikes, who gallops to the Reare,

Bidding All shift, for He *Joves* Pleasure knew:

As which the *Trojans* fled and *Lycians* too;

Their King 'mongst heap'd up Bodies there they left,

Since many on him were of lives bereft,

In

In that sad Fight, the *Greeks* *Sarpedon* strip,  
Whose Armes *Patroclus* sends unto his Ship.

Then *Jove* to *Phæbus*; My dear Off-spring clear  
From Gore and Arms, and to a Fountaine beare;

There bathe, and with *Ambrosia*, dearest Son,

Anoynt him, and immortall Weeds put on;

Let (†) Sleep and Death in joynt Commission wait

Upon the Body to the *Lycian* State,

Where Him (†) his Friends and Subjects may interr,

Rearing an *Obeliske* on his Sepulcher:

The God his Sire (†) obeying swiftly stoopes

From lofty *Ide* amidst the weary Troopes,

And straight from heaps of Spears and Bodies took

The Corps, then bathes it in a Chrystall Brook;

Noynts with *Ambrosia*, cloathes with heavenly weeds.

Then Sleep and Death, those nimble Brothers, bids

With all Dispatch the Body to convey

To his own Court in fertill *Lycia*.

Meane while *Patroclus* bids *Automedon*

Pursue the Foe, which brought His Ruine on;

Who had He kept th'injunction of his Friend

Had Fate escap'd, and his untimely End:

But *Joves* Designe no Mortall may oppose,

Who daunts the bold, and Conquest takes from Those

Who not without his own Expreſſe ingag'd.

He to his ruine now this Prince enrag'd.

Whom first, whom last deprivedst Thou of Breath,

When Heaven, *Patroclus*, had decreed thy Death?

*Adrastus* He, *Ecbeclus*, *Auton* slew,

*Epistor*, *Melanippus*, *Perin* too,

*Elasus*, *Mulius* and *Pylartes* kild,

Driving their worsted Squadrons through the Field:

By him lead on, up close the *Greeks* advance,

And *Troy* had took (so charg'd He with his Lance)

F f f

But

(†) He put these two upon the imployment, it being besides all decorum to engage the Gods to attend a Corps who were immortal. Besides, Sleep and Death being both of them *ἀλογα*, leaving the body destitute of fence and soule, the one by a temporary privation, the other by a total, this imployment was for none more proper.

(†) *Enſtathius* questions much the performance of this *Jupiters* injunction, supposing the *Lycians* had only some *ψυλλας*, some empty Herſe or Coffin to represent it, not his real body, Sleep and Death being *ἀσυσταστα* *ἐπὶ τῷ σώματι*, no substantial realities, but immateriall passions, and so not fit for any such imployment, to undergoe any weight or burthen.

(†) And that albeit *μοῖρα* *τοῖς θεοῖς* *ἐπιτάσσεται*, *ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ σώματι* *καταβύβηται*, *ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ σώματι* *καταβύβηται*, the Gods abominated not the touching only of a Corps, but even the sight of it; for so *Empirides* in his *Hippolytus*, *Enst.*

But spightfull *Phæbus* standing on a Tower,  
The *Trojans* helps; thrice, Manger all Their Power,  
He mounts the Parapet and Bullwarks seifd;  
As oft the God strikes on his Sheild displeaf'd;  
But when a fourth Attempt *Patroclus* made,  
Thus menacing alowd *Apollo* said;

*Patroclus*, back! the *Parca* not decree  
That this great City shall be took by Thee,  
No nor *Achilles*, who so far excells  
Thee both in Valour and all Virtues else.

This said, the Prince, fearing the God, retreits:  
But whilst that *Hector* kept the *Scean* Gates;  
(Doubtfull if he should fresh the Fight begin,  
Draw forth his Squadrons, or command them in)  
*Phæbus* transformd to a bold Prince he spide,  
*Affus*, his Uncle by the Mothers side,  
(Whose Father *Dymas* in rich *Phrygia* dwelt  
Neare *Sangars* Streame) the God his Pulse thus felt:

Ah! why the Fight deserts Thou? ah! the Shame.  
Would I who so much Thy inferiour am,  
Bove Thee as much in strength and Valour were,  
Then shouldst not Thou the bloodie Feild forbear:  
Pursue *Patroclus*, with Thy pondrous Lance  
His Bosome pierce; this Honour *Phæbus* grants.

This said He vanish'd; *Hector*, *Cebrión* bids  
Straight to the Battell lash his fiery Steeds;  
But *Phæbus* went amongst the *Grecian* Hoast,  
Observing where They were disordered most,  
So to give *Hector* and his *Trojans* Fame,  
Who now flights All, at none else takes his Aime  
But at *Patroclus* drives, who straight alights,  
A Spear his left Hand grasp'd, a Flint his Right,  
Which well his spreading Palme could not containe;  
This stone he strongly threw, nor threw in vaine,

And

And *Hectors* Charioteer, bold *Cebrión*,  
(His Bastard Brother, *Priams* naturall Son,)  
Guiding the Steeds, hit on the Brow so full,  
It beat into his batterd Braines his Scull;  
His Eyes drop out before him on the Ground:  
He like a Diver, in a deadly Swound  
Sunck from his Chariot, whom his Soul forfook,  
When thus in scoffing tearmes *Patroclus* spoke;

An Active Thou and skilfull Diver art;  
If Thou amongst the swelling Billowes wert,  
Seeking faire Oysters, there Thou store wouldst find,  
Though Waves intraged were with boysterous Wind;  
So handsonly Thou from Thy Steeds didst fall:  
I see the *Trojans* are good Divers All.

This said, He Lyon-like on *Cebrión* leap't,  
Who from the Stalls, though hurt, will not be kept,  
Whose Strength and Vallour proves the Monsters  
So Thou *Patroclus* flewst upon the Slaine, (bane;  
And *Hector* from his Steeds as fierce did light,  
Who for the Body like two Lyons fight,  
That on the Mountaines slaughtering a Deer,  
Contend who shall be Master of the Cheer;  
These expert Warriours so for *Cebrión* strive,  
And furiously at one another drive:  
*Hector* about the Neck his Brother clasp'd,  
Him by the Feet *Patroclus* dragging grasp'd,  
Whilst *Greeks* and *Trojans* all their Force engage.

So mounted *Eurus* and swift *Notus* rage,  
Charging a Mountaine cloath'd with shadie Wood,  
Where Beech, Ash, Cork and Cornell long had stood:  
Extended Boughs with Murmur lowd resound,  
And torne downe Branches ruffle on the Ground;

So strugling *Greeks* and daring *Trojans* fight,  
And scorne, their Stations keeping, fordid Flight,

F f f 2

About

About the Corps whole Groves of Javelins thick,  
 As you could set them, and false arrowes stick,  
 In rockie Tempests Stones their Targets beat,  
 Indeavouring each other to defeat;  
 Whilst *Cebrión*, roll'd in blood and dust, forgot  
 The skilfull driving of his Chariot.

Till the bright Sun scald his *Meridian* height,  
 Slaughters were mutuell, equall stood the Fight;  
 But when his Carr descended to the West,  
 The *Grecians* then prevailing had the best,  
 And drew off *Cebrión* from the fierce Alarms  
 Of clamouring foes, then stripping off his Arms:  
*Patroclus* thrice like *Mars* scourd all the Field,  
 And direly rageing, thrice nine *Trojans* kild;  
 The fourth time charging like a dreadfull Fiend,  
 Then Thou, oh! Thou drewst neer thy wofull end:  
 There *Phœbus* met, nor didst thou know the God,  
 His Temples muffled in a gloomy Cloud:  
 Betwixt the Neck and Shoulders him he struck,  
 Dassing his Eyes, and off his Cask did pluck,  
 His crested Plumes down on the Champaigne flung,  
 Which trampled under heeles of Horses rung,  
 Soyling his batterd Helme with Dust and Gore,  
 Which nere had been dishonour so before;  
 What still impaild *Achilles* manly Browes,  
 On *Hector*, as a present, *Jove* bestowes;  
 His Death now nere, *Phœbus* his Javelin broke,  
 Though tip'd with Steele, and made of knottie Oke,  
 Sunck to his Foot his Target and his Belt,  
 Tearing his Corset off so richly guilt.  
 Bereav'd of fence the Prince amazed stood  
 Trembling, an Ague curdled up his Blood.  
 Behind him stolne *Euphorbus*, *Panthus* Son,  
 Betwixt his Shoulders in his Javeline ran,

He



Rogero Palmer de  
Armigero. Tabulam



Dorney Com: Bucks.  
hanc: L. M. D.D.D.  
I.O.

He well could throw a Spear, and most out-strip  
In running, and exceld in Horfe-man-ship;  
Had twenty Champions, when he learnt to just,  
Thrown from their Seats, and tumbled in the Duft:  
He first in Thee his Javeline did imbrew,  
And back his Spear, the wound not mortall, drew,  
Retiring straight, not daring hand to hand,  
Although disarm'd, *Patroclus* to with-stand;  
By *Phæbus* struck, and by *Euphorbus* Spear,  
Fearing his Fate he fell into the Reare.  
As soon as him illustrious *Hector* saw,  
Dangerously wounded thus from Field with-draw,  
After he through the Squadrons fiercely flies,  
And Steele and Staffe, forc'd through his Body, dies,  
Falling his Armes resound, his Friends deplore:

As when a Lyon grapples with a Boare,  
Who first shall of the Chrifstall Fountaine last;  
The salvage Lyon kills his foe at last:  
So lay the slaughtering Prince by *Hector* slaine,  
Who thus insulting speak with high Disdain;  
You thought to take our City, and as Slaves  
Our Wives to *Greece* transport through briney Waves;  
Whom to preserve formost my Steeds advance,  
And of all *Trojans* best I use my Lance:

Fate my sole Prowels forcing to retreat.  
But *Vultures* Thee, unhappy wretch! shall eat;  
Nor should My Vengeance Thy best Friend delay,  
Who might perhaps to Thee at parting say;  
Returne not to the Navie, I injoyne,  
Till *Hectors* bloodie Armes torne off are thine.  
So He might say, and Thee perhaps perswade.

Then with a <sup>(/)</sup> Groane dying *Patroclus* said,  
*Hector*, Thou well mayst boast, since Victorie  
Jove and *Apollo* joynd confer on Thee;

*Phæbus*

(/) The Ancients were of an opinion, that the soul deserting a body which was come to its *ἀσκή* fell greiv'd, did pine and grieve, *ἀδύκην αὖ πένοντο*; *ὑδὸν ἀδύκην ἀνέβη* others, fearing, lest suffering a transmigration (the opinion of *Pythagoras*) it should be confin'd to a worse habitation: especially if the person whom it formerly inform'd were truly valiant, fortitude being so connatural a vertue to mankind, that it takes its name from thence, the Greeks calling it *ἀδύκην* *ἡ ἀδύκην* and *ἡ ἀδύκην*, as we *Manhood* from *Man*. *Enf.*

(1) *Brutus* unseasonably repeating this Verse of *Homer* at a solemn Banquet,

Αὐτὸς οὐ γὰρ ἴσθι δὴδ ὅς Αὐτὸς ὁ *Βρυταῖος* εἶπε,

was much blamd for it, as wanting discretion. *Plut. in Brutus.*

(a) *Alcibiades* deny all kind of divination, yet dying men many times, we see, are indued with a divining Spirit, for that the Soul then being united in its selfe [the reason of *Artemon* the Milesian in his Book of *Dreams*, ὁ δὲ ἐν ἀδρῶσι δὲ ἡ ψυχὴ τῆς ὁλῆς ἢ οὐρανῶς ἢ γῆς ἢ ὑδατῶν, καὶ τῶν ἄλλων, ἐν ταύτῃ τῇ ἑαυτῇ ἐστὶν] is then free from the incumbences of the flesh, and setting forth for the place of its originall.

Thus *Pisidimus* tells of a Rhodian who prophesied on his death bed, that six of his associates should suddenly follow him, & in what order: So *Socrates* in that Apologie that *Plato* made for him: τὸ δὲ δὴ μετὰ τὸν ἐκδημῶντα Ἰώνη *Χερμαδῶν*, ὁ ἀπομνηστεύσαντων ὅς τὸς ἑξὶς ἡδὲ τῶνδε τοῖς ὅσιν ἔλθουσιν. *Xenophon* also, since I am arrived at that part of my life, wherein men usually prophesie, the end or close, I also shall acquaint you with somewhat that is yet to come. *Xenophon* also in his Apologie for the same Philosopher makes him take notice of this passage in our Poet, for bringing him in first saying, εὐαὶ ὅς οὐ δὲ δὴ οὐδὲν οὐδὲ ὅς οὐρανῶν ἢ γῆς ἢ ὑδατῶν, ἐν ταύτῃ τῇ ἑαυτῇ ἐστὶν. That since *Homer* had made some prophesie at their end, he also would do the like, he makes him tell of the future debauched Son of *Antenor*, one of his accusers, which fell out accordingly.

(x) See note (f) in Page 371.

*Phæbus* disarm'd Me, else I should not feare  
Twenty like Thee to slaughter with my Speare;

(1) First *Phæbus* slew me, by my sad Fate stir'd,  
*Euphorbus* next, Thou kil'dst Me but the third.

But what I now (x) foretell Thou mayst beleive;  
Long after Me expect not to survive,

The powerfull Fates; and conquering Death draw nere,  
And Thou shalt fall on stern *Achilles* Speare.

Thus Life and Speach an End together made,  
His Soul descending to th'Infernall Shade,

(x) Repining Youth and Vigour to forsake,  
When thus bold *Hector* o're the Body spake;

*Patroclus*, how canst Thou my Death foretell?  
Who knowes now but *Achilles* may as well,

Though him a Goddess, beauteous *Thetis*, bare,  
Imbrue the point of this my vengfull Speare?

This said, his Foot he setting on him, drew  
The Javelin forth, and back the Body threw.

This done, *Automedon* he next pursu'd,  
*Achilles* Charioteer, with restless Feud;

But from his Rage on deathless Steeds he rode,  
Which gift the Gods on *Peleus* had bestow'd.

HOMERS



Thomas Stanley de  
Hartford Arm. Fabula



Cumberlow in Comitatu  
hanc. D.D.D.I.M.I.O.

Lib. 17. 17c. 29.

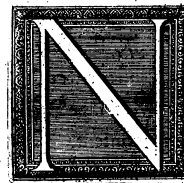


# HOMERS ILIADS.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Spartan King Euphorbus kills, then flies.  
Achilles glorious Arms prove Hector's prize;  
Who Ajax fears t'engage. Both Sides recruit:  
Then for the Body bloodily dispute,  
Which Ajax sheltering with his heaven-fold Shield,  
At last brings off: On both sides many kild.*



Or long from Menelaus fame  
conceald  
How the bold Trojans had  
Patroclus kild:  
He through the Front and  
glittering Squadrons flung.  
As the <sup>(a)</sup> Damme moaning  
rounds her tender Young,

Who ne're before had prov'd *Lucina's* Throws;  
About the Body so the *Spartan* goes,  
His Spear in posture put, and ample Targe,  
Prepar'd to slaughter who so ere durst charge:

Nor

(a) He resembles Menelaus's *Andro*  
την δὲ ἀλλὰ οὐκ ἀνδρὶν ἐπὶ πρηνέσιν, not  
to any stronger creature but to an Hei-  
ser, and that for her affection and com-  
passion to her young, especially her  
first.







But shrinking still to *Ajax* Thou giv'st place,  
 Nor, as a Foe, dar'st look him in the Face,  
 Still waving his Incounter, who excels  
 Thee both in Prowess and all Virtues else.  
 To *Glaucus Hektor* frowning then reply'd ;  
 Why speak'st Thou words imbitter'd so with Pride ?

I allwayes thought Thee prudent till this Houre,  
 But Palsion now Thy Judgment doth o're-power.  
 Thou sayst I *Ajax* dare not singly fight ;  
 I feare no Swords, nor Horses Me affright,  
 But *fove*, whose Will works out what ere He lists,  
 Who Those Himselfe engages oft resists,  
 Daunting the bold: but draw Thou up and see,  
 If, as Thou say'st, I such a Coward be,  
 Or of My Honour have so little Sence  
 To let the prowdest beare the Body hence,  
 Or the Corps rescue from these conquering Hands:  
 This said, He thus cheers up his warlike Bands ;

Now *Trojans, Lycians* and bold *Dardans* fight,  
 Screw up your ancient Valour to the Height,  
 Whilst I that sam'd *Achilles* Armes put on,  
 My Prize by Slaughter of *Menetius* Son.

This said, the bloodie Battell he forakes,  
 And, running swiftly, soon Them overtakes  
 That to the City bare the splendid Armes:  
 Then puts them on, remote from all Alarmes,  
 And with that Partie sends to *Troy* his own.  
 Then girds He that celestiall Armour on  
 The Gods to *Pelex* gave, who aged grown  
 The wonderous Guift conferr'd upon his Son;

(\*) Who must not in his Fathers Armes grow old.

When *fove* beheld him shine in Steele and Gold,  
 Shaking his Browes, Ah! little dost Thou think  
 Thy Death so near Thee, though on *Lethes* Brink,

Who

Who in his Armes thus prid'st whom All men feare,  
 His valiant Favourite slaughtering with Thy Speare,  
 Leaving His naked Body on the Spot.  
 Though Thee great Strength and Courage I allot,  
 Thou thus accounted shalt not from the Fight  
 Returne to Thy *Andromache* at Night.

*Jove* ratified this Sentence with a Nod ;  
 But *Hektor* arm'd, cheer'd by Wars dreadfull God,  
 His Aids invited to the bold Designe,  
 Who saw Him in *Achilles* Armour shine ;  
 Then *Mestibles* He and *Glaucus* puts in Hope  
*Thersilochus, Dismor* and *Asterope*,  
 Whets *Phorcys, Hippothous* and *Chromius* Swords,  
 And th' *Augur Enomus* with such cheering Words.

You bold Assistants, Who vast Confinies plant,  
 I rais'd no Multitudes abroad for want ;  
 But such I from your severall Cities drew,  
 Whose Prowess might these daring *Greeks* subdue ;  
 Protecting so our Children and our Wives:  
 On which Account, besides large Donatives,  
 We on our People heavy Taxes selle,  
 That so your Courage may with Pay increase ;  
 Therefore now fight or dye ; or Slaves be made :  
 So ends all War ; such is that subtile Trade.  
 Who ere from them *Patroclus* Corps shall get,  
 Forcing yon sturdie *Ajax* to retreat ,  
 The Spoyles betwixt us shall divided be,  
 And equal Honour shar'd 'twixt Him and Me.

Couching their Spears, this said, they bend their coats  
 Against the Foe, hoping the Corps to force ;  
 Who of their Lives shall no small Havock make.  
 Then to the *Spartan* thus great *Ajax* spake ;

To come with safety off we may despaire ;  
 Not for *Patroclus* Corps so much I feare,

Which

(\*) Hence *Dion Prusseus* Orat. 28.  
 inserts *Hektor* in his Catalogue of such  
 Heroes, who though highly favoured  
 of the Gods dyed in their youth ; for  
 so did *Patroclus, Sarpedon, Achilles* and  
*Atemnon*.

Which must by Dogs and Vulturs be devour'd,  
As here We both should suffer over-pow'rd;  
*Hector* o're all an iron Tempest spreads,  
Th'impending Storme will break upon our Heads;  
Then call up others quickly to our Aid.  
Off *Menelaus* drawes, nor Time delaid,  
And breaking through the Rancks thus calls alowd;

You Princes! who at publick Feasts are prowd  
To sit at *Agamemmons* Board and Mine,  
Mixing high Banquets with delicious Wine;  
You, on whom *Jove* Honour and Power conferd,  
Since in this bloody Fight it will be hard  
To find you All, let some with Speed draw neare,  
Disdaining Dogs *Patroclus* Corps should teare:

Swift *Ajax* heard lowd *Menelaus* first,  
And through the rancks and clos'd up Squadrons burst,  
*Idomeneus*, and his Favourite  
*Meriones* next, resembling *Mars* in Fight.  
Who can the Princes reckon up or name?

So many to renew the Battell came:  
As <sup>(1)</sup> in a Rivers Mouth swolne with the Tyde,  
Repuls'd Billowes from the Ocean ride,  
A murmuring Breach gainst Bancks opposing raves,  
The flowing Sea disgorging fresher Waves;  
So lowd the clamouring *Trojans* Shouts resound,  
Whilst the bold *Greeks* *Patroclus* Corps surround,  
And with their Sheilds conjoynd the Foere sist,  
*Jove* their bright Casks eclipsing with a mist;  
Who, lowd *Patroclus* living up now sends,  
To save his Corps from Dogs, so many Friends:

But first the *Trojans* with a desperate Shock  
Worsted the *Greeks*, that All the Corps forfook;  
Yet in their Flight the *Trojans* could not boast,  
Any They slew, or that one *Greek* was lost,

Nor

Nor stayd They long: Great *Ajax* who exceld  
All but *Pelides* the unparallel'd,  
(His goodly Person such, His Facts so fam'd)  
Their Bosomes with fresh Courage thus inflam'd.

As a wild Boare who Dogs and Men assailes,  
His Passage forcing from re-echoing Vales,  
Speeds to the safer Mountaine; *Ajax* so  
Making his Way, routes the opposing Foe,  
And dis-appoynts their Plot, to gaine Renown  
And purchase Fame by dragging to the Town  
*Patroclus* Corps. *Hippothous*, *Letbus* Son,  
Had this for *Hector* and the *Trojans* done,  
Who fast the *Tendons* near his Anckles tide,  
And drag'd him by the Foot: when unesp'd,  
His Fate, which None could e're avoid, drew neare:  
For boysterous *Ajax*, rushing through the Reare,  
Him singled out, and with his Lance assailes,  
Piercing his Cask, adorn'd with Horfes Tails:  
The purpled Poynt an Eye of white distaines,  
A Hotch-potch following mixt of Blood and Braines;  
His Soule dislodging flights Her late Command,  
*Patroclus* foot drops from his dying Hand;  
On Him he falls; far from his <sup>(2)</sup> native Soyle,  
His Parents <sup>(3)</sup> Guerdon for their Care and Toyle  
Not yet return'd; so short his Life, his Chance  
So sad to perish by great *Ajax* Lance.

At Him his Spear much raging *Hector* threw,  
Which, *Ajax* stooping, o're his Shoulder flew:  
This *Schedius* Son, renown'd *Ipitbus*, felt:  
Long He in wealthie <sup>(4)</sup> *Panopea* dwelt,  
Amongst the *Phoecean* Cheifes of primest Note,  
And most command: the Poynt transpierc'd his Throat,  
And through his Shoulder-blade a Passage found;  
Dying he falls, his glittering Armes resound.

But

(1) *Selen* (or as others, *Plato*) being ambitious of imitating *Homer*, comparing some Verses of theirs with his, reading this passage were so highly displeased with their own, that they condemn'd them to the fire, invoking *Vulcan* in this verse of his, a little altered.

*Ἡρώης ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' αὖτε, Πλάτωνος ὡς ἂν οὐκ ἔστιν ἔτι.*

*Vulcan, approach; Plato thy eye requirer.*

(2) From *Larissa* a City of the *Pisidians* *Argos*, or *Troas*.  
(3) *Γραῖα καὶ πατρὶς* *Enphathius* proves this retaliation of children to their parents for the care and charge of their education to be a duty and debt, not any curtesie. *καὶ ἀνδρῶν πατρὶς καὶ υἱῶν δαίμων ἀντιπρὸς αὐτοῖς*. So *He*.

(4) A City of *Phocis*.



As when a Currier gives his Servants charge  
 A Bullocks Hide with labour to enlarge;  
 Standing about each way They tug the Skin,  
 And pull and hale to work the Liquor in,  
 Adding both breadth, and length; So stood they round  
 Dragging the Corps o're a small patch of Ground,  
 Now here, now there: These would to Priam's Seat  
 Drag off the Corps; Those carri'd to the Fleet.  
 Had Mars and Pallas this dire Conflict seen,  
 He had not blam'd Them, nor Shee angry been;  
 Jove for Patroclus Mischeifs such a World  
 That woefull Day on Men and Horses hurld.

But all this while Achilles nothing heard  
 Of this Misfortune, and as little feard;  
 They so far off fought near the Trojan Wall,  
 He dreamt not of his Freinds untimely Fall,  
 But thought, the Foe repul'd, He would retreat,  
 As He had Him advis'd, to the Fleet:  
 He knew Patroclus never should destroy  
 Without Him, nor with His Assistance, Troy.  
 This oft He from his Goddes Mother heard,  
 Which Jove in private had to Her declar'd:  
 Yet She ne're hinted his untimely End,  
 Nor that He thus should lose his dearest Freind.

But They the Corps with Javelins guarded still,  
 And in Confusion mix'd are kild and kill.

When One thus said; Scorne longer to survive,  
 But let the Earth first swallow Us alive,  
 Before We basely to the Fleet returne,  
 (The lesse dishonour better may be borne)  
 Or let the Trojans of their Prowess brag,  
 Glorying They did the Corps to Ilium drag.

A Trojan then; Since there's no Hope to flye,  
 Lets fight it out, and on the Body dye.

Thus

Thus They resolving made a fresh Assault;  
 Clashing of Weapons storm'd Heavens marble vault;  
 And shouts the Air's untracted Regions ript.

Meane while Achilles mournfull Horses wept,  
 Knowing bold Hector had their Master slaine,  
 And left his rifled Body on the Plaine:  
 And though that often stout <sup>(a)</sup> Automedon  
 Labour'd the Whip, lashing to drive them on,  
 Yet they his Threats and fairer Language sleight,  
 And would not to the Navie, nor the Fight;  
 But like a Toombe, the marble Residence  
 Of some great Person, stood, not budging thence:

Their Losse deploring, down they hang their Heads;  
 (b) Watering with briny Drops the parched Meads;  
 Their Maines bedew'd with a distilling Streame,  
 Their curles washt out, hung dangling on the Teame.

When Jove beheld th'Immortall Steeds dismaid,  
 Shaking his Tresses, them He pitying, said;

Why gave I you to mortall Peleus, whom  
 Immortall, Death nor Age shall ere overcome?  
 Was it that You should all those Woes indute,  
 Which happles Mankind for themselves procure?  
 What ever breathes, or hath on Earth a Place,  
 Bides not the Tythe inherent to their Race.  
 But be assur'd, Hector Ile nere permit  
 You to command; nor in this Chariot sit.  
 Let it suffice, that He his Armes hath got,  
 And makes yaine Boasts; but You Ile Strength allot  
 And Courage, that Automedon you may  
 In Safety from the bloody Feild convey:  
 Yet shall the Foe the Grecians put to Flight,  
 Untill the Sun gives Place to conquering Night.

This said, by Jove enabled, from their Maines  
 Shaking the dust, They scoure it o're the Plaines,

H h 2

And

(a) As Patroclus was Charioteer to Achilles, so was Automedon to Patroclus, and Alcimedon to Automedon.

(b) The like Virgil relates of Aethon the Horse of Pallas, his Master slaine, Aen. 11.

Post bellator equus, postis insignibus,  
 Aethon  
 Il lacrymans, guttisq; humellat grandibus ora.

Aethon, his War-Horse, mourning next took place, And weeping blubber'd with great drops his Face.

Suetonius in Julio cap. 81. speaking of the Omens which preceded the death of that Emperour, recounts this amongst the rest, that those horses which passing the River Rubicon he had consecrated to Mars, turning them off, to pasture where they pleased, were observ'd, restraining their food, to weep abundantly. Thus Aelian reports it of the Elephants, that being forc'd to forsake their native soyle they weep so excessively, that for a season they lose their sight, Aelian de Animal. lib. 10. c. 7.

And 'midst the Conflict Their bold Driver brought,  
Where he, though for his Freind with greif distraught,  
As at a Flock of Geese a Vulture stoopes,  
Charg'd through and through the Foes disorder'd  
But none He slew, since He, in full Career, (Troopes;  
Not well could guide his Steeds, nor couch his Speare.  
Him in this Posture bold *Laercius* Son

Observing said; What God, *Automedon*,  
Distracts Thy Judgment, and thus puts Thee on,  
Alone to charge the *Trojans* in the Van?  
Since *Hector* slew *Patroclus* more he stormes,  
And rides triumphant in *Achilles* Armes.

Then He; Our Freind now dead, there's none alive  
Who can like Thee these Head-strong Horses drive.  
Take then this Whip and Raignes, and I'll descend,  
And Champion these immortal Steeds defend.

*Alcimedon* the Chariot mounts, this said,  
Taking the Whip and Raignes his Freind to aid.  
Soon as *Automedon* His Seat forsook,  
*Hector* observing to *Aeneas* spoke;

Ah! Thou in Councill wise, in Battell bold!  
*Pelides* Horses yonder I behold  
Drove by unskillfull Charioteers, which may,  
If Thou but second Me, become our Prey:  
Since They unable are our Charge to stand,  
Or both of Us encounter hand to Hand.

*Aeneas* straight consenting up They drew,  
And ore their Backs their Bullskin Targets threw,  
Which plated ore with brazen Bosses shin'd:  
*Chromius* to them and bold *Aretus* joynd,  
Nothing mis-doubting but, their Masters slaine,  
They should as Prize th'immortall Seeds obtaine.  
But from *Automedon* They must not yet  
Come off with Ease; nor without Blood retreat:

Who

Who straight to *fove* for his Assistance pray'd,  
Then to his Freind *Alcimedon* thus said;  
Curb not Thy Steeds, but let Thy Raignes lye slack,  
That their approaching Breath may warme my Back;  
For *Hector* never will desist, untill  
This Chariot prove his Prize and Us he kill,  
Or perish in the bold Attempt. This said,  
For th' *Ajaxes* and *Menelaus* Aid  
Alowd He calls; With Care the Corps protect,  
The Foe repulsing, nor your Charge neglect,  
And Us yet living speedily asist.

Now *Hector* and *Aeneas*, two the best  
Of all the *Trojans*, up 'gainst us advance;  
I'll throw my Speare, and leave the rest to Chance,  
To Fates Decree, and what great *fove* permits.

This said, He throwes, and bold *Aretus* hits,  
Piercing his Sheild, his Armes and masie Belt;  
The Javelin's Poynt He in his Bowells felt.

As when a Swaine with a sharp Hatchet knocks  
Downe with a well-aim'd Blow a stall-fed Oxe;  
So fell the Prince, whilst the infixed Dart  
Shook with th' Impulsions of His panting Heart.  
Then *Hector* threw a Javelin tipt with Brasse,  
Which He avoyded, falling on His Face;  
It fixing in the Ground, the Butt-end shook,  
Fast in the Earth the Poynt rebated stuck.  
Then They had fought it out, their Falchions drawn,  
But that the *Ajaxes* came fiercely on  
To Help *Automedon*, as He desir'd.

*Hector*, *Aeneas*, *Chromius* straight retir'd,  
Nor to fetch off *Aretus* Body stay'd.  
Stripping the Corps, then He insulting said;  
(c) This for *Patroclus* Death hath eas'd My Heart;  
Though Thou for Him too mean a Victim art.

Then

(c) So Theophrastus:  
'Αδελφὸς τοῦ ἡρώδου ἡρώδης ἦν ὀνόματι αὐτοῦ.  
Sic enim  
Κύριος, ἀντιπροσώπων δ' αὐτῷ ἡρώδης.

The sufferers here grow small, but who  
can well  
Revenge himselfe it makes his before  
swell.





Had not *Ceranus* drove a mighty rate,  
And interposing stopt Approaching Fate,  
Meeting his owne, He fell by *Hectors* Spear,  
His death receiving underneath his Eare.  
The Lance beat out his Teeth, and slit His Tongue  
Up by the rootes, and Him from's Chariot flung;  
The Raines He drops, which up his Champion took,  
And fighting to *Idomeneus* spoke;

Drive to the Fleet, where Walls may Us protect,  
This day We must not Victorie expect.  
This said, His Steeds *Idomeneus* whips,  
And struck with Terror hurri'd to the Ships.  
But *Ajax* nor the *Spartan* force conceales,  
Whilst He alternate Palmes the *Trojan* deales:  
When *Telamonius* said; A Foole may know  
Heavens King grants this Dayes Glory to the Foe,  
Since Us their Darts, though thrown at Randone, gall,  
Wounds each imprint, so *Jove* directs them all,  
When ours in vaine upon the Ground are spent:  
But let Us straight some speedy Means invent  
To save the Body, or our selves protect  
Mongst Friends, who may our ill successe expect,  
Thinking we *Hectors* Charge could nere sustaine,  
But seeking safety at our Fleet were flaine.  
Ah! that some Freind would to *Achilles* beare  
This heavy Newes, which yet he could not hear.  
But none such I behold, so dark a Clowd,  
And blinding Mists both Foot and Chariots shrowd.

(f) Oh *Jove*! these Fogs disperse and sable Night,  
Then, must we perish, kill us in the Light,

*Jove* grants his prayer, & clears the gloomy Sphear,  
The Sun breaks forth, and glittering Rancks appear,  
When to the *Spartan* King thus *Ajax* I spoke;

Now round about Thee, *Menelaus*, look,

If

(f) "ὦν δὲ δαίμων ἐν μέσῳ κλισίῃ,  
a Passion, (saith *Dionysius Longinus*,  
admiring it as an Heroick pitch) well  
becoming *Ajax*, he begging not life of  
*Jupiter*, this being a petition much be-  
neath his Spirit, but the sudden ap-  
proach of light, he not doubting then  
to hew out himself a Sepulcher worthy  
of his valour, and that though *Jove*  
himself should combat with him.  
ἰσχυρὸν ἐκ δαίμονος οὐδὲν ἄλλοις ἔστι  
ἐκείνῳ φέρειν ἢ τὸν δαίμονα, διὰ τὸν ἀνα-  
στασθῆναι ἐν μέσῳ τῶν μάχων, ἀπὸ τοῦ  
ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀρτῆρος, οὗ μόνον τὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ  
οὐρανοῦ ἐκείνου, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῦ ἀπὸ τοῦ  
οὐρανοῦ. So he also before cap. 7.

If Thou canst spye, yet living, *Nestors* Son,  
Renown'd *Antilochus*, straight bid him run,  
And to *Achilles* tell the sad Mischance,  
How that his Friend is slain by *Hectors* Lance.

This said, He went: A Lyon from the Stall  
So goes, when Dogs on Him and Rusticks fall,  
Who all Night watching keep Him from his Prey;  
He oft assaults and makes a vaine Essay,  
Whilst Javelins thick they throw, and fire-brands flye,  
Which brandish'd to the Monster terrifie  
That He retreats, though highly discontent;  
So from the Body *Menelaus* went:  
Fearing least They *Patroclus* would forsake,  
He thus to *Ajax* and *Meriones* spake;

*Patroclus* Worth to mind you Leaders call,  
Who living was so affable to All;  
Him of such Merit and so high Deferts  
Death hath surpriz'd. This said the Prince departs:

So a swift (a) Eagle, who hath clearest Eyes  
Of all the feathered People, each where pries,  
Seeking 'mongst shrubs a (b) Hare; then from the Pole  
Stooping infranchiseth her timorous Soul;  
As *Menelaus* search'd the Feild about  
To find *Antilochus*, if living, out;  
When on the left Wing *Nestors* Son he found  
Cheering his Squadrons to maintain their Ground:

Then to the Prince He said; Draw nigh and hear  
Newes I could wish should never pierce thy Eare.

Now I beieve great *Jove* assists our Foes,  
And on the *Trojan* Victory bestowes.  
*Patroclus*, who march'd forth to our Reliefe,  
*Hector* hath slaine, to our no little Grief.  
Run to the Navy, and *Achilles* tell  
What wofull Accident his Friend befell,

I i i

That

(a) *Ellen Animal. lib. 1. c. 42.*

(b) The *λεπρόν* or Hare-preying  
Eagle, *Arist.* calls *Melanotus* or *A-  
quilus Falconius*. This Eagle alone  
brings up her young, never crie, nor  
makes any greater noise with her  
wings. She also crie her young by  
setting them in the Sun, whose rayes  
if they endure with open and unwate-  
ric eyes she owens them as her legiti-  
mate brood, abandoning the rest as  
spurious, which become *ἀναίσθητοι*. *Schol.*  
*Aristotele de Animal. lib. 9. c. 232.*  
saith that the Eagle seizeth not the  
Hare upon her Form but running, and  
that not too; descending in a right  
line, least she bruise her self with her  
force and weight, but fetching a com-  
pass or turning, making her circles  
lesse by degrees, both that so the might  
take off her speed by affrighting her,  
and also be the readier to seize her  
which way soever she should turn. So  
*Scaliger*, but *Aristotele* saith the doth  
both *εὐθείᾳ καὶ περιεγύρῃ*, to prevent  
treacherie staring to be cir-  
cumvented.





# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, Achilles bears his Friend had slain.  
 Thetis ascends with all Her Virgin Train  
 From Sea, her Son to comfort. Arms he wants,  
 Which at her suite Vulcan the Goddess grants:  
 Then speedy anvills, sweating at his Forge,  
 A Cask, Greaves, Corslet, and a ponderous Targe.



W Hilst thus both parties fought  
 like raging flame;  
 Antilochus to sad Achilles  
 came:  
 Whom at His Fleet He  
 found, perplext with fear,  
 Events presaging which ef-  
 fected were,

When to himselfe He said: Ah! why againe  
 In such Confusion flye They from the Plaine?  
 I doubt the Gods have finish'd what of old  
 My Heaven-inspired Mother Me foretold,

That



Edoardo Bysshe de  
 Surrey Armigero.



Smallfield in Comitatu  
 Tabulam hanc. DDD. LM. 10  
 Lib. 18. Vol. 19.

(a) He makes *Patroclus* a Myrmidon, for that his Father *Menastus* was borne in *Egina*, he himself being born in *Opus*, a City of *Loevis*.

That a stout <sup>(a)</sup> Myrmidon, I yet alive,  
The *Trojans*, should of dearest Life deprive.  
*Patroclus* much I feare; Him I desir'd,  
When He had quench'd what hostile Flames had fir'd,  
The Navie cleard, and put the Foe to Flight,  
Straight to retreat, nor valiant *Hector* fight.  
To Him furnishing thus *Antilochus* made  
A sad Adresse, and Tears destilling, said;

To Thee, great Prince, I with sad Tydings come,  
(Ah! were it false, though I were ever dombe;)  
Thy Friend is false, His Corps in hot Dispute,  
And *Hector* weares Thy Armes in our Pursute.

A Cloud, this said, upon His Browes he hung,  
<sup>(b)</sup> Dust on His manlie Face and Forhead flung:

Then, falling down, His Golden Tresses tore,  
And with His regall Habit swept the Floore.  
The Virgins His and Deare *Patroclus* Prize,  
At this so sad Alarme, with hideous Cries  
Surround the Prince, trembling with Greif and Fear,  
Beat Their fair Breasts, dishevelling their Haire,

*Antilochus* the dolefull Musick fid  
With as sad Notes, whilst He *Achilles* held,  
Who fight extreemly, rackt with torturing Feare,  
Least They his Head should fix upon a Spear.

His Mother heard Him 'midst Her Virgine Train,  
In *Nereus* Pallace, built beneath the Mainie,

<sup>(c)</sup> *Glauce*, *Thalia* and *Cymodoce* were  
*Nesæa*, *Spio*, *Thoa*, *Halia* there,  
*Cymoth*, *Adæa* and *Limnoria*,  
*Jæra*, *Amphitboe*, *Agæve*, *Melita*,  
Doto with *Prôto*, *Pherusa*, with faire  
*Dynamene* and *Callianira* were,  
*Dexamene*, *Doris* and *Amphinome*,  
*Nemertes*, *Galatea*, *Panope*,

*Apseudes*

(b) *Chryseis*, de *Orat.* amongst other Symptoms of sorrow reckons mens not casting dust onely upon their haire, but also eating it; *non rictus* *id est* *Plato* highly blames *Homer* for making his principall Heroe so indulge his passion.

(c) *Homer* denominates his *Nereides*, *Glauce*, *Thalia*, and the rest from the colour, fertility and other properties and qualities incident to the Ocean or Element of water. Of these *Hesiod* in his *Theogen.* and *Pindar* in *Isthmijis Ode 6.* reckon fifty.

*Apseudes*, *Callianassa*, *Clymene*,  
*Amath*, *Orithya*, *Mæra*, *Janire*;  
And many more which haunt the briny Seas,  
The Silver Cave was full of Goddeses;  
All beat Their breasts whilst Thus their Queen com-  
Draw near, my dearest Sisters, understand (plaine:

How much, ah! Me, I suffer, who <sup>(d)</sup> brought forth  
The valiant Heroe ever trod the Earth;  
And <sup>(e)</sup> bred up like a Plant, where Seasons smile,  
Where pleasant Fountaines feed a fertil Soyle;  
Then sent to *Ilium* through the boysterous Mainie,  
Against the *Trojans*, whom I ne're again  
Shall see returne to *Pelius* royall Court;  
Though a sad Life He lives, both sad and short,  
Yet I who am a Goddess want the Power,  
His Life to ease, or add to it one Houre;  
But Him I see, and hear what dire Event  
Makes Him thus loud, and dolefully lament.

This said, She leaves the Cave; sad Nymphs attend,  
And, breaking through devided Waves, ascend  
*Troys* fertile Confinies, where *Achilles* lay,  
Whose drawn up Vessels fring'd the trending Bay.  
To Him much fighting she Her selfe conveyd,  
And moaning thus in dolefull Accents said;

Why weepes my Son? what Greif distracts Thee so?  
Grant Me a share and Interest in Thy Woe.  
Tell Me! great *Jove* hath granted Thy Request,  
And now the *Greeks*, since Thou wouldst not assit,  
Are by the conquering *Trojans* hemd in round,  
Their Fleet and Armie coup'd up in a Pound.

He fighting said; Heavens King hath All things  
But what was, Mother, dearest to Thy Son, (done;  
Whom most I lov'd, admir'd and honour'd most,  
One equall to My selfe, ah! I have lost:

And

(d) *Gr. Nereidibus* So said *Olympia* by her Son *Alexander*. That he was too great for her interest: *his upscoury* *glories* *is* *useless* *ambitions*. *Engl.*

(e) *Homer* making *Achilles* to be bred up still with his mother, the more modern Poets make him recommended by his Father *Peleus* to the tuition of *Chiron*, and that at twelve years of age.

And slaughtering *Heſtor* that rich Armour wears,  
Which the bleſt Planters of the glittering Spears  
Gave *Peleus*, when They brought Thee to his Houſe;  
And Thou Immortall didſt a Mortall ſpawle.  
It had been better Thou Thy life haſt led  
'Mongſt Nymphes, and never known a humane Bed;  
For at My Death Thou wilt extreemly mourne,  
Who ne're ſhalt ſee Me to thy Court return.  
I would not live, nor more with Men converſe,  
But that My Spear muſt *Heſtors* Boſome pierce,  
And He to my inſatiate Vengeance yeild  
Some Satisfaction for *Patroclus* kild.

Then weeping She, Ah! Son, Thy Fate draws nigh,  
Soon after *Heſtors* Fall expect to dye.

And ſit I ſhould, ſighing *Achilles* ſaid,  
Beauſe my Deareſt Friend I did not aid,  
Who far from home gave up his vitall Breath,  
By Me not reſcu'd from the Jawes of Death.  
Now ſince I ne're ſhall ſee my native Shore,  
Nor did *Patroclus* help, nor Many more  
Whom *Heſtor* ſlew, nor from my Fleet march'd forth,  
But burthend, like an uſeleſs Load, the Earth,  
When none in Valour might with Me compare,  
Though at deſigning Others better are.

(1) Ah! that both Gods and Mortalls would aſſwage

(2) Paſſion, which often makes the Wiſeſt rage,  
Sweeter than Hony, yet makes Choler keen,  
Sending foule Vapours from th'obſtructed Spleen.

Though juſt occaſion me *Atrides* gave  
Of Diſcontent, yet all that's paſt I'll wave,  
And to the preſent Exigent ſubmit,

That Him Who ſlew *Patroclus* I may meet:

(f) By this he inſinuates *μεγαθυμνία* τῆς ψυχῆς, the vaſt dominion of paſſion and choler, from which the Gods themſelves are not exempted. *Heracles* ſaying that all things were continued in their being long of the mutual enmity and contrariety of the Elements, of which all things conſiſt, ſaith *Homer* for making his *Achilles* deſire the general diſſolution of the Univerſe, which wiſh, yet were it ſuch as he conceiv'd, it might well yet be indulg'd to that Heroes height of paſſion for the loſſe of ſo deare a Friend. *Euſt.*

(g) Theſe lines are much admired by the Ancients, who ſay that hence not only *Plato* took his diviſion of the Soul into its three faculties, *λογικὴν*, *λογικὴν* and *ἐπιθυμητικὴν* the reaſonable, rational, and concupiſcible, as hinted in thoſe three words in theſe verſes, *χολῆς*, *μολογία* and *ἀδολογία*, but *Ariſtotle* alſo his definition of choler, which he makes to be *χρῆς αἱματικῆς διαχυρῆς δι' ἐκείνῃ ἀνομιαν*, the obſolution of the blood in the heart out of a deſire of returning what ever grieves and aſſails it, a deſcription implied in the word here, *καυρὸς*, ſmoke, which ever preſuppoſeth fire. *Euſt.*

Then

Then let the Gods and *Jove* their Pleaſure doe.  
Nor could (b) *Alcides*, deare to *Jove*, eſchew  
Pale (c) Death, purſu'd by cruell *Juno's* Hate:  
And ſo muſt I fall by all-conquering Fate;  
But firſt I'll purchaſe everlaſting Fame:  
Then ſhall ſome long-veild beauteous *Trojan* Dame,  
Sighing extreemly, with her ſofter Hand  
Dry up Her tears: then ſhall they underſtand  
Tis (d) long ſince I engag'd; but now the Field  
To wave, ſhouldſt Thou perſwade, I would not yeild.

Then She, Well haſt Thou ſaid, dear Son; Our beſt  
We ought to do for Friends that are diſtreſt.  
But thy bright Arms the Enemy hath got,  
And they are ſaln to ſlaughtering *Heſtors* Lot:  
Which long he ſhall not thus triumphant wear,  
His Fate approaching: yet a while forbear,  
Untill the riſing Sun Earths Boſome warms,  
Then I'll preſent thee with *Vulcanian* Arms.

This ſaid, She to her Siſters turning ſpake;  
To *Nereus* Court ſtrike through the ample Lake;  
Say that to *Joves* high Pallace I am gon  
To get celeſtiall Armour for my Son.

Her Train obeying, She no Time delayd,  
But mounts *Olympus*, *Vulcan* to perſwade.

Yet ſtill the routed *Grecians* fled before  
*Heſtor*, diſmaid, and filld the ſtraightned Shore;  
Nor could They fairly with the Corps retire,  
Whilſt the ſeirce *Trojans* chargd like raging Fire.

Thrice *Heſtor* ſaltnd on *Patroclus* Feet,  
The ſturdie *Ajaxes* as often beat  
Him from his Prize, yet ſtill he chargd, or ſtood,  
And ſtep by ſtep what Ground he got, made good.

A Lyon ſo whom Ruſticks undertake,  
Derides their Force, nor will his Prey forſake,

K k k

And

(b) Thus *Lucretius* from the example of many famous Perſonages, who trod that path before them, perſwades men patiently to ſubmit to their diſſolution, *lib. 3. in fine*, inſtancing among others, in *Homer*, as no way inferior to the other Potentates he there recounts.

*Hic etiam tibi tunc interdum dicere poſſit: Lumen ſis oculis etiam bonus Aeneas reliquit, Qui melior multis quam tu, &c. But this lay to thy heart, death did diſpatch Good Aeneas, much thy better, impious wretch! And many Princes more in duſt are layd, Who grand Affairs and mighty Nations ſwaid: And he of old, who levell'd the vaſt Maine, And brought his Army o're the purple Plaine, Taught ſawning Waves beneath his foot to creep, Inſulting o're loud murmurs of the Deep, Now conquer'd ſix vaſt Muſters of the dead. Thoſe thunder bolts of Warr, proud Carthage dread, The Scipios gave their bones up to their Graves, Their Obſequies no better then a Slaves. And thoſe who Arts and Sciences firſt found, And who Parnassus forked Turrets crown'd, Mongſt whom once *Homer* did the Scepter ſway, All theſe in quiet ſlumber lay in clay. And laſt of all, *Democritus* the Sage, When he perceiv'd his minde impaired by Age, Freely to Death reſign'd his hoary head, And *Epicurus*, the Worlds wonder's dead, Who all the Learned Crew outſhin'd as far, As the bright Sun at noon a midnight Starr.*

(c) Of all things death onely is inexorable, according to that of *Epicurus*, *πῶς οὐδὲ τιδὸν θάνατος ἀρκεσθαι νομίζουσιν, ὅταν δὲ θάνατος πάντας ἀνθρώπους πᾶσι ἀνθρώποις κοινὸς ᾖ.*

(d) Which yet was but thirteen days: onely he accounts the time long in reſpect both of the great pleaſure he took in Chivalry, as alſo the many various occurrences, and continual encounters in the interim, *Euſt.*

And he had purchas'd then Immortall Fame,  
Had not from *Juno* to *Achilles* came  
*Iris*, in private sent; to whom She said;

Thy friend, thou dreadfulest of Mortalls! aid,  
Whose Corps both *Greeks* and *Trojans* strive to gain;  
(Hot the Dispute, on both sides many slain)  
These to the Fleet to bear, and Those to drag  
To wealthie *Troy*; and *Hector* makes his Brag  
That He his Head will fix upon a Spear:  
If Shame can move Thee, rise, and lye not there:  
Should Dogs or ravenous Vulturs Him deface,  
Thy Fame would be eclips'd with foul Disgrace.

*Achilles* then; Ah! Who of all the Gods  
Sent thee, blest Virgin! from their steep Aboads?  
*Juno*, said *Iris*, Me commanded down  
From Snow-cloth'd Spires on high *Olympus* Crown.

How shall I go, said He, 'mongst loud Alarmes  
And bloodie Conflicts, when They have my Armes?  
To charge the Foe my Mother me forbad,  
Till She had brought a Sute by *Vulcan* made;  
(<sup>k</sup>) Since none will serve, except great *Ajax* Sheeld,  
Who now in all this Service keeps the Field.

Then she; That They thy Armour have, we know;  
Yet on the Rampire Thou thy Selfe mayst show,  
And with thy Prefence make the Foe retire;  
That so thy Friends may some Cessation get.

This said, she vanishing, *Achilles* rose;  
*Pallas* her Sheeld o're his broad Shoulders throwes,  
And a dark Cloud about his Temples roll'd,  
Edg'd with bright Fire, and purld with flaming Gold.

As from a Castle in a distant Isle  
(<sup>l</sup>) Smoak storms the Skies, whilst Enemies the Pile  
All day disputing, frequent Fires at Night  
Guild darker Waves, and make the Ocean bright,  
That

(k) He took not the Armes of *Patroclus*, either for that which he would not appear in Field in any other then his own, least it should render him contemptible to the foe, who being now Masters of the Field were high and insolent; or for that *Automedon* had them then on, the better to amuse the enemy and make them conceit, seeing his old driver, *Patroclus* to have been *Achilles*, *Schol*.

(l) The Ancients their Cities being beleagured made a smoak and smother upon their Walls by day, and fires by night to invite their neighbours and associates to their assistance, *Schol*.

That their Allies may their Condition know,  
And man out Ships against the preising Foe:  
Such sparkling Fires about his Temples shine:  
Then going forth he walks upon the Line:  
Nor with a Party on the *Trojan* falls,  
But as his Mother charg'd, aloud He calls,  
Whom *Pallas* echoes: Straight the *Trojans* were  
In great confusion, strook with *Panick* Fear:

(<sup>m</sup>) As a shrill (<sup>n</sup>) Trumpet summoneth a Town,  
Before the drawn-up Enemy sits down:  
Such was his Voyce, prefaging future Woe.  
Their bogling Steeds affrighted backward goe,  
Their discomposed Charioteers retire,  
When they beheld his Browes impaild with Fire.  
Thrice He aloud calls standing on the Bancks,  
As often shakes their dissipated Rancks,  
Thus thrice (<sup>o</sup>) twelve Heroes He of Life bereft,  
Who from their Chariots falln, their Javelins left.

Whilst they the Body bore to their Redoubt,  
And layd upon a Beer, sad Friends about  
Him weeping throng; fresh Tears *Achilles* drownd,  
When he perceived *Patroclus* deadly Wound,  
Whom he sent out the *Trojans* off to drive,  
With Horse and Foot, ne're to return alive.

Then the unwilling Sun great *Juno* bids  
In Western Seas straight cool his fiery Steeds,  
That so the weary *Greeks* might breath a while  
From dire Hostilitie and endless Toyle.  
The *Trojans* too their gotten Ground forsook,  
And troubled, out their panting Horses took,  
Calling a Councill ere they went to Meat;  
All so astonisht were that None durst sit,  
Since they *Achilles* on the Works beheld,  
Who now had long absented from the Field.

K k k 2

Polydamas

(m) So *Sophocles* in his *Ajax* *Ira-vius*, (*Ulysses* in him) resembles *Minerva's* voice to a Trumpet,

Ω δδ' ἔμ' Ἀδίας φωνήεντος ἔκαστ' ἔειπε,  
ὡς ἱερὰ δὲ σεν, καὶ ἀποφύγῃς ἢ, ἔμωρ  
θόνην· ἄκου δὲ Σωκράτης ὡς φησὶ,  
Καλαομένη καὶ δούρῃς ὡς Τροχολοκίδης.

Thy voice O *Pallas*, whom I own,  
Before all Gods, with safe is known:  
Though Thou appearst not, is resound,  
And like a Tyrrhen Trumpet sound.

(n) Homer writes this by a *prolepsis* relating to the times himself liv'd in, Trumpets being not known during the Wars of *Troy* they founding then with the Shells only of Fishes, *Schol*. Of these the Ancients mention six sorts, the first invented by *Minerva*, the second by *Orsiris*, the third the *Galatian* Trumpet, the fourth the *Paphlagonian*, the fifth the *Median*, the sixth the *Tyrrhenian*. *Eust*.

(o) Either twelve in all, or twelve at every shout, as before *Patroclus* slew three times ten.

*Polydamas* for Prudence much renown'd  
Of All in *Troy*, his Judgment most profound,  
(*Hector* and Him one Day brought forth to Light,  
This better could advise, That better fight)

Thus said; Though long our march, make no Delay,  
But draw our wearie Army in by Day.  
Whilst stern *Achilles* 'gainst *Atrides* rag'd,  
So long the Foe we easily engag'd,  
Then I believ'd their Navy We should seise;  
But now as much I doubt *Æacides*:  
Whose haughty Soul, spur'd on by eager Hope,  
Will not permit him here in Champaign stop,  
Where We have fought, but putting us to Flight,  
He'll for our Wives and wealthy City fight.

Trust my Advise, retreat, nor here engage,  
Since Nights Approaches stop *Achilles* Rage:  
Should we attend his Furie till the Day,  
Who then could that impetuous Torrent stay?  
But He would *Troy* assault with all his Power,  
Then Dogs and Vulturs would our Friends devour.  
Ah! may such Tydings never blast my Eare:  
But if, though hard, my Counsell you will hear,  
March home, and there on lofty Turrets stand,  
Let your Redoubts and Bullwarks well be mand.  
When budding Dawn hath Dayes bright Blossomes  
In Steel compleatly arm'd defend your own: (blown,

(p) So *Euripides* in *Phœnissæ*,

Αἰσάλλει δὲ τὸν ἀμύμονα ἢ ὅραοις ἐρηπύλα-  
ται.

The warre ere it's credaring I prefer.

(n) There shall He greater Difficulties meet,  
Then on these Plaines, us charging from the Fleet.  
When He shall find the Service grown more tough  
And His then Crest-faln Horses tyr'd enough,  
He shall be glad to draw off all his Power;  
Then let fierce Dogs and Vulturs Him devour.

When *Hector* frowning said; Thou still dost thwart  
My bold Designes; still my Opposer art:

Wouldst

Wouldst Thou We should within our Walls retreat?  
Have We not been enough beleagu'd yet?

We through the World admired were of old

(n) For vaster Bancks of Silver, Brasse and Gold;

Now our exhausted Treasuries are spent,

(o) And our Goods sold, to rich *Mæonia* sent;

Great *Jove* then angry, now atton'd again

Bids fire their Fleet, and drive them to the Main.

Foole! spatter not this Court with froathie Wit;

None shall thy Counsell take; none Ile permit,

To follow thy Advise: Refreshment take,

Double your Guards, and strong your Watches make.

(f) If any too solicitous takes Care

Of his got Wealth, let his Companions share,

And so his Goods to publick Use employ;

Rather than *Greeks* let Any it enjoy.

Next early in the morning let us Arme,

And give them at their Navie an Alarme.

Then if *Achilles* will, He may engage;

I shall not fly, but boldly stand his Rage:

He Fame from me, or I from him shall gaine,

Since oft the Conqueror is in killing slain.

*Hectors* bold Speech the *Trojans* well receiv'd,

Whom *Pallas* of their Judgments had bereav'd:

His fatall Counsell took; not one Man stood

For grave *Polydamas*, though th' Advice were good;

Thence the whole Army to their Supper went:

But all that Night *Patroclus* they lament,

*Achilles* mongst the wofull Mourners chief,

Ore-whelm'd in not to be decipherd Grief;

On his Friends Breast his Hands he laying fobs,

Vollowing out Sighs and suffocating Throbs.

As breaks a shaggie (i) Lyon from the Wood

After a Swain, who stole his salvage Brood;

(g) *Priam* was accounted the most potent, and opulent Prince of all his contemporaries, having Golden Mines: So *Strabo lib. 14. in Abydos*.

(h) He means that their great Treasure was exhausted to pay and gratifie their Auxiliars, most of which were of *Lydia* or *Mæonia* and *Phrygia*.

(f) Δουλοῦ δὲ τὸ μέγεθος ἐκ τοῦ πολέου καὶ τοῦ πλούτου, ἀποδίδοντες αὐτοῖς τὰς ψυχὰς, ὡς ἀποδοῦναι τὴν ἀμείνων. Thus was *Constantinople* lost through the avarice of the Citizens, the vast Treasure that was found in it being able to have secur'd it against that puissant foe.

(i) The male Lyon never takes care of his whelps, but the female, who also hath the greatest beard, as the male the fairer main.

Tracing





(c) *Pano* disdaining that without her concurrence *Jupiter* brought forth *Pallas*, to be even with him for it, brought forth *Vulcan* by her selfe, whom being borne lame, loathing his deformity, she cast out of Heaven; though *Homer* makes his lameness not naturall but adventitious, long of *Jupiter*, who threw him into *Lemnos* for attempting to rescue his Mother, hung up by him with an Anvill at either foot. Of this lameness of his, how it was contracted, thus *Philo* in the Hymne to *Apollo*.

καὶ νῦν στήθεϊ λαῖον ἴσα γυναικὶν Ἀ-  
θλῶν  
ἢ μὲν γυναικῶν παρὰ φύσιν ἀδάρδην  
Ἀντὶ δ' ἴσ' ἡμιδοτὸν ἵπποα κατὰ μέν  
Σαῖαν

Thus, looks it quite so, like to a woman, in these arms.

Phil. and *Lucius* in the same manner.

Ἄλλ' ἔτι Νηΐδ' ὄνυχας ὄνυχας ἀρπάζει,  
Διὶ γὰρ, ὅς ποτε δὲ γυναικὶ στήθεϊ λαῖον  
ἦν, οὐκ ἔστιν ὅς ποτε δὲ γυναικὶ στήθεϊ λαῖον

He without me brought faire *Minerva* forth,

Heaven's primest beauty, but my limping birth.

*Vulcan* most eminent amongst the Gods, I took by the heels and threw into the Floods.

Whom *Thetis*, *Nereus* race, did pitying save,

And with her kindred foster'd in her Cave.

(d) *Euryome* the Daughter of *Oceanus*, and *Thetis* the Mother of the three *Graces*, *Aglia*, *Elphyrgue*, and *Thalia*.

(e) *Pallas* in the lower parts, being still ably made upward, *Euph*.

To whom the God ore-joyd did thus reply;

Is *Thetis* here, (c) who Me preserv'd when I

Lay in great torture by my Mother thrown,

Who my imperfect Features scorn'd to own:

I then had suffer'd; had not *Thetis* Me

Took in her lap and fair (d) *Euryome*.

Nine years these Nymphs there kept me at my Trade,

Bracelets I them, Chains, Claps and Carkets made,

In a deep Cave, whose Forehead froathie Suds

Wafht, when loud Winds incens'd the boysterous

None but *Euryome* and *Thetis*, who (Floods:

Me thus preserv'd, my Forge and Work-house knew.

Some costly Guift I le to the Heavenly Dame

Present to Whom so much oblig'd I am:

But Thou an Hospitable Treatment get;

Whilst by my Bellows and my Toolles I set:

This said, the God straight from his Anvil rose,

And thence with thrunk-up Sinues limping goes:

His Bellows first removes, next up He locks

His Files and Hammers in a silver Box;

His Hands, his Face, (b) great Neck and Hairie Breast

Dries with a Sponge, puts on his regall Vest,

Takes up his ponderous Scepter, quits the Gate:

On Him a Train of golden Virgins wait,

As if alive, Who breeding had and Parts;

Chast, modest, fair, skilfull in *Pallas* Arts.

Then to the Goddess his Addresse He made,

And sitting down, her fair Hand grasping, said;

Why honour'st Thou, *Thetis* to Us most Dear,

Our humble Roof, Who ne're before wert here?

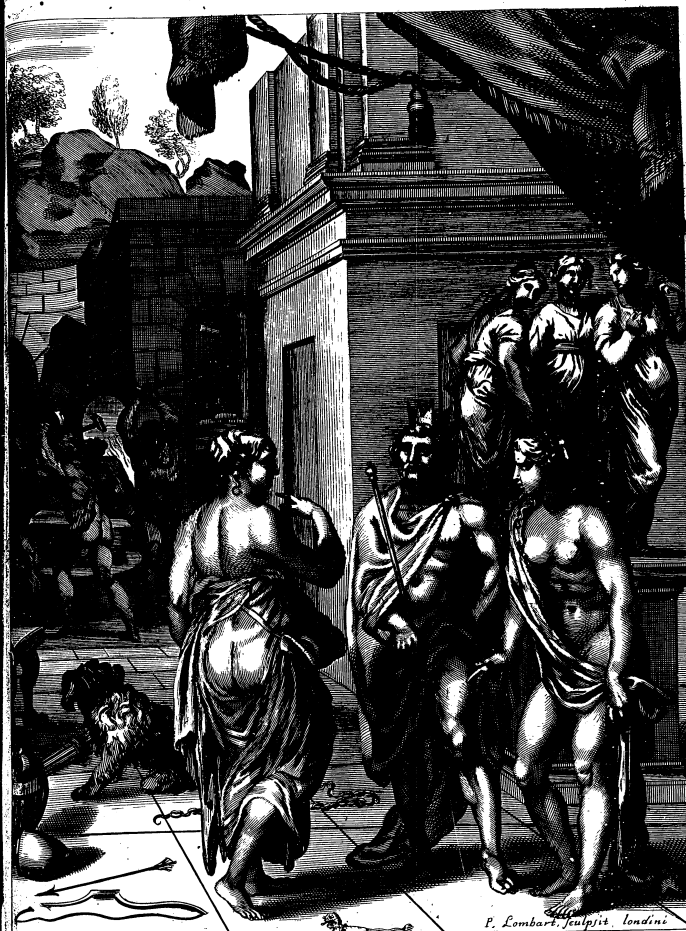
Your pleasure, Lady! your Commands I will

Gladly, if they be feacible, fulfill.

To *Vulcan* weeping *Thetis* then replyd;

Of all the Goddesses in Heaven reside,

I suf-



P. Lombard, sculptor, London.

Honoratissimo Domino Domini  
Maximo Honoratissimo Thoma  
Bruce de Wharfedale Tabulam



Roberto Bruce Filio natu  
Comitis de Elgin, & Baronis  
hanc. D.D.D. L.M. I.O. Ver. 11.

I suffer most, since *Jove* on me bestowes  
 Sparingly Comforts, prodigallie Woes.  
 First <sup>(c)</sup> Me of all the Nymphs he forc'd to wed,  
 And gainst my Will to warm a Mortalls Bed,  
 Who now, with Age decrepit, keeps his House.  
 Next what is sadder than a Humane Spouse,  
 T'increase my sorrowes, I a Son brought forth,  
 The valiant Heroe ever trod the Earth;  
 And bred up like a Plant where Seasons smile,  
 Where pleasant Fountains feed a fertil Soyl:  
 Then sent to *Ilium* through the boysterous Main  
 Against the *Trojans*, whom I n'ere again  
 Shall see return to *Peleus* royall Court:  
 Though a sad life he lives, both sad and short,  
 Yet I, who am a Goddess, want the Power  
 That Life to ease, or add to it one Houre.  
 Him They a Beauty gave; Her from his Tents  
*Atrides* forc'd, whose loss He still laments.  
 Whilst *Hector* and his Troops the Foe surround,  
 Couping their Fléet and Armie in a Pound,  
 The *Grecian* Chiefs humblie implore his Aid,  
 And a large Promise of rich Presents made:  
 But He refusing to engage the Foe,  
 In his own Arms commands *Patroclus* goe,  
 And forth He sends him with a large Recruit:  
 All day They at the *Scean* Gates dispute,  
 And *Troy* had taken, but that *Phæbus*, who  
 Still crosseth our Designes, *Patroclus* slew,  
 (Then doing wonders) to raise *Hectors* Name.  
 On this Account I supplyant hither came.  
 Armes for my short-liv'd Son of Thee I crave,  
 Let him a Shield, Cask, Greaves and Corset have,  
 Since His, great *Hector* wears, *Patroclus* slain,  
 Whose losse *Achilles* still laments in vain.

(c) *Apollodorus* relates how that *Jupiter* and *Neptune* being contrivalls, either contending who should enjoy *Thetis*, *Jupiter* being by her refused, as not willing to injure *Juno* who bred her, was so highly incens'd at it that he forced her to marry *Peleus*, a mortall, whose embraces She for a long time eluding by frequent altering her form, was at length surpriz'd by him sleeping in a Cave (betray'd to him by *Proteus*) and forc'd to submit. Others make them most formally and ceremoniously married, in the greatest state and pomp was possible, the Gods themselves present at the solemnity.

Then *Vulcan* thus; Thy Pasion *Thetis* curb,  
Let not such Cares thy quiet Breast disturb:  
Would I as well could keep off cruell Fate,  
And give his shorter Life a longer Date,  
As make him Arms; I such for Him will mould,  
That all the World shall wonder to behold.

This said, He straight revisited his Forge,  
Blowes up the Fire, and gave to each their charge:

Twice ten huge pair of Bullskin Bellowes roar,  
And dying Flames with kindling Breath restore;  
Sometimes he calmly blew, and sometimes storm'd,  
That so the Work might better be perform'd,  
In crackling Flames he threw Steel, Tin and Brass,  
Commixing Gold and Silver with the Mass.

A ponderous Anvile on the Stock he heaves,  
This takes his Sledge, whilst That the Tongs receives,  
And at one Heat shape a stupendious Sheeld,  
Whose ample Margents glitter trebly steeld;  
To which he straight a silver Baldrick joyn'd,  
And with thick Plates five-double strongly lin'd.

But on the Sheeld in great variety,  
The Artist grav'd, the Earth, the Sea, the Skie,  
Sun, moon and stars that guild Heavens ample Spear,  
The Goat, the Kids, the Orion and the Bear,  
And, pointing at Orion, Charles his Wain,

(1) Whose wheels ne're dip beneath the swelling Main.

(f) The seven daughters of *Atlas*, call'd *Pleiades* from their Mother, *Pleione* the daughter of *Oceanus*. They were companions to *Diana*, who being pursued by *Orion* and like to be forced by him, pray'd to the Gods rather to transforme them, which they did, making them a constellation in the Shoulder of *Taurus*. Their names were *Alcia*, *Tigete*, *Celano*, *Adrope*, *Storpe*, *Alcyone*, and *Electra*, which last rather then be an eye-witnesse of the sacking of *Troy*, a City founded by her issue, deserted her Station, and so lessened their number, the *Pleiades* being since but six, which were formerly seven, one of them being now hardly visible. *Schol.* Others make them first transform'd into Doves, and thence by contraction call'd *Pleiades*. *Enst.*

(g) A Constellation consisting of seven Stars in the front of *Taurus*, call'd *Hyades* either from their site and position which resembles the Greek  $\gamma$ , or for that they are  $\gamma\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\tau\epsilon\varsigma$   $\delta\epsilon$   $\sigma\epsilon\upsilon\tau\epsilon\varsigma$   $\delta\epsilon$   $\mu\epsilon\tau\epsilon\omega\varsigma$ , causing and prognosticating wet. They were the Nurses of *Bacchus*, whom *Jove* commiserating turn'd to Stars when they were persecuted by *Lycæus*. *Schol.* Their names *Ambrosia*, *Coronis*, *Endore*, *Dione*, *Aisyle*, *Poluxo*. From these *Hyades* *Bacchus* was call'd  $\gamma\epsilon\upsilon\sigma\tau\epsilon\varsigma$ .

(h) *Orion* quass *Orion*, from that he was born of the seed of *Jupiter*. *Nepertum* and *Mercure* wrapt him up in the Hide of a new slain Ose and buried ten months in the ground, they so gratifying his Father *Orion*, who was childless, for his high Civilities, and liberal entertainment. *Schol.* He was slain for attempting *Diana*, stung to death by a Scorpion purposely rais'd by her, whence by an antipathy *Orion* still sets (waxes) when *Scorpio* riseth. *Orion* was of that Stature, that the Ocean ic selfe, he walking on foot through it, came no higher then his shoulders, to which some conceive *Homer* here relates, in his *Odysseus*. Of whose extraordinary height thus *Virgil* *Æn.* 10.

Quam magnus Orion  
Cum pedes incedit, mediis per maxima Nervi  
Stagna viam scindens, humero supereminet undas.

So fall *Orion* through the swelling tides,  
Marcheth on foot, the Waves scarce reach his sides.

(i) The greater, the lesser, call'd *Cynosura* from his dog-like tail, being unknown to *Homer*, as not found out till after, by *Thales*, one of the seven Sages. *Schol.* *Jupiter* being enamour'd of *Callisto* to the Daughter of *Lycæon*, *Juno* in revenge turn'd her to a Bear, which *Jupiter* remov'd into Heaven, fixing her nere the Northern Pole. The *Grecians* laying by *Helice* or greater Bear were thence call'd *Helice*, the *Phœnicians* being the first that lay'd by the lesser. *Enst.*

(k) Atin fear of him, he being an expert Woodman,  $\delta\epsilon\iota\sigma\tau\epsilon\varsigma$   $\delta\epsilon$   $\alpha\gamma\epsilon\mu\epsilon\tau\epsilon\varsigma$   $\tau\eta\varsigma$   $\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\sigma\tau\epsilon\varsigma$  *Enst.*

(l) A thing not so peculiar to that greater Bear, but that other Constellations of the same Hemisphere enjoy the like privilege, the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the left hand of *Bootes* and *Cygnus* from his breast to his feet being never drench'd in the Ocean.

Next

Next he two Cities to the life exprest;  
In one glad Nuptials and a solemn Feast,  
Brides from the wedding Houles in great State,  
With Torches grace the Streets, their Bride-grooms  
Youths dance to Cornets, or the softer Lyre; (waite;  
Grave Matrons standing at their Dore's admire.

Judges attentive set and Pleaders there,  
As if before them some great Triall were,  
About a slaughter-Fine; This testifi'd  
That He the Mule't had paid, and That deni'd:  
By Arbitration both would end the Suit;  
Councill on each side pleading loud dispute;  
The Martials Silence make; the Judges all  
In polish'd Marble sate amidst the Hall;  
The Herald's Scepters in their hands, that They  
Their Verdicts to declare, might make their way.  
Two golden Talents lay for him to take  
Who to the Merit of the Cause best spake.

Two Armies th'other City round inclos'd,  
Who hard and doubtfull Articles propos'd;  
Either the Foe must half their States enjoy,  
Or totally their Town they would destroy.  
These Terms refus'd, They privately prepar'd  
An Ambush; Wives, Old men and Children guard  
Their Walls mean while, whom *Mars* and *Pallas* lead,  
(Large Figures both, in golden Habits clad,  
The People lesse) the Gods the Fore-ground fill,  
And standing off conspicuous were beheld:

At last they drew near to a Rivers bank,  
For Ambush fit, where Sheep and Cattell drank:  
Covering their shining Arms, there clost They lay,  
When they two Scouts beheld at distance stay,  
Untill drawn forth their Flocks and Cattell were.  
Next playing on their Pipes two Swains appear,

LII 2

Suf-

(i) *Agallias* makes these two Cities to be *Athens* and *Eleusina*, for that marriage, with its ceremonies and solemnities, were first invented by *Cecrops*, and practis'd in *Athens*: for that *Micæna* here first brought in the pipe at *Weddings*, who also gave that City its name. Here also fate the first Judicature that ever took Cognizance of murder, *Mars* being here acquitted for killing *Atreus* the Son of *Atreus*, being indicted for it before the *Areopagus*, to call from the place they sit in, *Mars* his Hill. *Maximus Tyrus* *Orat.* 16. understands by these two Cities, one of the *Phœnicians* and another of *Ithaca*.

(m) Anciently he that had committed a murder committed for it, compounding with the State or kindred of him that was slain, that he might not be necessitated to flee his Country: these monies they call'd *Σφαιρα Σοφιστη. Enst.*

(n) Hence *Plato* in his Books de *Republ.* would have women taught the use of Arms.

Suspecting nothing; then straight on they flew,  
 And driving off the prey, the Shepherds flew:  
 All rife from Councell, suddainly alarm'd  
 From bellowing Steers, they mount compleatly arm'd,  
 And on the Rivers bank the Foe assail;  
 From both sides Javelins fly more thick then Hail,  
 Strife, Death and Tumult rage in dreadfull Shapes,  
 This kills, That wounds, This falls, and That escapes.  
 Each Party bodies drag, their Weeds all o're  
 And glittering Arms distaind with purple Gore;  
 So to the life the Battell they maintain,  
 Bearing with equall Fortune off their slain.

(c) The Ancients giving their fallows  
 three tills, at the Spring, at Summer,  
 and at seed time, according to that of  
 Hesiod, *Ergo.* v. 460.

*Ελας ποτὶς ὄρεος ἀνέμωτον ἢ α' ἀμάρ-  
 τω.*  
*Νέος δὲ ἀνέμωτος ἔνι καρπύων ἀνέμωτος.*

*Plow in the Spring, again when warmer  
 plow,  
 And few thy seed ere hard the Fur-  
 rows grow.*

There he engrav'd a spacious new plowd Field,  
 Which sturdie Rusticks (c) three time o're had tild,  
 The stubborn Gieab Sweat and hard Labour tame:  
 When they to th' end of the long Furrow came,  
 One them presents a brimming Bowl of Wine;  
 They drink, then strive to finish their Design:  
 Ridges grow rough, and, wonderous to behold!  
 The new plowd Grounds lookd black though burnisht  
 And he a field had made of standing Wheat (Gold,  
 On which well arm'd with Sickles Reapers set.  
 The golden Crop, now level'd, hides the Ground  
 Where late it stood, in Sheafs by others bound.  
 Three Binders there he with Attendants wrought,  
 Who *Ceres* riper Fruit in handfulls brought:  
 The silent King, a Scepter in his hands,  
 With a glad hart, crowning his Furrow, stands;  
 Under an Oke his *Heralds* meat prepare,  
 Where on a slaughterd Oxe They highly fare:  
 Women the Reapers Supper ready make,  
 And store of purest Wheat well sifted bake.

To these next *Vulcan* plac'd a loaden Vine,  
 Whose purplé Grapes on golden Branches shine;

Their

Their Props were silver, but the Trench within  
 Shadow'd look black, yet all the fence-work Tinn,  
 Where in a narrow Path the Vintner walks,  
 Plucking ripe Bunches from the loaded Stalks;  
 Young Men and Virgins with a modest *Mine*,  
 In baskets bear the Issue of the Vine,  
 Mongst whom a Boy playd on his Harp and (d) sung:  
 The well set Parts and Voice concording rung;  
 The Rusticks dance about him in a Round,  
 They sing, they shout, and leaping beat the Ground:

There he his Skill on beauteous Cattell try'd,  
 And their sleek Skins with Gold and Silver pyde;  
 They bellowing run to Pastures from their Stalls;  
 And where a River glides with murmuring falls,  
 Four golden Heardsmen by the Cattell stand,  
 Nine swift Dogs by them, ready at command:  
 Mongst these two hungry Lyons seemd to pull  
 With force and furie down a roaring Bull:

In Dogs and Shepherds come, but they break up  
 The Beast, and off his Blood and Entrails sup;  
 The Dogs, though fierce, not fasten but abstain,  
 Fearing to be by such stern Monsters slain;  
 And, at a distance standing, onely bark.

Here *Vulcan* drew a pleasant Vale and Park,  
 Adorn'd with Woods, fair Cottages and Foulds,  
 And fleecie flocks grazing on fertil Wounds;  
 There he (e) a dance contriv'd, whose tangling Hayes  
 Shew'd like that (f) *Laborinth* in former Dayes,  
 Which *Dædalus* for *Ariadne* made,  
 Indosty *Crete*; That not more turnings had:

*Dogers* the Son of *Amis* King of *Crete*, after his carrying away the Prize in their *Panathæna*, *Theseus* being newly come to *Athen* from *Aphidæa* was condemn'd by lot to make one of that number, but coming to *Crete* was favoured by *Ariadne* the daughter of *Minos*, and by the ingenuity of *Dædalus* thus preserv'd: He gave *Ariadne* a bottom of thread to give to *Theseus*, which, tying one end of it at the entrance of the *Laborinth*, he was to unravell till he came to the middle of that maze, and to wind up again in his return, which observing, and having slain the *Minotaur*, he escap'd with safety. After such his deliverance he with the other youth and damsels imitated the puzzling *Meanders* and windings of the *Laborinth* in a kind of dance, the invention also of *Dædalus*, and exemplified here by *Vulcan* in *Achilles* his Shield. *Schoi.*

(d) *Gr. Αἶνον δ' ὁδὸν ἔχων ἄρχα*, he singing sweetly to his instrument, now signifying the strings on which they playd, which were anciently of Linnen, those made after of guts being accounted unholy and offensive to their Gods: or singing a Song call'd *Linnus*, from one of that name. This *Linnus* was the Son of *Amphimarus*, the Son of *Nepheus* and *Crana*, famous for his Musicke, and slain by *Apollo* for comparing with him (or as others) for presuming to alter the strings of the Harpe. His death was lamented even by the barbarous Nations, in so much as the *Ægyptians* had an Elegie in memorie of him, which being call'd in the *Ægyptian* Idiom *Mantra*, the *Greeks* call'd *Linnus*, *Pansofia* in *Esop*. This, as being an Elegiack Poem, or *Istius*, *Pamphos* the ancient *Athenian* Hymnographist call'd *οὐρίανος*. Of this *Linnus* thus the *Æpigramme*,

*Ω Λίνε, πόντος δούτιν τερπόμεν, οὐδ' ὕλην  
 Ἀδράκων πύργον ἰδὼν ἀνδρόποτον ἀδύει,  
 Ἐν μέσῳ δ' ἔστην, μέσῳ δ' αὖ πόντον ἀνέμῳ  
 Μυεσόμενος κακότητι ἐκείνῳ ἴδιον ἀνέμῳ.*

*Lyons, much lov'd of Heaven, whom  
 Powers divine  
 First taught to draw a happy line,  
 The Muses mourn themselves for thee,  
 When thou didst yield to Conquering  
 destiny.*

And also *Hesiod*,

*Οὐδέ μιν δ' ἔς τε κρητὶ λίον ποσειδέων ἴσῳ,  
 Ὁρὶ δὲ τῷ ἑστῆσι λίον ἀνδράδ' ἐξ αἰσχροῦ  
 Πάτρης ὅδ' ἀνέμωτον ἐν λιανέσσιν ἰδὲ καὶ  
 εἴπει  
 Ἀργεΐδῳ δὲ λίον ἐξ ἀλόγωντι καλῶσιν.*

*Thus suck'st, O Lynus, at Uranias  
 breasts;  
 Whom Poets and Musicians at their  
 feast,  
 Ere they begun or ended did deplore,  
 And like a God at sacred sports adore.*

(e) Amongst the Ancients were two modes of dancing, the one *ισορῶν*, the military dance, whose motions resembled the *Pyrrhic* measures, or those of the *Curetes*; the other call'd *ἵππιν*, used only in times of peace, whose motions were more like those us'd at the *Orgia* or Feasts of *Bacchus*. *Eust.*

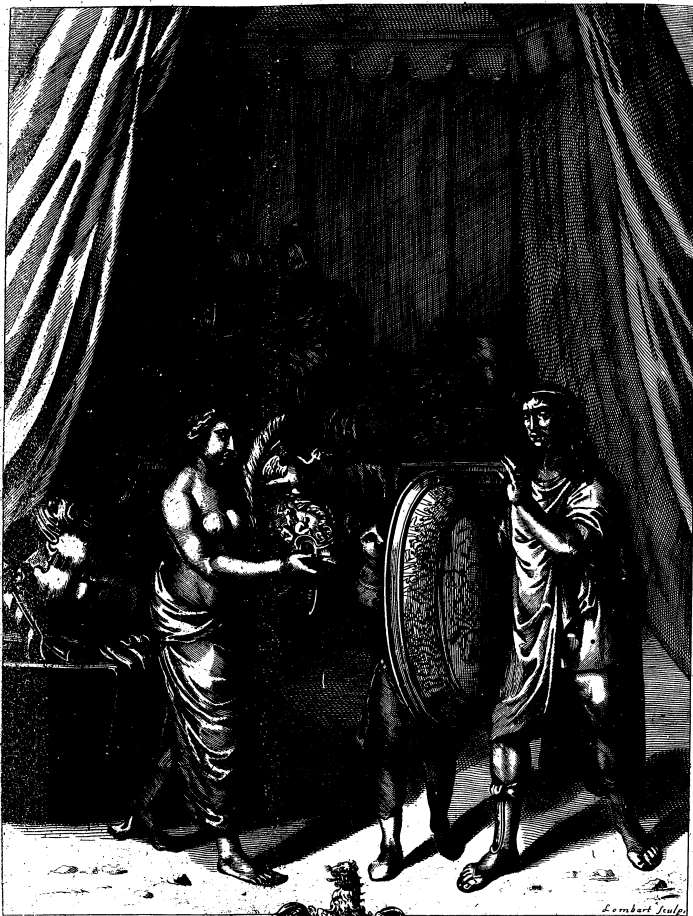
(f) The *Athenians* paying an anniversary tribute of seven young Men and Virgins for safely murthering *Ar*

The

The comely Youth and beauteous Virgins dance,  
And hand in hand retreat and then advance;  
Light Weeds the Damofels wore, the Youth had on  
Vests whose bright glofs like wel-oyld Varnish shone:  
He to the Virgins Chaplets did afford,  
And to each Youth a filver Belt and Sword;  
Swiftly they move, with comely Grace and Skill:  
As when a cunning Turner plyes his Wheel;  
So from their Figures they a thousand wayes  
Pass and repass with intricate Hayes:  
Whilst round with great delight the People throng;  
Amidst Two danced, and curiously sung.  
But the vast Margents of this wonderous Shield  
He with th' Oceans swelling Billowes steeld.

This admirable peece of Work thus done,  
He made a Brest-plate which out-shin'd the Sun,  
Much Art upon his glorious Helme exprest,  
And rarely fitted with a golden Crest;  
The *Buskins* next with plyant Mettall wrought.

These *Vulcan* to *Achilles* Mother brought:  
Who stooping like a Falcon through the Spears,  
The Heavenly Present to her Off-spring bears.



*Johanni Denham Regiorum et Regionum Praefecto & Curatori  
Generali. Tabulam hanc. L. M. D. D. I. O.*

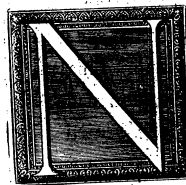


# HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Vulcanian Arms Thetis her Son presents.  
All quarrells end, and former discontents.  
His promis'd gifts Atrides payes. All arme,  
Resolved to give the Trojans an Alarme.  
Haste to revenge his Friend Achilles makes.  
Xanthus his Steed prophetically speaks.*



**N**OW bright *Aurora* rose from  
swelling Floods,  
Cheering poor Mortalls and  
Immortall Gods;  
When to the Fleet She *Vul-*  
*cans* Present bore,  
Where lay *Achilles* grove-  
ling on the Floor,

Weeping extreemly by his dearest Friend ;  
Sad Mutes in Order round the Corps attend ;  
There to her wofull Son addresse She made,  
And wringing gently by the Hand, thus said :

Rife







Listen, great King! with joy to what I'll say;  
 A Child is born, who ample Greece shall sway,  
*Eurytheus*, *Sthenelus* Son, Thy Progenie,  
 Fit to command the Earth, as Thou the Skie.

Raging to hear Himself thus over-match'd,  
 He by Her Tresses subtle *Ate* catch'd,  
 Swearing that She, who made so many mourn,  
 Should never to *Olympick* Seats return.  
 Her down, this said, swinging first round, he hurl'd,  
 T' inhabit in this sublunary World:  
 But oft *Jove* sigh'd when He his Son beheld  
 By stern *Eurytheus* to such Toys compeld.  
 Such were my Sobs when I stout *Hector* view'd  
 Amidst our Fleet with *Grecian* blood imbrud':  
 Now since I could not baneful *Ate* wave,  
 And *Jove* with dire Distractions made me rave,  
 I now shall strive Thy Favour to redeem,  
 And Thee appease with Gifts of great Esteem.  
 Then lead thy valiant Squadrons forth to fight,  
 And what *Ulysses* promised last Night,  
 When at thy Tent humble Address He made,  
 Before we take the Field shall here be paid.  
 Straight our Attendants from our Royall Tent  
 Such Gifts shall bring as Thou shalt well resent.

Then He, Great King! your proffer'd Gifts you may,  
 As you think fit, either detain or pay:  
 But We must first of rough Encounters think,  
 Nor flying hither thus for Safety shrink:  
 Arm then, a <sup>(a)</sup> mighty Work is yet to do,  
 That some with Terror may *Achilles* view:  
 When with My Spear the Enemy I rout,  
 Then let each *Greek* his *Trojan* single out;  
 Then, *Iliacus*! Thou who no Foyle can wrong,  
 Who, like a God, art valiant, swift and strong,

Draw

Draw not our Troops out fasting, where they may  
 Not for a Brush, but probably all Day  
 The *Trojans* fight, since both sides *Jove* inspires,  
 And both with equall Strength and Furie fires.  
 To take repast the Army straight injoyne,  
 Viands our Strength recruit, and Valour Wine.  
 The proudest He grows feeble wanting Meat,  
 Before the Sun in Western Billows set;  
 Although his Hart be good, his Strength will fail  
 When Thirst and Hunger Him at once assail:  
 But he whose Belly struts with Meat and Drink  
 Shall stand all Day the Foe, and never shrink;  
 His Hart keeps up, his Limbs no Rest require,  
 Untill both Parties from the Field retire.  
 Sending the People then to their Repast,  
 Let *Agamemnon* see the Guifts be plac'd  
 In open Court, that All who here have Voice,  
 May view the Present, and Thy self rejoyce.  
 Then let him swear He n'ere the Lady knew,  
 And did with Her as Men and Women do,  
 When Thou art thus appeas'd (what is but right)  
 He to a sumptuous Feast shall Thee invite.

And last, *Atrides*, if advise I may,  
 Ponder Thy words, thy Actions better weigh.  
 That Prince deserves no Blame who low descends  
 Any, whom he hath wrong'd, to make amends:  
*Atrides* then; *Ulysses*, I me o're-joy'd  
 To hear so well thy Eloquence employ'd;  
 I am resolv'd to take that solemn Oath;  
 But let *Achilles* stay a while, though loath,  
 And all the Court, till they bring from our Tent  
 Attoning Guifts, which here I will present:  
 Be pleas'd renown'd *Ulysses* straight to get  
 A band of chosen Youth, Who from our Fleet

M m m 2

The

(a) The interring *Patroclus* or killing of *Hector*.

The Gifts and Beauties hither may convey,  
Which you *Achilles* promis'd yesterday;  
Next let a Boar *Talthybius* sacrifice  
To *Jove* and *Sol*: *Achilles* then replies;

Great King! the Trouble this will give you, spare  
Till we return'd at better leisure are;  
Then I my wilder passions shall reclaim.

Those *Hector* slew, when *Jove* immortall Fame  
Conferd on Him, I ye uninterred yet:  
But since you must, goe, some refreshment get;  
Though I could rather wish that You would fight  
Fasting, and better treat your selves at Night,

When We reveng'd our Honour lost have got:  
But not one Morrell shall go down my Throat,  
Nor drop of Drink, since wounded in my Tent

*Patroclus* <sup>(b)</sup> lyes, whom round his Friends lament:  
Waving for Him these Cares not minding Food,

I'll feast on Slaughter, dying Groanes and Blood;  
*Ulysses* then; Thou who more valiant art

Than I, and better far canst throw a Dart;  
Though for Design from Thee I bear the Fame,

Who elder much, and more experienc'd am;  
Yeeld now to me, Martiall affaires look rough,

And soon in Field the Best find work enough;  
When *Ceres* golden Fruit in handfulls fall,

Sharp Sickles blunting, <sup>(c)</sup> yet the Harvest small,  
Since as *Jove* turns his Counter-poyled Scales,

Now This alternaty, and That prevails;  
Let not the Belly mourn for those are slain,

Though *Grecian* blood so often dyes the Plain,  
Since our hard Service grants no Time to breath:

Who ever dyes, the Corps to Earth bequeath,  
And patiently lament his losse till Night;

But those survive after the bloody Fight,

Them-

(b) Gr. ἀνὰ πρόσωπον προσέειπεν, i. e. his face or feet towards the door, the Heavens so placing their Dead before they burned or interred them, ἀνὰ τὸ προσώπου τοῦ ἀποθανόντος ἢ τοῦ ποταμοῦ, ἵνα ἵνα ἴδωσιν, for that having left this life, they were never more to return to their former habitations. Schol. This was done by the nearest of kin, and was call'd *Collocatio* by the Latins, by the Greeks *prothesis*, which Ceremony is thus described by *Persius*,

— Tandemque beatus illo  
Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus a-  
monis  
In portam rigidos pides extendit —

— And last of all,  
This seeming-happy man that would  
not doubt  
His Health, being compositely laid out  
On his high bed, his bier; and now  
dumb d'ore  
And ev'n bedurtt with th' abundant  
flow  
Of Ointments, stretcheth tow'rd the  
City-gate  
His cold dead Heels —

R. Holyday.

(c) Intimating either the slain to be more then the Survivors; or the Victory not equivalent to the losse, understanding by the *Sivay* or *Stubble* those that fall in fight, by the *Corn* or *Crop*, those that stand.

Themselves indulging should both eat and <sup>(d)</sup> drink,  
Then, though compleatly arm'd, they would not shrink.  
Who e're they be that tarrying at the Fleet  
Slight this Advice, perhaps may worser meet.  
Let us with doubled Ranks our Front enlarge,  
And in close Bodies the bold *Trojans* charge.

From thence, this said, Old *Nestors* Sons he led,  
*Meges*, *Meriones* and *Lcomed*,  
*Thoas* with these and *Menalippus* went,  
And brought the Gifts *Atrides* should present:  
Seven Trypods, twenty Caldrons, twelve fair Steeds;  
Seven beauteous Virgins deckt with costly Weeds;  
The eighth *Briseis*, elegantly fair,  
Ten golden Talents sly *Ulysses* <sup>(e)</sup> bare,  
The rest *Atrides* Servitors convey,  
And down amidst the mighty Concourse lay.

*Atrides* rose, *Talthybius* stept before,  
And straight presented Him th' attoning <sup>(f)</sup> Boar;  
The King takes out his Knif, which still he put  
In His Sword's scaberd, and the <sup>(g)</sup> Briffles cut,  
Then *Jove* implored with a zealous Prayer,  
Whilst all the Princes sate and silent were;  
*Atrides* round the expanded Arch surva'd,  
And thus with hands to Heaven erected pray'd;

O *Jove*! in whom both Gods and Men confide,  
Who crown'st the Towers of Skie-saluting *Ide*;  
Earth, and thou Sun, and Spirits who beneath  
So torture perjurd wretches after Death!  
If e're I Her so much as once did ask,  
Touch'd, or imbrac'd, or put on any Task,  
But kept Her up as Votress in my Tent;  
May all those Plagues the juster Gods e're sent  
To punish perjurd Mortalls, fall on Me.

This said, he kills the Boar, which in the <sup>(h)</sup> Sea

Tal-

(d) *Arifote* saith, that the *Cathaginians* abstain'd wholly from wine while they were in service; and that the *Argives* never engaging sober, were for this cause said by *Ephippus* to be constantly worsted, *ἡμέτεροι γίνονται αἰν. So he.*

(e) Gr. *σιών* i. e. weighing, the Ancients not counting their coyn and riches, as we, but weighing them in a balance, being thence still d *ισοστασία*, Schol.

(f) Being to swear he had not bedded *Briseis*, he sacrificeth a Hog, a creature of a contrary quality *porcus unacis* *brus*, whence this Beast, as amongst Birds, the Dove and Partridge was sacred to *Venus*, *de* *unacis*, *his* *de* *porcum*, for its falsity and heat. *Enst.* The *Atticks* after, at their taking any solemn Engagement, sacrificed an Hog, a Ram, and a Bull. This Hog was a male, and such as was bred at home, it being not lawfull to sacrifice to *Jupiter* any wild or savage creature,

*Enst.* *ἡνὶ δὲ ἐμπόλει ὑπομνήσας ἄρσενον ἔειπεν.*

And sacrific'd to *Jove* a bristled Hog.

(g) He cuts the bristles in memory of the first and most antique clothing, the first garments being pelts with the hair or wool left on them *Enst.*

(h) They holding it unlawfull to eat of any creature slain at the taking any solemn oath, but either burning it, or casting it into the Ocean, *ἡνὶ δὲ ἐμπόλει ὑπομνήσας ἄρσενον ἔειπεν.* *ἡνὶ δὲ ἐμπόλει ὑπομνήσας ἄρσενον ἔειπεν.*

*Talthybius* flings, for greeky Fish to eat.

Then spake *Achilles* rising from his seat:

*Jove*! Thou hast Us in all these Woes engag'd;

Else I against *Atrides* had not rag'd,

Nor ever He for my *Briseis* sent,

But that thou would'st inflict this Punishment.

Then take Repast, to fight I am resolv'd.

This said, the frequent Councill he dissolv'd:

Straight to their Quarters all disper'd repair,

Whilst to his Tent the Gifts his Servants bear,

And made the Damsels sit in order down,

Turning the generous Steeds amongst his own.

But when *Briseis*, like bright *Venus* fair,

Beheld *Patroclus* lying wounded there,

The Corps imbracing, She with hideous skreeks,

Tearing her Breast, soft Neck, and tender Checks,

Thus weeping said: O Thou! from whom I found

So often Comfort in Affliction drown'd,

I left Thee living, but now find Thee dead;

Thus cancel'd Sorrows fresher Grievs succeed.

My Lord, on whom my Parents Me bestow'd,

I mangled saw lye in the common Road;

And my three Brothers, which one Mother bare,

That wofull Day, ah me! All slaughter'd were:

Thou then my Tears dri'dst when *Achilles* slew

My Husband, and my Fathers Walls orethrew;

Saying, *Æacides* should Me transport

Through briney Waves to ancient *Peleus* Court,

And there amongst his Friends our Nuptials keep:

For thee, *Patroclus*, I could ever weep.

Thus said She weeping. All the Damsells groan,

And in *Patroclus* Chance lament their own.

But still the Chiefs *Æacides* advise

Some Food to take, who fighting thus denies;

Who

Who ever loves me most, Him I intreat

Not thus to trouble Us with proffer'd Meat;

Incens'd till Night I fasting shall subsist.

This said, the Grecian Princes He dismiss,

Th' *Atrides*, *Nestor*, and *Ulysses* though

With *Phœnix* stay, *Idomeneus* too,

His wilder Passion labouring to assuage:

But He in bloody Fight must vent his Rage,

Who fighting said; My most infortunate

And dearest Friend, Thou oft for Me hast got

A favorie Dish, and on the Table plac'd,

When We to fight the *Trojans* were in haste:

Now here Thou slaughter'd ly'st: but for Thy sake

I shall abstain and no Refection take.

What worse Chance could hap, unlesse to hear

That My dear Father, ah! departed were:

Who now perhaps my Absence may deplore,

(Shedding salt Tears) who on loath'd *Helen's* score,

Lye here engag'd, in this destructive War;

Or for my little <sup>(i)</sup> *Pyrrhus* may take care,

Bred up at <sup>(k)</sup> *Scyros*, if He live; but I

Thought that my selfe at *Troy* should only dye,

And Thou return, my Son thence to transport,

And shew him all the Riches of my Court,

My Concubines, high Roofs, and great Estate.

*Peleus*, I fear, ere this hath stoopt to Fate,

Or broak with Age and Sorrow keeps his Bed,

Expecting still to hear when I am Dead.

Weeping He said, whilst Sighs fill all the Room

Each minding their Relations left at Home,

When pitying *Jove* thus to *Minerva* spake;

Daughter! wilt Thou thy Favourite thus forsake,

*Achilles* not regarding, who His Friend

Disconsolate and Fasting doth attend:

Give

(i) *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* lifting Forces for their Expedition against *Troy*, *Peleus* being foretold that his Son *Achilles* must dye at *Troy*, sent him in woman's habit to his friend *Lycomedes*, who bred him with his Daughters. The Oracle declaring that *Troy* could not be sack'd without *Achilles* his assistance, the Grecians sent *Ulysses*, *Phœnix*, and *Nestor* to *Peleus*, who denying his Son to be with him, repay'd to *Scyros*, to *Lycomedes* his Court, where *Ulysses* personating the Pedlar, by mixing military Weapons amongst feminine Ornaments and Utensils, and *Achilles* his election upon it, discovered him. During his aboad there, *Deidamia* the Daughter of *Lycomedes* being impregnated by him, was delivered after of *Pyrrhus*, who succeeding his Father in that Expedition was call'd *Neoptolamus*, from his engaging in that War so young.

(k) An Island, one of the *Cyclades*.

Give Him what Thirst and Hunger may allay,  
Pure *Nectar*, and divine *Ambrosia*.

This said, from Heaven the willing Goddess brings,  
Like a swift Eagle with expanded Wings,  
Celestial Food, and whilst they arme, distills  
Into his Breast what fainting Hunger kills.  
Then back as fast speeds to *Olympick* Towers,  
Whilst eachwhere from their camp the Army poures,  
Thicker then fall swift Flights of feather'd Snow  
From cloudie Skies, when bleaker Tempests blow;  
So clos'd shone glittering Casks, and all the Fields  
Were bright with corselets, spears & ponderous shields:  
Splendor Heavens Vaults, and hideous clamour storms,  
And vaster Plaines smile cloath'd in shining Armes.  
His Teeth then stern *Achilles* arming gnash't,  
Flame from his burning Eyes, like Lightning, flash't,  
Grief gnawes His heart, His bosome swells with Rage,  
Preparing 'gainst the *Trojans* to engage.  
His Buskins first up to his Calves he lac'd,  
With silver Buttons deckt, next on he brac'd  
That wondrous Work, his Shield, whose dazling Light  
Full Moon out-glitter'd in the clearest Night;

As when at Sea a Fire the Sailor notes,  
Rising 'mongst Hills, from solitary Coates,  
Whilst He unwilling failes before the Winde,  
Leaving his Friends and native Soyle behinde;  
Such Beames were darted from *Achilles* Shield,  
Whose bright Reflections Heavens dark Regions  
Then claps his Helmet on, which Crests adorn  
Bright as the glorious Usher of the Morn,  
Whose guilded Plumage wav'd with every Wind,  
And like a golden Grove in *Autumne* shin'd,  
*Vulcan* so thick had stuck them round the Cone.  
Soon as these Arms the Prince had fitted on,

Which

Which Him aloft like Wings expanded bore:  
Then chose a Javelin from His Fathers store,  
Which, large and ponderous, taking in his Hand,  
He the strong Staff shook like a timber Wand:  
*Chiron* the Gift cut for old *Peleus* down,  
The bane of Heroes, from tall *Pelions* Crown:  
His Steeds stout *Alcmus* and *Automedon*  
Conjoyn'd, their Barbs and Trappings putting on;  
Next in their foamie Mouthes clapt curbing Bits,  
The flowing Raines with care straight *Alcmus* fits:  
*Automedon* then mounting takes the Whip,  
In compleat Armes next up their Prince doth leap:  
Whose dazling Shield the glorious Sun out-shin'd,  
And roughly thus his Fathers Steeds injoyn'd;

*Xanthus*, swift *Balius* and *Podargus*! know  
Another Charioteer you 'gainst the Foe  
Commands, whose dire Revenge no Stay will brook;  
Desert not Me, as you my Friend forlook.

Turning His head to him then *Xanthus* spcak,  
Whilst his curl'd Main hung dangling on the Yoak,  
Inspir'd by *Juno*, thus; As still We have,  
So now, renowned Master! Thee wee'le save;  
Since thy sad Death approacheth, Us not rate,  
But that great God, and thy refistless Fate:  
Not by our Sloath, nor want of Speed we lost  
*Patroclus* Arms, which so the *Trojans* boast;  
A powerfull Deity, *Latona's* Son,  
Thy dear Friend slaughter'd, charging in the Van,  
Where He to *Hector* Fame and Life resign'd:  
Wing'd *Zephyre* We out-strip, the swiftest Wind:  
Yet like *Patroclus* Thou shalt Life conclude,  
By *Phæbus* and a *Trojan* Prince subdu'd.

Furies, this said, his further Speech deni'd,  
When, sighing, thus *Æacides* reply'd:

N n n

Why

Why dost thou, *Xanthus* ! Me my Death fore-tell:  
 It fits not Thee; I know my Fate too well:  
 Far from my Parents I must dye, but first  
 Here I will satiate my revengfull Thirst  
 Upon the Foe. This said, with mighty Speed  
 Up to the Van-guard furiously He rid.

HOMERS



Francisco Roll de Shaprich  
Armig: Tabulam  
in Comitatu Sommersett  
hanc. L.M.D.D.D.I.O.



# HOMERS ILIADS:

THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

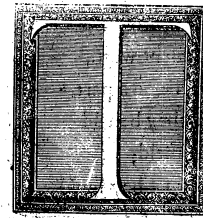
*Heavens King permits the Gods, the Court dismiss,  
Their Parties, Greek or Trojan, to assist.*

*Aeneas and Achilles change a Lance:*

*The Trojan Scapes. Young Polydorus Chance.*

*Hector Achilles ventures to engage,*

*Whom Phœbus rescues from the Heroes Rage.*



**H**US the bold Greeks, drawn  
from their Fleet, prepar'd  
To charge the Foe, and Thee  
Achilles! guard.

Firm stood the Trojans on the  
(<sup>a</sup>) higher ground,  
When Jove bids Themis walk  
th' Olympick Round,

The Gods to summon to His Palace; straight  
In frequent Throngs a great Apparance wait:  
Where but (<sup>b</sup>) Oceanus appear all Floods, (<sup>c</sup>) dy Woods,  
The Nymphes, (<sup>d</sup>) who haunt Springs, (<sup>e</sup>) Meads & flia-  
NN 2 Their

(<sup>a</sup>) A rising ground call'd Callicolons, where the three Goddesses, contending who was fairest, were sur-veighed naked, and judg'd by Paris.

(<sup>b</sup>) Homer makes Oceanus only absent, lest the reverence of his presence, he being Father of all the Gods, should have prevented their animosities and heat. Schol. Mythologists making Oceanus to be the Horizontal circle or Equator which parts the two Hemispheres, say, it was not fit for him to defer such his Station for fear of confusion. Enst.

(<sup>c</sup>) The Naiades and Epimelides.

(<sup>d</sup>) The Hamadryades and Orestides.

Their polish'd Seats in Heavens Star-chamber fill,  
Which *Vulcan* built with admirable Skill :

(d) *Neptune* from Sea arose, and not disdain'd  
To take his Place, who thus to *Jove* complain'd;  
Why must We here so oft consulting sit ?

Must there be more Deliberations yet,  
About these *Greeks* and *Trojans* fresh Debate,  
Who now stand ready to decide their Fate ?

Then *Jove* reply'd; The Cause Thou may'st discern,  
Since Those who perish verge in our Concern :  
Though I on steep *Olympus* Turrets sit,  
Viewing the Battell, yet I you permit  
To help Your severall Parties where you please :  
For single should this bold *Æacides*

The *Trojans* charge, He soon would rout them all,  
Who trembled but to see Him on the Wall ,  
And *Troy* thus raging sack despite of Fate.

Thus *Jove* ferments the Gods in venerate Hate,  
Who bandying straight in factious *Juntos* meet ;  
(e) *Juno*, (f) *Minerva*, (g) *Neptune* to the Fleet  
And *Hermes* went; nor *Vulcan* made a halt,  
But nimbly limping march'd to the Assault:

(h) *Mars* arm'd and *Phæbus* to the *Trojans* drew,  
(i) *Diana*, (k) *Xanthus* and (l) *Latona* too;  
And golden *Venus* ! Thou not absent wert.

So long as Gods and Mortalls stood a part,  
The *Greeks* insulted much, when they beheld  
*Achilles* so long absent from the Field;

But fear surpriz'd the *Trojans* when They spy'd,  
Arm'd like the God of War, *Pelides* ride;  
But Gods with Men conjoyn'd, pernicious Strife  
Enrag'd both Armies, acting to the life :

Then to the Fight aloud *Minerva* calls,  
Now on the Strand, now standing on the Walls,

Against

Against whom *Mars*, loud like a Tempest, roars,  
Now from *Troyes* Bulwarks, now from *Simois* shoares:  
*Jove* from the Skie Thunder and Lightning hurld,  
And *Neptune* shook the Center of the World :  
Mount *Ides* Foundations felt a trembling fit,  
The *Trojan* Turrets and the *Grecian* Fleet ;  
(m) *Pluto* amaz'd starts with a hideous Yell  
From his sad Throne, alaruming all Hell ;  
Fearing least *Neptune* should his (n) loath'd Abodes  
Expose to Mortalls and Immorall Gods :  
Such the dire Noyle, such were the dismall Cries  
At this Engagement of the Deities :

(o) *Phæbus* gainst *Neptune* stood, ready to close ;  
(p) *Minerva* *Mars*, *Diana* *Juno* chose ;  
To *Hermes* opposite *Latona* stood ;  
Grim *Vulcan* singles out the swelling Flood ,  
Which (q) *Xanthus* Gods, Mortalls (r) *Scamander* call ;  
Thus the Celestials were engaged all.  
But stern *Achilles* *Hector* round about  
The Campaign fought, and long'd to single out,  
That for his Friend He just Revenge might take :  
When straight *Apollo* to *Æneas* spake,  
And like *Lycaon*, *Priams* off-spring, sets

Thus on th' Attempt; Where now are all thy Threats,  
When with Our Princes feasted to the height,  
Thou yanting saidst, Thou durst *Achilles* fight ?

*Æneas* then ; Why would'st Thou Me injoyne  
To undertake so desperate a Design ?  
I will not first that Furies Charge abide,  
Who routed Me and many more on *Ide*,  
And from rich *Pedajus* and *Lyrnessus* drove  
Our Heards, and sack'd those Cities, when great *Jove*  
Deliver'd Me by Flight, or else I had  
Faln by His Spear, since *Pallas* Him forbade,

(m) This passage is thus imitated by  
Virgil *Æneid*. 8.

Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra  
dehiscens  
Inferos reseret sedes, & regna recu-  
dat  
Pallidis, diis inuisa, superque immanc  
barathrum  
Cernatur, trepidantque immixto lumine  
Manes.

As when a Earth-quake shews the dark  
abodes,  
And wofull Kingdomes hated by the  
Gods,  
The pit of darknesse with all Hell in  
light,  
And pale Ghosts trembling at the  
beame light.

(n) The Gods abhor'd the sub-  
terrean Regions *as divinitus videri*, as  
being the Receptacles of such only as  
were mortal, whence *Styx*, that Ri-  
ver they so much reverenc'd and  
feard to swear by, is feigned to run  
there, *Æneid*.

(o) *Phæbus* and *Neptune*, i. the Sea  
and Sun are made here opposites, for  
that either suffers from the other, the  
Sun rarifying the Ocean, and drawing  
it up in vapour, whose interposition  
again obscures his luster. Others mak-  
ing the Sun the originall of all pesti-  
lentiall Maladies, (he and his Sister  
*Diana* having the Dominion of this  
inferiour Globe) make the Ocean in  
respect of the winds, which breathing  
thence purifie the Aire, the cause of  
health, and so oppose them in this re-  
gard also.

(p) *Pallas* is oppos'd to *Mars*, i.  
vires *Asiura* τῷ δόκῳ ὕδατος.

(q) So call'd for that it made what  
ever wash'd in it yellow, as it did *Pe-  
nus* her hair when the bath'd in it,  
before her contest with *Venus* and  
*Pallas* who was fairest, *Paris* being  
judge.

(r) So call'd *q. quardus*, or *am* ἄ  
καυματος, for that *Hercules* warring  
against *Limus*, and being thirstie, dis-  
covered its Springs by digging. *Æneid*.

(d) He thus speaks of *Neptune*, that  
he disobeyed not the Summons, relat-  
ing to the late difference between him  
and *Jupiter*.

(e) *Juno* sided with the *Greeks*, not  
only *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*, as the Conju-  
gal Deity, whose rights were violated  
by *Helens* rage, but also *διὰ τὴν βασιλει-  
αν* ἢ *δοκιμὴν ἀγῶν*, for that the  
Government of the *Greeks* was much  
more Monarchical then that of the  
*Trojans*, a Kingly government being  
understood by *Juno*, Besides all which,

Manes alta mentereposum  
Judicium Paridis, spreteque injuria  
forma.

Nor could those wrongs  
digest,  
Nor *Paris* Judgment rooted in her  
Breach.

A sin which that Sex unpardo-  
nable.

(f) *Minerva* took part with the  
*Greeks*, for the justness of their quar-  
rels, and for that *Troy* was taken by a  
Stratagem, *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν* *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*  
for which cause  
*Hermes*, *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*, is said also to assist  
them. *Æneid*.

(g) *Neptune* assisted the *Greeks*,  
not only as an Enemy to *Mars*, and  
Friend to *Minerva*, but out of his  
old grudge to *Laomedon*, who defrauded  
him of his hire, and for that most  
of the *Greeks* were Islanders. *Æneid*.

(h) *Mars* favoured the *Trojans* as  
an adulterer himself, and *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*  
as President of all rapine  
and force. Besides being *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν* *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*  
and inconsiderate he took the contrary  
side to *Minerva*, *Venus*, who in this re-  
sembled her paramour, concurring  
with him. *Æneid*.

(i) *Diana* appeared for the *Trojans*  
either *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*, as the presi-  
dent of Dancing, a thing much us'd in  
*Troy*, or else as the Goddess of *Arche-  
rie*, in which *Paris*, the cause of the  
War, excell'd.

(k) *Xanthus* is brought in as a  
neighbouring Stream, and that *Pul-  
cas* might not want an Antagonist.  
*Æneid*.

(l) As the Mother of *Apollo*, or  
for that the actions of the *Trojans*  
were *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν* *ἡν ἡμεῖς δὲ παρῶν*, condemned to  
Night and oblivion, both which are  
meant by *Latona*.

Con-

Conducted by Her Torch; any to spare,  
But slaughter all, regardless who they were.  
No Mortall can *Æacides* resist,  
The Gods in danger allwayes Him aslist,  
And where He aims direct His fatall Lance;  
But if those Powers would leave Us to our chance,  
He should not Me so easily defeat,  
Were He all Brasse, and fashion'd at a Heat.

Then *Phæbus*; First implore the Gods, since fair  
*Venus*, *Joves* Daughter, Thee, *Æneas*! bare;  
His Mother must give thy bright Mother place,  
Thine sprung from *Jove*, His but old *Nereus* Race:  
Up then, and boldly change with Him a Spear,  
Nor his proud Vaunts, nor ranting Language fear.

This said, His Breast He with such Courage warms,  
That to the Front He speeds in glittering Arms,  
Whom *Juno* spy'd towards *Achilles* make,  
And to the Gods aloud thus calling spake;

*Pallas* and *Neptune*! My advice not flight;  
Behold! *Æneas* will *Achilles* fight,  
Set on by *Phæbus*; let us force Him back,  
Nor let the *Grecian* our Assistance lack;  
His Spirits recruit, that He from thence may learn  
The greatest Gods engage on His concern;  
For all those Powers against the *Greeks* conjoyn'd,  
Compar'd with Us are Chaff and empty Winde:  
From Heaven We came to Earths all-fostering Lap,  
Least He now suffer any sad mishap;  
Let Him hereafter undergoe what e're  
The *Parce* spun when Him his Mother bare;  
For if these dire Predictions be not clear  
Yet to *Achilles*, much He then may fear  
When Him some Power in Battell doth oppose:  
Dreadfull are Gods when once declared Foes;

Then

Then *Neptune* thus; To reason, Queen! submit,  
Nor vex your selfe with more than what seems fit;  
I not advise, though We be stronger far,  
Against those Gods to prosecute this War:  
Lets to that Prospect yonder all repair,  
Leaving the Battell unto humane Care:  
If *Mars* and *Phæbus* first themselves engage  
To stop *Achilles*, and oppose his Rage,  
Then fall We on, and suddainly, no doubt,  
We all those factious Deities shall rout;  
Who conquer'd by our Prowels soon will fly,  
Seeking their Safety in the arch'd Sky.

*Neptune* thus saying *Juno* thence convey'd  
Up to a <sup>(f)</sup> Turret, for *Alcides* made,  
Which *Pallas* and the *Trojans* did erect  
Against the Whale their Champion to protect:  
There They with all their Party of the Gods  
Their places took, conceal'd in gloomy Clouds.  
*Callicolen* Spires the other Faction crownd,  
And *Phæbus*! Thee and *Mars* incircling round,  
Consulted there to act what They design'd,  
And all Engagement warily declin'd:  
But *Jove* each Side exasperates, whilst the Fields  
Glitter with Corflets, Casks, and dazeling Shields;  
Earth thundring under Men and Horses feet,  
Drawn up in bloody Bickerments to meet.

Out start two prime Commanders, and advance  
Betwixt the Armies to exchange a Lance,  
*Æneas* and *Achilles*; but first comes  
Shaking His Spear, shaded with dangling Plumes,  
*Æneas* guarding with His Shield His Breast:  
*Achilles* forth next like a Lyon prest,  
Who all the Country summons to the Chace:  
A while he stalks with a majestick Pace;

But

(f) *Laomedon* not satisfying *Apollo* and *Neptune*, who by *Jupiters* direction had hired out themselves to him, and environed *Troy* with a wall, *Neptune* sent up a mighty Whale into the Country, which devoured both the Inhabitants and the Fruits of the Earth. *Laomedon* consulting the Oracle about it, was answer'd, that the mischief would not cease till a *Trojan* Virgin were delivered up to the furie of the Monster. The Ior filling on his own Daughter *Hesione*, he makes proclamation that who-ever should overcome the Monster should have the immortal Horses, which *Jupiter* gave to *Tros*, in exchange for *Ganymede*, for his recompence. *Hercules* undertaking the business, the *Trojans* with the assistance of *Pallas* fortifie a place where he might secure himself, if pursued by the Monster. *Hercules* destroying the Whale by casting himself into it, and tearing his entrails, *Laomedon* delivers him Horses of a mortal race, and reserves the other to himself, wherewith *Hercules* being incens'd, beleaguers *Troy* and carries it off.



But when some forward Swain lets fly a Dart,  
He turns, and gaping foames; His salvage Heart  
His Bosome storms, His sides and shaggie Loynes

(1) His sinewie Tail severely disciplines  
Rage to awake, then charging takes his Chance  
To kill a Man, or perish on a Lance:  
Such Strength and Courage fierce *Achilles* had,  
Who drawing near thus to the *Trojan* said;

Why ventur'st thou, *Aeneas*! from thy Troop:  
Hast Thou a mind singlie with Me to cope?  
Or else conciev'st, I slain, that *Priam* will  
Make Thee his Heir? No, know should'st Thou Me  
Thou never should'st his Territories rule, (kill,  
For He hath many Sons, and is no Fool:  
Perhaps the *Trojans* promis'd Thee some patch  
Of Ground to plant or sow, for my Dispatch:  
The businesse will prove difficult, I fear,  
Since Thou hast trembled often at my Spear.  
Hast Thou forgot since Thou out-strip'st the Wind,  
Leaving Mount *Ida* and all thy Heards behind,  
And to *Lyrnessus* fled'st, whose Walls I laid  
Levell by *Pallas* and *Saturnius* aid,  
And many conquering Beauties there enslay'd,  
When *Jove* and other Gods Thee flying sav'd:  
But now like Favour not from Them expect;  
Let straight some friendly Squadron Thee protect;  
Retreat, and once take Counsell of thy Foe:  
By late Experience Fools their Folly know.

*Aeneas* then; Think Me not one so slight,  
Whom words should, as a tender Babe, affright;  
I know to Rant, speak seriously, or Drole.  
Our Ancestors Renown hath scald the Pole;  
Yet I ne're saw thy Parents, nor Thou Mine:  
*Peleus* and *Thetis*, They report, are Thine,

Me

Me *Venus*, pregnant by *Anchises*, bore;  
Now one of Us our Parents shall deplore,  
Since 'tis not fit that We with childifh Prate,  
Like Cowards, to our Regiments retreat.  
But would'st Thou learn of what great stock I came,  
Princes whose Acts are trumpeted by Fame?  
Know, *Jove* got *Dardan*, who *Dardania* built,  
(First at Mount *Ida*'s verdant Foot they dwelt,  
Nor *Ilium* then fill'd all this spacious Plot:)

(2) *Dardan* King *Erichthonius* begot,  
A wealthie Prince: Proud of their generous Breed,  
Three thousand Mares did in his Marches feed,  
Whom *Boreas* cover'd like a black-maind Steed:  
Twelve Colts they bore him could their Sire out-speed  
(3) O're standing Corn, nor bruise the tender Grain,  
And skelp o're broad-back'd Furrowes of the Main;  
*Erichthon* *Tros* begot; three Sons He had,  
*Ilus*, *Assaracus*, and *Ganymed*,  
Whom, fairest of his Sex, (4) the Gods snatch'd up  
To be *Joves* Taster, and attend his Cup.

*Ilus* *Laomedon* had, *Laomedon*  
*Priam*, *Tithonus* and *Hicetaon*,  
*Lampus* and *Clyti*; but *Assaracus*  
Got *Capys*, He *Anchises*, and He us;  
*Priam* got *Hector*, so we Cousins are:  
But Virtues *Jove* doth more or lesse confer  
On Mortalls, as He pleaseth who best may:  
Why prattle We like Children at their Play,  
Spending thus idle Breath, enough to freight  
An able Vessell of the primer Rate?  
(5) Our Tongues are voluble, and store of Words  
Invention on all Arguments affords,  
Scatter'd on fresh Occasions here and there,  
And what Thou say'st Thou shalt from others hear.

O o o

Let

(1) Naturalists say that the Lyon hath a sharp sting in the hairy part of his Tayl, and that he lathes himself with it, that so his pain may provoke him to fight more fiercely, and that he especially assaults him that hath hurt him, distinguishing him by a secret instinct amongst a multitude. So *Aristotle* and *Plinius*. *Lucan*, resembling *Cæsar*'s magnanimity to this of the Lyon, thus describes it, lib. 1.

*Inde moras solvit belli, tumidumque per  
cunem  
Signa tulit propere: sicut squallenti-  
bus arvis  
Æthiæ Libyes viso leo comminus  
huffe  
Subleat dubius totam dum colligit  
iram:  
Mox ubi se sese simulavit verbere  
caude,  
Erexitque iubar, vesso & grave mur-  
mur hinc  
Inferunt: tum tota levis si lancea  
Mauri  
Hæreat, aut latum subeant venabula  
pectus,  
Per sermone securus vulneris ex-  
it.*

Then brooking no delay, the stream  
Shore-ward  
He marches o're; so in a *Lybian* Field  
A Lyon viewing his stern foe at hand,  
Till he collects his Ire doth doubtfull  
stand:  
But straight when his tails swinge hath  
made him hot,  
And rais'd his shaggie Main, from his  
wide throat  
He roars, then if a *Mauritanian*  
Spear  
Or Shaft have pierc'd his side, void of  
all fear,  
Regardless of that wound, the rush-  
eth on.

Tho. May.

(2) *Dardanus* the Son of *Jupiter* by *Electra* the Daughter of *Atlas*, representing highly the death of his brother *Jafus*, who perished by Thunder for attempting *Ceres*, leaving *Samothrace*, remov'd to the oppos'd Continent, where being kindly treated by *Tenecer*, the Son of the River *Scamander* and an *Idæan* Nymph, he wedded his Daughter *Batea*, and built *Dardania*, calling the Natives after the decease of *Tenecer*, *Dardanians*. He left two Sons, *Ilus* and *Erichthonius*, *Apollodorus* lib. 3.

(3) Resembling in this their Sire, the wind *Boreas*. The like fleetness *Virgil* gives his *Camilla*, *Æneid*. 7.

*Ille vel intalla segetis per summa vo-  
laret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset a-  
ristas,  
Vcl mare per medium fluctu suspensa  
tamenis  
Ferret iter, celares nec sengeret aquare  
plantas.*

She over standing Corn would run,  
and ne're  
In her swift motion bruise the tender  
ears;  
Or overbounding Billows fly so  
fleet  
That water should not touch her nim-  
ble feet.

(4) Being taken up with an Eagle, *Jove*'s Thunder-bearer. Some make him stolen by *Tantalus*, others by *Atinus*.

(5) According to that, *In volubili  
est Lingua, hinc facile labitur*, The  
Tongue being teared in a myriety  
place, is thence the more voluble.

Let Us no longer vainly thus contend,  
Like fenceless Women, railing to no end,  
Venting gross Lyes 'mongst Truths, when they engage,  
Stir'd up by weak Femality and Rage:  
Words move not Me, which onely pierce the Eare,  
We ere We part must interchange a Spear.

His ponderous Lance, this said, *Aeneas* flung;  
The Javelin fixing on His Target rung:  
His Arme *Achilles* then thrust out at length,  
Fearing the Weapon sent with so much Strength  
Had pierc'd quite through, nor dreamt that *Vulcan*  
To humane Force not easily would yeeld, (Sheild  
Nor that *Aeneas* well-aim'd Javelin could  
Not pierce what He had fortifi'd with Gold;  
Two Plates gave way, two more were yet to pass,  
(The God wrought five, two Tin, one Gold, two Brass)  
Pure Gold amidst th' intruding Point held fast.  
*Achilles* then his mighty Javelin cast,  
Piercing his Target where the Brass was thin,  
And slightly quilted with an untann'd Skin;  
Close by the Skirts, the Bosses shook rebound:  
*Aeneas* daunted draws His body round,  
Holding his Buckler forth; the Point betwixt  
His Arme and Side in th' Earth behind Him fixt;  
But his Eyes dazzell, struck with suddain Fear,  
Seeing so dangerous a Neighbour there:  
At which *Achilles* furiously comes on  
With his drawn Sword; *Aeneas* takes a stone,  
Which two tall Men from ground could hardly raise,  
Such as weak Nature brings forth now a dayes;  
Yet He at ease did lifting high discharge,  
Aiming to force his Helmet or his Targe;  
Strong Guards gainst all Assaults of suddain Death.

Here Him *Achilles* had depriv'd of Breath,

With's

With's Falchion, but the Danger *Neptune* spy'd,  
And to the Gods in his behalf thus cry'd;

Ah! me, *Aeneas* by *Achilles* slain,  
Grim *Plutoes* Mansions straight must entertain,  
Whom *Phœbus* drew to enter thus the Lists,  
And his deluded Champion not asists.  
Why on Him faultless thus for others Gilt  
Shall Judgment passe, and his best Blood be spilt?  
Since frequent Offerings He with due Respect  
Payes Heavens Inhabitants, let's Him protect;  
And *Jove* would highly be offended at  
His timelesse Death, who may escape by Fate,  
Least *Dardans* Line should quite extinguish'd be,  
In which He more than all his Progenie,  
Begot on Mortall Beauties, takes Delight;  
For *Priams* Race hath lost his Favour quite,  
*Aeneas* Race their Empire shall maintain,  
And age to age o're the bold *Trojans* reign.

Then *Juno* thus; *Neptune* may use his Will,  
To save or let our Foe *Pelides* kill;  
But I before the Gods and *Pallas* too  
Ne're to help *Trojan* made a solemn Vow;  
No, not when fire shall *Troy* to Ashes turn,  
And hostile Flame King *Priams* Palace burn.

When *Neptune* this Her Resolution hears,  
(a) He breaks through clashing arms and ratling Spears,  
And making in *Aeneas* straight asists,  
Blinding *Achilles* with condensed Mists;  
Then from the *Trojans* Sheild the Javelin drew,  
And just before its raging Master threw:  
Next o're both Men and Horse *Aeneas* flung,  
Who nimble ran quite o're the crested Throng;  
So by the Gods Assistance reach'd the Rear,  
Where (b) his own Troops undiscomposed were:

O o o 2

(a) The Scholiast querying why *Neptune* rescued *Aeneas*, not *Apollo*, answers, that *Homer* makes *Neptune* do it to shew that piety and religion prevails even with those that are otherwise enemies, ἐν ἡμετέραν ἀνὰ τοὺς ἀλλοτρίους ἀνιστάμενος ὑπὲρ τοῦ κακοῦ.

(b) The *Cænones*, a people within the *Trojans* Jurisdiction, or as others, the Nation of the *Paphlagonians*.

To whom then *Neptune*, Which of all the Gods  
 Deluded Thee, and set 'gainst so much ods,  
 To challenge one They favour more than Thee ?  
 But now retire; if Thou once more should'st be  
 Engag'd against *Pelides*, spight of Fate,  
 Soon Thou would'st knock at *Pluto's* dismall Gate:  
 But when *Achilles* shall this Life forsake,  
 Then 'mongst the foremost Execution make,  
 Since Thee no other *Greek* shall kill. This said,  
 The God departing routes the gloomie Shade:  
*Achilles* seeing clear, then spake; Ah! me,  
 My Javelin yonder, wonderous strange! I see,  
 But whom I aim'd it at, hoping I should  
 His Bosome pierce, I no where now behold:  
 Thou art, *Aeneas*! by the Gods redeem'd,  
 Though I thy Boasts as idle Breath esteem'd;  
 But Thou no more against Me wilt appear,  
 Who hast escap'd thus from my vengfull Spear:  
 Now my own Regiments I shall excite  
 To charge, and Ile some other *Trojans* fight,  
 Where best I may. This said, amidst his Troops  
 The Heroe leaps, and fills them thus with Hopes:  
 No longer now, dear Friends! at Distance stand,  
 But draw up close, and charge them hand to hand;  
 'Twere hard for Me, though n'ere so strong and stout,  
 To fight so many, and such Bodies rout;  
 Nor *Mars*, nor *Pallas* ever 'gainst such ods  
 Would venture forth, although Immortall Gods.  
 What my whole Strength, what can my Hands and  
 Shall now be done; I never will retreat, (Feet,  
 But charge still through; nor shall the Foe rejoyce  
 To see my Spear, or hear my dreadfull Voice.  
 Then *Hector*, cheering up his Squadrons, said;  
 Be not at this *Achilles* thus dismay'd;

Ile

I'll charge the Gods, if Words our Weapons were;  
 But there's no changing with those Powers a Spear:  
 Nor makes that Threatner allwayes good His brags;  
 Though sometimes He prevails, as oft He flags:  
 Yet He and I shall play one bloody Game,  
 Were He all Brasse, and charg'd like raging Flame.  
 Encourag'd thus, They, eager for th' Assault,  
 Their Javelins raise: Shouts scale Heavens Marble  
 Then *Phœbus* said; Thee, *Hector*! I injoyn, (Vault:  
 That Thou to fight *Æacides* decline,  
 But guarded with thy Troops 'gainst Him advance;  
 Else Thou may'st suffer by His Sword or Lance.

This said, He daunted at the Gods Commands,  
 Shelters Himself amongst His *Trojan* Bands:  
 But on *Achilles*, like a Furie, flew,  
 And first *Otrynthius* Son, *Iphition* slew,  
 Whom *Nais* under Snow-crown'd <sup>(c)</sup> *Tmolus* bare,  
 In wealthy *Hyde*, to vast Possessions Heir;  
 Him with His Javelin, pressing on a main,  
 Meeting He struck, and cleft his Head in twain:  
 Down drops the Prince. *Achilles* then; Lye there,  
*Otrynthius* Son! whom Mortalls so much fear;  
 Thou on that spot of Ground must Life forsake,  
 Born to large Mannors near <sup>(d)</sup> *Gygeas* Lake,  
 Whose fertill Margents fruitfull <sup>(e)</sup> *Hyllus* laves,  
 And *Hermus* vergeth swift with eddyng Waves:

Thus said He; but cold Death His Eye-lids seals,  
 Whilst Steeds his Corps bruise with their Chariot  
*Demolion* next, *Antenors* Son, He slew, (wheels.  
 Piercing his high-proof'd Cask and Temples through;  
 The glittering Point straight purple Gore distains,  
 A crimson Stream commix'd with reaking Braines.  
*Hyppodamas* then, as He alighted, sped,  
 Running Him through the Shoulder as He fled;  
 Breath-

(c) *Tmolus* was a Hill, *Hyda* a City of *Lydia*, the Metropolis of *Sardiana*. Out of *Tmolus* rose *Pactolus*, one of the so fam'd golden Rivers.

(d) A Lake of *Lydia*, so call'd from *Gyges* the Son of *Coenantes*.

(e) *Hyllus* a River running between *Thyateira*, and *Sardis*. *Hermus* a River arising in *Assia*, and which taking its course through *Sardiana*, emptyeth it self into the *Phœcean* Sea.



A bloody Flux his biting Falchion dyes,  
 Whilst Death and purple Fate close up his Eyes.  
 After *Deucalion* through the Wrist he ran,  
 Where all the Elbow nerves conjoyn in one:  
 He maim'd, expecting Death, attends the Foe,  
 Who Head and Cask lops at a single Blow,  
 And from him throwes; stretch'd lay He on the Plains,  
 Whilst from cut <sup>(k)</sup> *Spondyls* started out his Braines.

(k) The *Spondyls* or *Vertebra* of the *Neck*, which are in all 24.

Next He at valiant *Rhigmus* takes his aime,  
 Who from sweet *Thracia's* fertile Confines came;  
 In's belly He his deadly Javelin fixt.  
 His Charioteer, *Aritbons*, slaughter'd next,  
 And through the Back, turning his Horses, speeds;  
 Who falls, and boggling leaves his frighted Steeds:

As when a Fire 'mongst jutting Summits burns,  
 And raging, spacious Groves to Ashes turns,  
 Then with conspiring Windes befits the Vales;  
 So like a Furie each where He assailes,  
 And with his Javelin slaughters flying Foes;  
 A purple Sea the Champaign over-flows:

(l) Instanting this as the ancientest of all other Grain.

As Steers conjoyn'd on well-laid Barn-floores beat  
 Out purest <sup>(l)</sup> Barley with their cloven Feet;  
 Thy Horses, so *Achilles*! through the Fields  
 Trample on dying *Trojan's* Arms and Shields,  
 Thy Axle dy'd with blood, and all thy Wheels  
 Spatter'd with drops which dash'd from Horses Heeles,  
 Whilst thus Thou strow'st thy Honour to restore;  
 Thy conquering Hands distain'd with Crimson Gore.



Carolo Cotton de Periford in Comitatu Stafford  
Armigero. Tabulam hanc. L. M. D. D. I. O.  
Lib. 21. Ur. 06.



# HOMER'S ILIADS:

THE ONE & TWENTIETH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Achilles dyes with Blood Scamanders Waves :  
The River frets : 'gainst whom stern Vulcan raves ;  
Who burns his wood-cloath'd Banks, & boyles his Floods :  
Xanthus recants. The Battell of the Gods.  
A bloody Conflict mixt with mutuall Rage,  
Whilst Heaven and Earth, and Men and Gods engage.*



UT when They came to <sup>(c)</sup>  
Xanthus flowrie Banks,  
There He devides their dissi-  
pated Ranks,  
And o're those Plains the E-  
nemie pursu'd,  
Which were so late with Gre-  
cian Blood imbru'd,

When they from Hector fled : nor durst engage  
To stop the daring Heroe in his Rage :  
And Juno Them so blinded in their Flight,  
They knew not where to flye, nor how to fight :

Ppp

Half

(c) It was called Xanthus by the Gods, that is them of ancient time, and that from turning the wooll or haire of any that were wash'd in it into a yellowish colour ; of men, that is them of later times, Scamander, a name impos'd by Hercules, who being ready to perish with thirst, pray'd to Jupiter to show him some Stream or Spring, which he doing by casting a Thunder bolt, and causing a little water to appear, Hercules following the veine, and dilating it by digging, call'd its current Scamander, which is now the River of the Hellespont, from its relieving such his pain and pressure, as the word signifies. Hence Homer makes this River descended of Jupiter, because being but a small Spring, it was fed especially with raine waters, as the Poets say. Schol.

(b) Neptune made the Dolphin King of Fishes for their fidelity to him in discovering the retirement of Amphitrite when she fled his embraces; of which thus Oppian de Piscat. a. v. 385. &c.

Πηλὸν ὅρα Πηλοειδὴν ἀνὰ μέγαν  
Ὀφρεὶς ἐκ γυλῶν κωκυδὸν ὑψηλόν  
Μαυρίδην γυνῶναι τὴν Ἰδγὴν Ἀμφιτρίτην.  
ὁππότε λαβὼν ἀδελφεὸς τὸ δακρυόεντα  
ἰδὼν Ὀφρεὶς ὑψηλὸν &c.

Neptune the Dolphin highly dote re-  
spect,  
Who Nereus black-eyed Daughter did  
detect.

Fair Amphitrite, who his Courtship  
sued,  
And chose a Cave recess before his bed,  
Where espousing her his will he did obtain,  
And crown'd espousing Empress of the  
Main;

For this good service they great honour  
gain'd,  
And in his watery Realm's chief Pow-  
er obtain'd.

How the smaller Frie escape the Dol-  
phin, the most ravenous, and fleetest  
of all Fishes, for this see Aristote Hist.  
Animal.

Of the Dolphins superiority in the  
Sea his speed and manner of hunting,  
thus the same Oppian Animal. lib. 2. v.  
533. &c.

Δολφίνος δ' ἀδελφὸν ἀδελφὴν μαγνήτων  
Ἰδγὴν ἰσχυρὴν τὴν ἰσχυράν τε καὶ ἰσχυρὴν  
Πηλὸν τ' ὀφρεὶν δὴν ἰδγὴν δὴν, δολφίνος  
ἰσχυρὸν &c.

The Dolphin rules the scalie Flocks, in-  
dow'd  
With strength and wisdom, of his beau-  
ty proud;

He like a Lance discharg'd through  
Billows flies,  
And darting flames darts from his gla-  
ring eye,  
Finding out Fish that frighten'd cull in  
hides.

Or caves, and bed themselves in Sand  
like Males,  
As Eagles Adonarkie 'mongst fearfull  
Birds,

As Lyons Tyrants all 'mongst subject  
Beasts,  
As much as small Serpents worms ex-  
cell,

So Dolphins Princes in the Ocean dwell;  
No Fish dares them approach, nor be so  
bold

His eyes and dreadful visage to behold,  
Far from the Tyrants, fearing sudden  
Death,

Frighted they fly, fainting for want of  
breath,

But when the Dolphin hungry hunts  
out food,  
The silver Frie in Troops amazed  
send,

Eviling each way with fearshen Caves  
and Holes,  
Rocks, Bayes and Harbours fill with  
frighted Shoales.

From all parts driven he selects the best,  
Choosing from thousands out a plenteous  
Prey.

Half of their routed Army on the Top

Of Xanthus Margents in Confusion stop;

Then with a dolefull Cry Themselves among

His rapid Gulfs and swallowing Eddies flung;

The Stream refounds, whilst They their Fates bemoan,

Floating 'mongst boyling Whirlpits up and down:

As Locusts scorcht from burning Camps retire,

Pursu'd by eager Flames and hungrie Fire,

Till their amazed Troupes find watery Graves

In a swoln Rivers gurgitating Waves;

So from Achilles flying in They fell:

Scamander's streames with Men and Horses swell.

Here leaning 'gainst a Bush He left his Spear,

And Fiend-like leaps into the Massaker,

Arm'd only with his Sword: They frighted roar;

He hacks and hewes, dying the Stream with Gore.

As from a (c) Dolphin through the brynie Waves

To Rocks Fish scuddle and defensive Caves;

So from the Foe they hurrie through the Foord.

His Hand now tir'd, when Slaughter duld his Sword,

Twelve lovely Youths He chose, Who must expire

Sad Victims on Patroclus funerall Fire:

These He like trembling Fawnes led from the Sound,

With their own Belts their Wrists behind them bound,

With which they up their looser Garments tuck'd,

Commanding his Attendants to conduct

Them to the Fleet: Then in amain He flew,

Afresk with Blood his Fawchion to imbrue.

Where first Lycaon, Priam's Son, He met,

As from the Stream He labour'd to retreat;

Whom busie cutting down with well-edg'd Steel

Wilde Figtree Branches for a Chariot Wheel,

He from his Fathers Vineyard had convaidd

Prisoner by Night, and a sad Captive made;

Thence

Thence then for Lemnos shipt, where he for Gold

To Euneus his royall Prisoner fold,

To whom enfranchis'd (d) Eetion did present

Many rich Gifts, and to (d) Arisba sent,

From whence in private He at Troy arriv'd;

Eleven Dayes feasting He his Friends reviv'd,

But on the twelfth the Youth Achilles catch'd,

And with sad Newes to Pluto's Court dispatch'd.

Him when Pelides spy'd, as He drew near,

Disarm'd, without a Shield or glittering Spear,

(All these He lost, when fainting in a Sweat,

With trembling Knees He struggled out to get)

He said, These Trojans sure again arise

From Stygian Darknes to Ethernall Skies:

See! here Lycaon comes, Whom I for late

To Lemnos sent, scap'd from so hard a Fate;

Him th' Oceans swelling Waves could not restrain,

Which oft so many 'gainst their Wills detain:

But He shall taste our Steel; He try if slain

Once more, as now, He will appear again;

Or if this Earth will hold Him, which hath held

Those who for Prowess were unparallel'd.

Thus spak He standing, whilst the Youth drew nigh

To seize his Knees, extreamly loath to dye,

And yeeld to Fate; his Spear Achilles takes

Him to repulse with Death, as in he makes;

But as He stooping ran, and 's Knees imbrac't,

Behind him on the Earth the Lance stuck fast;

One Hand his Legs, the other graspt the Staff

Of the fix'd Spear, nor could He shake Him off;

Who thus implor'd; For pity I now plead,

Who once thy Prisoner tasted of thy Bread:

You in our Vineyard Me a Captive made,

And from my Friends and Parents far convaidd

Ppp 2

To

(c) He was of Imbrus an Island in  
Æolia not far from Lemnos, over a-  
gainst Tenedos.

(d) A City of Thrace, and Colonie  
of Mytilene.

To *Lemnos*, where your Prisoner You for Gold,  
 That would have bought a hundred Oxen fold;  
 Now thrice as much accept: twelve Dayes, no more,  
 Are gon since last I touch'd the *Phrygian* Shore;  
 Sure my sad Fate and cruell *Jove* combine,  
 Who Me again thus to thy Hands resign:  
 Me *Ates* Daughter, bright *Laothoe*, bare,  
*Ates*, who rul'd the <sup>(c)</sup> *Lelegs* bold in War,  
 Who rain'd in <sup>(f)</sup> *Pedafus* near the *Satnoen* Shore,  
 Her *Priam* wedded, Her and many more;  
 Two Sons She had, Thou <sup>(g)</sup> one of them hast slain,  
 And purpled with his Blood the verdant Plain;  
 Now like misfortune Me attends, I fear  
 I shall not scape, and my sad Fate drawes near:  
 But this Plea more why Thou my Life should'st spare;  
 Not Me one *Venter* and stern *Hector* bare,  
 Who in *Patroclus* breast his Javelin dy'd.

Thus beg'd the Prince, thus harshly He replyd;  
 Talk not to Me of Pleas and Randsome, Fool!  
 Nor whining Mercy crave, like Boyes at School:  
 Whilst my dear Friend surviv'd, I Quarter gave,  
 And did the Lives of many *Trojans* save,  
 Selling them off; but now that He is gon,  
 I'll pardon none, none shall escape, not one  
 That falls into my Hands must hope for Grace;  
 But least of all old *Priam's* curst Race:  
 Sir, you must dye, Tears lavish'd are in vain;  
*Patroclus*, thy superiour much, is slain,  
 And I of royall and divine Extract,  
 One, as Thou see'st, of *Symmetrie* exact,  
 Tall, strong and young, like Fate expecting, Here  
 Must perish by a Shaft or well-aim'd Spear.

At this despairing, He the Lance lets goe,  
 And kneeling both Hands rears to move the Foe,  
 Who

(c) Strabo saith these *Lelegs* were *Leleges*, a Nation that frequently shifted their Habitations, as did also the *Phrygians*.

(f) This was not that *Pedafus* in *Caria*, but a City near *Troy*, situate by the River *Satnois*, subdued by *Achilles* at the beginning of the Siege.

(g) *Polydor*. *Priam* had another Son, named also *Polydorus*, by *Hecuba*, of whom see *Euripides* in his *Hecuba*, and *Virgil* *Æn.* lib. 3.





Domino Eduardo Mansel de Margam Com. Glamorga  
Baronetto. Tabulam hanc. L. M. D.D.D.  
10

Who on the Throat gave him a deadly Gash,  
Till bloody Streames his new-drawn Falchion wash;  
He falling on his Back extended lay,  
The parch'd Earth moystning with a purple Sea:  
Him by the Heeles then stern *Achilles* took,  
And thus insulting threw into the Brook;

*Lycaon* ! lye Thou there, till Fish surround  
Thy soaking Corps, and suck thy bleeding Wound;  
Nor shall thy Mother at thy Funerals weep,  
But Thee swift *Xanthus* hurry to the Deep;  
And where his Waves 'mongst Brine themselves dis-  
Thy juycie Flesh shall scalie Monsters gorge: (charge  
May All so fall or fly, till *Troy* we take!  
Nor *Xanthus* Streames shall You securer make,

To whom you sacrifice for many <sup>(b)</sup> Bulls,  
And Steeds alive throw in his swallowing Pooles:  
Thus perish for my Friend, and Those whom You;  
Charging our Navie, in my Absence flew.

This said, *Scamander* more and more incens'd,  
Studied how best his Force He might against  
*Achilles* use, and this his Fury stop.

Mean while the Heroe sets on *Asterop*,  
*Pelegons* Son, shaking his ponderous Spear,  
Whom to broad *Axius* *Peribœa* bare,  
*Acejameneus* eldest Daughter, whom  
The Flood compressing pregnant made her Woomb:  
Up comes the Prince, whilst *Asterop* in each Hand,  
A Javelin peis'd, and boldly made a Stand;  
Him *Xanthus* had <sup>(c)</sup> encourag'd, who disdain'd  
With his Friends slaughter thus to be prophan'd;  
When drawing near Him thus *Pelides* spoke; (Stock:

Who art Thou? what thy Country? whence thy  
That Thou so stoutly thus dar'st stand my Rage:  
Sons of unhappy Parents Me engage.

(b) They consecrated Bulls and Horses to all greater Streames, the Bull, *En* *ancientum* *Exen* *travels* *quod* *ad* *Ugentis* *did* *ad* *portum*, as representing their roaring, the Horses, *En* *travels* *quod* *ad* *Ugentis* *did* *ad* *portum*, to denote their fleet current. Hence the Bull was the usual sacrifice of *Xepene*, or the Ocean. *Enst*. The Bull was sacred also to *Apollo* and *Mars*, So *Virgil* lib. 3.

*Taurum* *Xepene*, *taurum* *tibi* *pulcher* *Apello*.  
*Neptunus* a Bull, a white Bull *Phœbus* right.

Whence that Poet in the same Book, *En* 3, makes him that offered a Bull to *Jupiter non litare*, to exasperate rather the deity then atone him, causing him purposely to present the God with an improper sacrifice, the better to bring in the future dire Offense: *Relapsus ad futura, hostium contrarium facit*: so *Macrobii Saturn*, lib. 3, cap. 10.

(c) *Xanthus* assisted *Asterop*, either as he fled to him for protection, *En* *ad* *Ugentis* *did* *ad* *portum*, or else as defended from the River *Axius*, *Enst*.

Then



(c) From this expression of *Homer*, those that succeeded portraied still Rivers in the effigies of Bulls, either from their plowing or turning up the Earth like Oxen; or because the Pastures bordering upon Rivers, being more rank and rich, made the Oxen in better case, and so caus'd them to bellow oftner and louder, *Scholiast*.

(d) *Aristotle* mentions a kind of Eagle whose bones are black, whence some here read it *μαλινχου*; but others read *μαλινχου*, as if it were so denominated from its dark sight. *Engl.*

By this *Achilles* had forfook the Banks,  
Gainst whom *Scamander* drew his waterie Ranks,  
And up his Billowes mustering fiercely charg'd;  
Then Bodies, roaring like a <sup>(c)</sup> Bull, disgorg'd  
Thick on his Margents, yet the living faves,  
Guarded 'mongst eddying Pools, and swelling Waves;  
When a huge Sea, enough a Ship to wrack,  
Brake on his Shield, and drove Him staggering back.  
Here He a stately Elme tore, large and tall,  
From fixed Rootes, and with it Banks and all,  
Whose Branches him might like a Fence-work flank,  
And crosse the River threw it like a Plank:  
Mounted on this, He daunted to the Plain  
For Safety flies; the God pursues amain,  
And at his Heels discharg'd a frowning Wave,  
To stop his Rage and flying *Trojans* save.  
What Distance one may throw a Lance, so far,  
Like th' <sup>(d)</sup> Eagle, swiftest of all Birds that are,  
*Scamander* He out-strips to higher Ground;  
Upon his Breast his rattling Armes resound:  
As fast the Flood pursues the Prince to reach,  
Then falls behind Him in a thundring Breach.

As when a skilfull Gardener Water brings  
His Plants to comfort from refreshing Springs,  
And with his Spade clears all obstructive Mould,  
The purling Stream, o're murmuring Pebbles rowld,  
Through Grounds declining speedy Passage makes,  
And Him who cuts the Channell soon o'retakes;  
So Waves pursue Him; When He made a Hault,  
Standing resolv'd to try if in th' Assault  
Some God would Him assit, a Billow dash'd  
Upon his Breast, and his broad Shoulders wash'd:  
He desperate then amongst the Billowes leaps,  
Sent to supplant Him in his faltering Steps,

Shuffling

Shuffling beneath his Feet the slipperie Sand;  
Viewing Heavens ample Vaults He then complaind;

O *Jove*! will none of all the Gods appear  
In my behalf, but let Me suffer here?  
Oh! save Me now, hereafter Me destroy.  
Could your celestiall Court no God imploy,  
Nor Goddeffs, but my Mother? No Power else  
To mock Me with deluding Oracles?  
She said That I should by *Apollo's* Ire  
Near *Ilium*, wounded with a Shaft, expire.  
Would I had perish'd by bold *Hector*! So  
A valiant Prince had slain a valiant Foe.  
Now Fates combine Me basely to destroy,  
Here must I suffer like a Shepheards Boy,  
Drown'd in a swelling Flood, when muster'd Rills  
In guttering Torrents tumble from the Hills.

*Neptune*, this said, and *Pallas* both appear  
In humane Shapes, and gently drawing near,  
Him, with a mild Aspect, by each Hand took;  
When thus the Earths Foundation-shaker spoke;

Let not these Billowes Thee so much deject;  
We, no inferiour Gods, shall Thee protect:  
*Pallas* and I great *Joves* Commisison have;  
Thou shalt not sinck beneath a swallowing Wave.  
Soon Thou shalt see the Flood Himself confine  
To his own Channell; but We Thee injoyne  
Not to retreat before that Thou inclose  
Within their Walls thy dissipated Foes,  
And *Hector* kill: This said, the Gods depart,  
Whilst from the River with a joyfull Heart  
He onward speeds, where rold in plashie Fields,  
Slain Hero's Corslets, Casks and bofsie Shields,

Q q q

Beating

Beating his Thighs about his Ankles clung,  
But could not stop whom *Pallas* made so strong.

*Xanthus* not yet had drawn within his Banks,  
But rather more incens'd his waterie Ranks,  
And thus to *Simois* his Brother spake;

Let our joynt Prowels drive this Furie back,  
And since the *Trojans* fly, our Force imploy  
To ruine Him who else will ruine *Troy*:  
Then rise with Speed, the Enemy resist,  
Muste thy Fountains, and rough Torrents lift,  
Thy waterie Squadrons fill, and reinforce,  
Rowling down Stocks and Stones to stop his Course,  
Who, now victorious, dares the Gods assail:  
Nor shall his Strength or Beauty Him avail,  
Nor glorious Armes, which in our deepest Flood  
Eclips'd shall suffer in opacous Mud;  
But I'll prepare for Him a sandy Bed,  
And over Filth and loathsome Ordure spread;  
Nor shall the *Grecians* e're collect his Bones,  
So deep I'll lay Him under Slime and Stones,  
Saving their Care his Body to interr,  
Since there shall be his goodly Sepulcher.

This said, afresh He charg'd, arm'd with a Flood,  
Which roaring foam'd with Carkasses and Blood;  
The purpled Stream his murmuring Waves enlarg'd,  
And mouthing Billowes thick themselves discharg'd.

But *Juno* for *Achilles* much dismay'd,  
'Gainst this Assault call'd <sup>(g)</sup> *Vulcan* to his Aid;

Dear Son! draw up and muster all thy Flame,  
Fight Waves with Fire, and raging *Xanthus* tame;  
And I'll from Sea raise <sup>(h)</sup> winds by powerful Charms,  
To help Thee burn the *Trojans* and their Arms;  
By turns the West and Southern Windes shall blow,  
Incircling with a Crown of Fire the Foe.

Burn

(g) *Juno* calls *Vulcan* to *Achilles* his rescue in respect of the contrariety of Fire and Water, sending two Windes which blew out of contrary quarters, *Notus* and *Zephyrus*, that the one drying and refreshing, the other might inflame. *Eust.*

(h) From *Juno's* causing these two Windes to blow from off the Sea, *Plutarch* observes *Homer's* excellency in natural Philosophy, the Windes owing their original to moisture, exh'ed and rarified into Clouds, Winde being no other their *dispos* impelled *Aire*, according to that of *Lucretius* lib. 6.

*Ventus enim fit, ubi est agitando percussus aer.*

Windes are th' impulsion of the troubled *Aire*.

Burn Thou those stately Trees his Margents shade,  
In his own Channell him with Flames invade;  
Nor let fair Words nor Threatnings stop thy Ire,  
Unless I bid Thee hold and quench thy Fire.

This said, the God rais'd all his Power, which first  
On those *Achilles* slaughter'd quench'd its Thirst,  
And all those Plashes that had drown'd the Plaines  
Fire soon licks up, and all the Marshes drains:

A Garden so drown'd with Autumnall Raines  
The Owner glads, when <sup>(i)</sup> *Boreas* it regaines;  
So *Vulcan* clears the Fields, the Bodies burns,  
On *Xanthus* then his yellow Squadron turns,  
Pines, Sallowes, Tamerisk, Lotus, which in Ranks  
With Cypresses, Officers, crown'd his shade Banks:  
The numerous Daughters of the pleasant Flood  
Straight were consum'd, *Eeles* bedrid lay in Mud,  
And Fishes which 'mongst silver Billowes glide  
Beneath his boyling waters gasping dy'd.

When *Xanthus* thus; Not any Power thy Ire  
Can, *Vulcan*! stand, nor meet thy raging Fire:  
Draw off thy Troops, and let *Achilles* drive  
The Foe to *Troy*: Why should We Gods thus strive?

Thus He implores, whilst in his Waves he broyles;  
As when with blown-up Fire a Caldron boyles,  
The rich Larde trying of a Sty-fed Boare,  
When Flames increas'd supply'd with Fewell store:  
So his chaf'd Billowes, spent with raging Heat,  
Not kept their Channell, nor could well retreat;  
When thus to *Juno* He himself addrest;

Why doth thy Off-spring thus my Waves infest,  
And others spares? not I, nor these my Floods  
More guilty be then those combining Gods,  
Who help the *Trojans*; but I shall forbear;  
If Thou command'st the solemn Oath I'll swear,

Qqq 2

No

(i) *Gr. Boreas*, he means the winds called *Etesie*, which arising two dayes after the Dog-star, blow constantly for forty dayes together, qualifying so the heat of the Sunn, much improved by the influence of that Starr, *Spond. vide Plin. lib. 2. cap. 7.*

No more my Friends to ayd, no not when *Troy*  
The *Grecians* shall with hostile Flames destroy.

Straight pitying *Juno* heard the Stream complain,  
And thus to *Vulcan* said; Dear Son! abstain:

Us it becomes not, though We have the odds,  
Siding with Mortalls to afflict the Gods.

This said, grim *Vulcan* quench'd his raging Flame,  
And back the River to his Channell came.

Thus *Xanthus* conquer'd, both Sides disingage,

And *Juno* bridles her impetuous Rage;  
But th'other Gods their Interests pursu'd,  
Stir'd by Contention up and bitter Feude,  
Who clamouring charg'd; Earth & vast Skies resound.  
*Jove* heard them where *Olympick* Spires He crown'd,  
And smiling saw them ready now to charge;

Nor long they stood; *Mars*'s thundring on his Targe  
(1) First arm'd *Minerva* meets, and roughly said;

And why do'st Thou the Gods to *Armes* perswade?  
Hast Thou forgot since *Diomed*, by Thee

Set on, so boldly charg'd and wounded Me?

Now shall We audite sure all old Accounts,

And Thou shalt pay for many such Affronts.

This said, He strook her Shield, on which no Dint  
*Joves* blazing Thunderbolts could e're imprint:

The Javelin enter'd, yet not Passage found,  
To taste her Virgin-blood, or make a Wound:

When She retreating lifted up a Stone,  
Which limited the Fields, a ponderous one,

And hits him on the Neck: fain on the Ground,  
He hides seven (2) Acres; his huge *Armes* resound;  
In dust his Tresses powder'd: *Pallas* smil'd,

And thus insulting said; Alas, poor Child!  
Know'st Thou not yet that I thy (3) better am?

Beleev'st thou, Fool! on Me to purchase Fame?

Thy

(1) *Enstathius* observes *Eni Jovis* *ma jubeo* *Admire* & *Armes* *ei* *ma* *divite* *en-* *vacat* *veritas*, that *Minerva* never en- *counters* *Mars* but when he first gives *the assault*, wisdom never betaking *her* to *Armes* but when she is forced *on* it, for self-preservation.

(2) *Παράβη*, seven of which *Mars* *here* covered, contained an hundred *feet* or sixty six cubits.

(3) *Minerva* had the prebeminence *of Mars* in these three respects: first *for* that she was born of one parent *only*, and he a male; secondly, *for* that she was brought forth *unpurged* *swarms*, and so *Armes* connatural to *her*; lastly, that she was born upon *Jupiters* signal victory over the *Titanes*, she being thence *Admire* *vix*, not *only* to keep up the memory of that *eminent* defeat, but to hint as well *at* *the* *superbity* *and* *invincibility*, the prevalence and potencie of wisdom, as being *ever* victorious in all her designs, *Enst.*

(4) Thy angry Mother thus for all thy Faults  
Chastiseth Thee, but most for thy Revolts,  
Who tak'st the *Trojans* part, assisting those  
Whom much more it concern'd Thee to oppose.

This said, She quits the Place: *Venus* amaz'd  
Runs in, and by the Hand her Minion rais'd,  
Drawing short Breath, fainting and much dismay'd;  
Which *Juno* spying thus to *Pallas* said;

See how that (5) piece of Impudence leads off  
Her Champion *Mars*! let Her too have enough.

This said, She gladly to the Combat hasts,  
And thrusting *Venus* on the Bosome, casts  
Down with her Paramour: then scoffing said;

May all thus suffer who the *Trojans* aid!  
Had they such Champions been as now Thou art,  
Who *Mars* assisting play'st so well thy Part,  
Then We long since an end of War had made,  
And *Trojan* Towres in dusty Ruines laid.

Whilst *Juno* smil'd, *Neptune* to *Phæbus* said;

Why stand We thus, as if expecting Aid,  
At distance not engaging? must We stay  
Till other Gods Exemplars shew the Way?  
Let's not for Shame, no Blowes exchang'd, retreat  
To Heavenly Courts and *Joves* imperiall Seat.

(6) Begin, Thou younger art; first to engage  
Suites not with my Experience nor Age.

Hast Thou forgotten when *Jove* sent Us down  
For pay (7) to serve a yeare *Laomedon*?

Then (8) I a Wall about proud *Ilium* form'd,  
Impregnable, and Towers not to be storm'd,  
Whilst Thou the royall Heards (9) fedst on the Side,  
And verdant Summits of wood-clothed *Ide*:  
But when the gratefull Houres had brought the Day,  
That We were to receive our promis'd Pay,

*Laomedon*

(1) *Juno*, so *Hesiod* in his *Theogon*.

*Αἰδομένη δ' Ἥγου δαλασπῶ τοῖσι δ' ἑ-*  
*κόντι,*  
*ἥ δ' Ἥγου δ' Ἄρεα δ' Εὐαδόμεν ἔκοντι.*

*Juno* he wedded last, who *Mars* and  
sister

*Hesio* to him and *Epithya* bare.  
By this he means the imprecations  
of Mothers against their un-natural  
seed, by which they invoke and  
invited the Furies to avenge the indig-  
nities done them, *Enst.*

(2) *Gr. μυῖα* *Homers* joining  
two creatures together, the Dog and  
Fie, the most remarkable for impu-  
dence of all others, to set forth the  
transcendence of this Vice in *Venus*,  
one being much too short to expresse  
it. *Ἐκ δὲ ἀναστροφῆς τοῦ πικρῆς δὲ*  
*τοῦ πικρῆς δὲ δὲ τῶν ἐκείνων δ' ἀναστροφῆς*  
*Schol.*

(3) It becoming the heat rather of  
youth to commence any inconsiderate  
action, Age having furnished such as  
be ancient with more moderation  
and prudence, *Spond.*

(4) A punishment impos'd upon  
them for their combining with the  
other Gods to bind *Jupiter*, a designe  
disappointed by *Thetis* her revealing  
it to *Jupiter*.

(5) Some making *Neptune* only to  
wall *Troy*, as here *Homers* and *Virgil*,  
*Æn. 9.* others intitle it only to *A-*  
*polla*. So *Ovid* in *Epist. Paridis*.

*Ilium* *aspicit*, *firmataque turribus altis*  
*Menia*, *Phœbea stridula canore Lyre.*

*Troy* thou shalt see, and Walls whose  
Towers aspire  
To kiss the Clouds, built by *Apollon's*  
Lyre.

*Herodotus* saith that *Laomedon* impos-  
ing the mores design'd for the sacri-  
fices of *Neptunus* and *Apollon* upon  
their building the Walls of *Troy*, gave  
the occasion of this fiction.

(6) From which the attribute of  
*Nomius*, i. e. *Passerall*, was appropri-  
ated to him; an appellation then espe-  
cially given him, when they deprecate  
the Plague, or any other spreading  
infection, men believing such maladies  
to be sent by him, for that the Pestil-  
ence frequently begins with the Mur-  
rain of Cattle, of which he is the  
guardian or keeper, *Enst. & Schol.*  
Others by his feeding *Laomedon's*  
Heards, understand the influence of  
that Planet upon vegetatives, his kindly  
heate causing Grass and Herbs to  
spring and grow.

*Laomedon* his Contract not regards,  
But threatening Us discharg'd without Rewards,  
Vowing that He would bind thy Hands and Feet,  
And send to Isles far distant in his Fleet;  
Nay with his pruning Knife our Eares to crop:  
Then nettled We departed with small Hope,  
Chafing to be thus baffled of our Right.

(c) On this Account do't Thou for *Ilium* fight,  
Rather then joyn with Us 'gainst perjur'd *Troy*,  
And Root and Branch that curst Race destroy:

Then *Phæbus* said; My Judgment blame as slight,  
If I with Thee for wretched Mortalls fight,  
Whom Earths production feeds, who, brittle Clay,  
Flourish like Leaves a while, as soon decay:  
Let Them engage, whilst We draw off. Then first  
*Phæbus* retreats, fearing to have the worst.

When chast *Diana* thus her Brother blam'd;

Fly'st Thou from *Neptune* thus? art not asham'd  
On him eternal Honour to bestow  
And Victory? What means that useles Bow?  
Let Me not Thee in *Joves* high Palace more  
Hear proudly vantage say, as heretofore,  
That singlie Thou great *Neptune* durst engage,  
And all his muster'd Billowes mouthing Rage.

This said, (d) He not reply'd: when thus her Spleen  
*Juno* declar'd against the Forrests Queen;

How darst Thou, Impudence! with Me contend?  
I'll match Thee shouldst thou thy whole Quiver spend:

Though *Jove* permits Thee play a Tyrants part,

(e) Women to kill, what ever their Desert;

Yet easier 'tis o're Hills and jutting Craggs  
Wilde Beastes to chase, and follow flying Stags,  
Then rashly with superior Powers to cope:

But if Thou wilt encounter, mock'd by Hope

(c) *Apollo* being not so vindictive as *Nepheus*, besides being highly honoured in *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos*, nay *Troy* it selfe, forgot and forgave the former indignities done him, a latter, albeit lesse cutesie, expiating a former, though greater unkindnesse; ὁ δὲ Πάρις ἔπειτα ὅτι ἔλαττον ὁ Διὸς υἱὸς ἔμελλεν ὑπερβαλεῖν, Schol.

(f) Fond provocations are best answered with silence.

(g) The untimely death of Females being ascribed to her, as mens to her Brother *Apollo*, *Enst*. Besides *Diana* presided at Births, being thence filed *Λαχμία*, Women having easiest labours when the Moone is at full; *μεσολαβίαν* ἐπὶ πλεονεξίᾳ, Id.

Me to subdue: Come, put it to th' Event,  
That thy Fool-hardiness Thou may'st repent.  
Here both her Wrists She in her left Hand catch'd,  
And then her Bow off with the other snatch'd,  
Which beating about her Eares the Goddess laughs;  
Whilst in the Scuffle dropt out all her Shafts:

*Diana* weeping flies: As from a Hawke  
A fearfull Dove seeks shelter in a Rock,  
Cutting soft Aire, to scape her eager Foe;  
So fled the Goddess leaving there her Bow.

When thus to bright *Latona* *Hermes* said;  
(h) I all contest with Thee shall still evade:  
Hard with *Joves* Wives it is to be at odds;  
And Thou wilt boast amongst th' immortall Gods  
Me thou hast vanquish'd: Then her Shafts and Bow,  
Which scatter'd lay where dusty Breeses blow,  
She gather'd up, and to her Daughter bare.

*Diana* to *Joves* Palace cuts the Aire,  
And sets down weeping at her Fathers Knee:  
Sobs shake the Virgins Heavenly Vail, but He  
Indulgent to the Quiver-bearing Maid  
Plac'd Her next to Himself, and smiling said;

Who, dearest Daughter! thus unkindly us'd,  
And like a Malefactor Thee abus'd?

She fighting then reply'd; *Juno*, thy Wife,  
Who still foment Contention here and Strife.

Thus they; but *Phæbus* straight to *Troy* repair'd,  
Suspecting Walls were no sufficient Gard,  
But that the *Greeks* might enter, spight of Fate:  
The rest to Heaven, unlike affected, get,  
And near great *Jove* celestia Places fild,  
Whilst stern *Achilles* Men and Horses kild:

As when curl'd Clouds scale Heaven, a Town on Fire,  
When angry Gods to punish it conspire,

(h) Ἐ' ἡρώων δὲ Ἑ' ἡρώων, *Mercurius* being ill for peace and amicitie, whence in the *Odysses*, &c. he desires to accompany with *Venus*, though he were bound to her as *Mars*, with an iron chain, to intimate τὸ πῶς ἐκπαύσθαι παύσθαι ἀποσθῆναι ἐν γυναικὶ δὲ θήλειᾳ, the amableness and sweetness of well-pend lines; hence the *Pelagys* pictured their *Mercurius*, the elder especially, ἡρώων δὲ ἡρώων ἡρώων signifying thereby τὴν ἀρετήν, ἡρώων ἡρώων, ἡρώων ἡρώων, ἡρώων ἡρώων ἡρώων ἡρώων ἡρώων ἡρώων, that the Oratoric of such as were ancient was much persuasive and prevalent, and then theirs who were young and unexperienced.

All, Greef and Labour share; *Achilles* so  
Afflicts the *Trojans* both with Toyl and Woe.  
But *Priam* on a Tower *Achilles* views,  
And how the routed *Trojans* He pursues;  
Thence straight descending hastens to the Walls  
And thus to throut-Gards and bold Warders calls;

Set ope the Gates, and hold them with your Hands,  
Till we receive our dissipated Bands:

*Achilles* close pursues, and fraught with Rage  
Kills all; some great Misfortune I preface:  
But when our Friends recover Breath within,  
Then bolt and barr them fast, lest He get in.

This said, the Gates unbarr'd they open let,  
Through which in throngs they long'd-for Safety get,  
Whilst in betwixt *Apollo* leaping stav'd

The *Grecians* off, and flying *Trojans* sav'd:  
They through the Ports into the City burst,  
From dusty Champaigns choak'd with burning thirst.

After *Achilles* with his Javelin came,  
Greedy to lavish Blood, and purchase Fame:  
Then *Troy* he had enter'd, and their Business done,  
Had not *Apollo* mov'd *Antenor's* Son

*Agenor*, and stood by, Him to assist,  
Leaning against th' old Beech, conceal'd in Mist:  
Spying *Achilles*, much perplext, He made  
A stand, and fighting to Himself thus said;

Ah! wretched me, shall from *Pelides* I  
Fly the same Way that Others routed fly:  
Then me he'll seize, and without Mercy kill:  
If I turn back, the broken *Trojans* still,  
And all the Plains run to *Ilium's* Woods;  
Then when grown late, bath'd in refreshing Floods,  
Return to *Troy*. What idle Plans I lay  
As if when I should find another Way,

He

He would not it descree, and seize Me straight:  
How should I then scape Death and cruell Fate?  
He of all Mortalls is most strong and stout.  
What if I stand Him here, and fight it out?  
Sick-free he's not, nor hath more Lives then one,  
And (They say) mortall, though a Goddess Son:  
But Him *Jove* favours still; This said, He stood,  
Resolv'd to fight, and make his Station good:

So stands a <sup>(i)</sup> Panther put from shady Grounds,  
The Huntsman slighting & his loud-mouth'd Hounds,  
Who hurt, with pain grown desperate, takes his Lot,  
To kill his Foe, or dye upon the Spot;  
So bold *Agenor* stood, disdain'g Flight,  
In posture stern *Æcides* to fight,  
And brandishing his Javelin thus He spake,

Beleev'it Thou, Fool! *Ilium* this Day to take?  
'Twill cost more yet; many within their Lives  
For their dear Parents, Children and their Wives,  
And *Troy's* defence will spend; but ere We part,  
Receive thy Fate, Thou who so dreadfull art!

This said, He threw, and hit Him on the Shin;  
The Busking rung, repulsing Steel with Tin,  
So well the high-proof'd Metall *Vulcan* forg'd.  
*Pelides* next his ponderous Spear discharg'd,  
But *Phœbus* so much Honour not allow'd  
*Achilles* then, but in a hollow Cloud

Fetcht off *Agenor*, ending the Dispute;  
Next turns *Achilles* from his Foes Pursuit,  
Him facing like the Prince; the God then flies,  
*Achilles* following swiftest Windes out-vies:  
Whilst o're the Plains *Phœbus* towards *Xanthus* made,  
And slowly ran, and dallying with Him play'd,  
His Hopes deluding, in the *Trojans* get  
And from the Field in safety Home retreat,

R r r Throng-

(i) In all other kinds of beasts the males are most courageous, but in Beares and Panthers the females, which last hath this property, to summon and spend all her power upon the first encounter, wherein being disappointed, the presently faints. *Oppian* makes the Panther to expresse this courage in defence of her young; *Κυνεγ. γ.* 131, στ.

Πάνθη σὺν ἀνδρὶ κάλει, ὃ δ' ἀγχιυῖται μέ-  
γιστα·  
καὶ τὸ σὺν ὀρεῖται πύλον τῆς πόλεως ἀ-  
μύνει,  
ἄνθρωποι δ' ἀνὰ πῶτον σὺν αὐτῇ μέγιστα·  
'Οὐδὲ γὰρ ἵππῳ αὖτις ἐν ἀγῶνι ῥηδύνας  
'Οὐ πᾶσι δὲ σῆμα δαυνομένην ἀνέστη,  
'Οὐ γὰρ αὖτις σὺν αὐτῇ, ὃ δ' ἀγχιυῖται μέ-  
γιστα·  
'Οὐδὲ γὰρ αὖτις σὺν αὐτῇ, ὃ δ' ἀγχιυῖται μέ-  
γιστα·  
καὶ τὸ σὺν ὀρεῖται πύλον τῆς πόλεως ἀ-  
μύνει.  
They charge the forward Huntmen,  
and will spend  
Their dearest Blood their Offspring  
to defend;  
Dare Regiments of well-arm'd Soldi-  
ers fight:  
Not any Face of Danger them af-  
fright:  
To save their Race they fear no plu-  
med Storms,  
From twanging Bowes, nor shrink  
at dazzling Armes,  
Stones thrown as thick as Hail, nor  
Javelins flye,  
Resolv'd to save their Progeny, or dy.

Thronging the Streets; none tarried in the Field  
 To question who escap'd and who were kild;  
 But struck with panick Fear all Honour flight,  
 And breaking in preserv'd themselves by Flight.

**HOMERS**





Honoratus Domino Do:  
ejusdem Sripis. et Agnomis  
Sanford. et Baddesmere.



Lib. 22  
Alberico de Vere, vicessimo  
Comiti, Oxoniæ Bar. Bolebec,  
Tabulam hanc. L.M.D.D.D. 10.

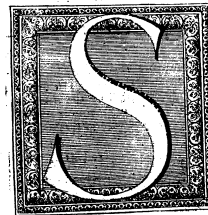


# HOMERS ILIADS:

THE TWO & TWENTIETH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Phoebus Achilles mocks. Pallas deceives  
Hector, and to Pelides Fury leaves;  
Who killing drags Him at his Chariot Stern:  
His Wife and Parents from a Tower discern  
The woefull Object: Sad Complaints and Cries  
Echoe through Troy: loud Clamour scales the Skies.



O rush'd the Trojans in, as  
o're the Lawnes  
Pursu'd to Shelter speed a  
Herd of Fawnes;  
Where, Thirst allaid, They  
wipe off trickling Sweat,  
And leaning stand upon the  
Parapet;

Whilst to the Walls pursuing Squadrons throng,  
Whose bolisie Shields athwart their Shoulders hung.

But Hector, instigated by his Fate,  
Expecting stood without the Scæan Gate:

R r r 2

When

When thus *Apollo* to *Achilles* spake ;  
 Why striv'st Thou fondly Me to overtake,  
 Nor *Phæbus* know'st, still frantick thus with Rage,  
 And Mortall dar'st a deathlesse God engage ?  
 Why Me to chase an Army do'st Thou wave,  
 Whose routed Troops now Walls and Bulwarks save ?  
 Kill Me thou canst not, I immortall am.

Who vext replies : *Phæbus* ! Thou art too blame,  
 Thou spightfullest of Gods ! Me to divert  
 In my Pursuit ; else many had false short,  
 And biting th'Earth before their Walls expir'd ;  
 So I eternall Honour had acquir'd :  
 Which Thou hast done, because for this Affront  
 I want the Power to call Thee to Account.

To *Troy*, this said, He speeds ; As in the Course  
 With well-match'd Chariots runs the Conquering  
 Taking long stretches o're the Plaines at ease, (Horse,  
 So free and lightly mov'd *Æacides*.

Him *Priam* first saw gliding through the Field,  
 Like that bright Star whose Rayes in Autumne gild  
 The Morning's gloomy Tracts with glittering Light,  
 Dimming the fainter Beauties of the Night,

(a) *Orion's* Dog, whose Luster all transcends,  
 But the sad Omen (b) sicklie Times portends :

(a) Others make this Dog-star to be the Dog of *Erigone*, transform'd into a Star upon this occasion. *Icarus*, an *Athenian* by birth, entertaining *Bacchus* was gratified by him with the invention of Wine, and the planting and ordering of the Grapes. He acquainting the neighboring people with the invention, they taking too liberally of the Liquor, awaking after sleep, and conceiving themselves to be poysoned, fell upon *Icarus* for it and slew him ; the Dog, which attended his Maker, returning to *Erigone*, revealed to her by his howling what had pass'd, who upon it hung her self. After an infectious disease infecting the *Athenians*, sent by *Minerva*, they, according to an Oracle, honoured *Icarus* and *Erigone* with an anniversary solemnity, giving it out that they were all metamorphos'd to Stars. *Schol.* *Icarus* being after this call'd *Boies*, *Erigone* *Virgo*, the Dog alone retaining the name of his species.

(b) As occasioning Cansors or Feavers, call'd thence *κυσσολύων*, *Enst.* Of the intense heat of this Star, and its sad influence upon humane Bodies, and the whole frame of nature, thus *Manilius* elegantly lib. 5.

*Cum vero in vastos surgit Ætherei cœli  
 Exortiturque Canis, lævæque canicula flammæ,  
 Et rabit ignis suo geminas incendia solis :  
 Quæ subdente sacro terribis, radiisque movente  
 Dimicat in cineres Orbis, fatumque supremum  
 Scribitur, languetque suis Neptunus in nudis,  
 Et viridis membris sanguis decedit, & herbas,  
 Cuncta peregrinos orbis animalia quærit,  
 Atque ego, alterius Mæandrus. Natura jussus  
 Agitat morbis, nimis effusa per affus,  
 Igne rogo vivis, tantus per sidera fervor  
 Funditur, atque non cœci sunt in lumine cuncta.*

But when the gaping Lyon mounts the Skies,  
 And the two Dogstars breathing flame arise,  
 The Sun's heat doubled with combusive beames  
 Kindles the ayre ; Earth charg'd with sweltring gleames  
 To ashes fighs, as in its Funerall :  
*Neptune* sits perboyld in his watery Hall  
 Beasts seek (since burnt are Pastures, Trees and Plants)  
 A cooler World ; its selfe another wants,  
 Longing to change : sick Nature, selfe beset,  
 Lyes torrur'd with her own intestine heat,  
 As on her Pyre : their influence such alone,  
 As if all Stars conjoynd their flames in one.

So

So shin'd his Armes : Aloud old *Priam* cries,  
 Beating his Breast, Tears trickling from his Eyes,  
 And *Hector* thus, standing before the Gates  
 Resolv'd to fight *Æacides*, intreats,

Stay not, dear Son ! attempt Him not alone,  
 Urging thy Fate, lest Thou be overthrow'n ;  
 Cruell *Achilles* hath of Thee the Odds :  
 Ah ! would He were no dearer to the Gods  
 Then unto Me ! soon Dogs should him devoure,  
 And I once more enjoy a happy Houre.  
 He many of my Children slew, or sold  
 To Isles remote : now no where I behold  
*Lycaon*, nor my Darling *Polydore*,  
 Amongst these Troops, whom my *Laïthoe* bore :  
 Them, if alive, with Gifts of great Esteem,  
 Which *Alex* me presented, I'll redeem ;  
 But if descended to grim *Pluto's* Court,  
 Though We their Parents mourn their loss, yet short  
 Will be the peoples Greef, if Thou forbear  
 To fight that Fiend, and wave his Fatall Spear.  
 With-draw and save Us all, nor Him afford  
 Eternall Honour falling by his Sword :

Pity thy Father in this woefull state,  
 Whom *Jove* hath pleased with so hard a Fate  
 To bring to utter Ruine, now grown old :  
 What Myriads of Woes shall I behold,  
 My slaughter'd Sons, my Daughters ravish'd see,  
 My Court destroy'd, and from the Nurfes knee  
 Their tender Babes snatch'd by the cruell Foe,  
 And in one Sea their Floods commixed flow !  
 Then Dogs shall Me devoure, false by the Sword,

(c) Whom I so often fed from my own Board,  
 Who glutt'd with (d) my Blood, grown droufie, shall  
 Stretch'd on the Floore lye snoring in my Hall:

A young

(c) Such as were wealthy keeping  
 not Dogs onely, but other creatures  
 also, and that only for ostentation.

*Enst.*  
 (d) *Enstathius* saith, that Dogs by  
 drinking humane blood become mad.





This said, *Achilles* gladly makes a Hault,  
And leaping on his Spear expects th' Assault :  
Then like *Deiphobus* Address She made  
To  *Hector*, and the Heroe thus betraid ;

Why should *Achilles* drive Thee where He list :  
Come, stand thy Ground, and I shall Thee afsist.

*Deiphobus*, said He, I love Thee more  
Then all my Brothers ; Us one Mother bore ;  
But now for Thee I greater Kindness have,  
Who thus adventurist singly Me to save.

My Parents (She reply'd) and many more  
Upon their Knees with Tears did Me implore  
To keep the Town (so much are They dismay'd)  
But (such my Love) All could not Me perswade.  
Come, let Us charge Him home, and roughly greet ;  
Then shall We know, if ours He to the Fleet,  
Or We his bloody Spoyle shall Home convey.  
This said, She to *Trepan* Him leads the Way :

When fearless, *Hector* thus : I shall no more  
Fly Thee, *Æacides* ! as heretofore :  
Tis true, swiftly about I thrice this large  
And well-fenc'd City fled, but now a Charge  
From Me expect, resolv'd to take my Lot,  
Or Thee to kill, or perish on the Spot :  
But first you Gods ! who ablest Vouchers are  
Of humane Contracts, both in Peace and War,  
Attest now ours : I shall not treat Thee ill,  
If *Jove* so please Thee hand to hand I kill ;  
Taking thy Spoyle, thy Body I'll bestow  
Upon thy Friends ; Thou the like Favour shew.

Who thus reply'd ; Ne're Article with Me ;  
Lyons as well with Huntsmen may agree,  
Or Lambs and Wolves : One of us Two must dye,  
And here to *Mars* a bleeding Victim lye :

Must

Must thy Power, thy scatter'd Force unite,  
And pitch thy Valour 'bove a common Height ;  
Yet think not to escape ; Thee *Pallas* shall  
By Me subdue, and I Revenge for all  
My friends thou slaughterd'st take. This said, He threw ;  
The Lance, He stooping, o're his Shoulder flew,  
Fixing in th' Earth, which *Pallas* back convoid  
To Him unseen : then *Hector* boasting said ;  
Th' hast mist : My Fate little from *Jove* Thou knowst,  
As Thou giv'st out, and subtle mak'st thy Boast,  
That daunted I my Prowess should mistrust :  
Ne're through the Back shalt Thou Me flying thrust,  
But through this Breast ; Now try to wave this Dart :  
Ah ! would to *Jove* 'twere reeking in thy Heart !  
Then would our War be easie, Thee once gon,  
Who to the *Trojans* hast such Mischiefe done.

This said, He did his ponderous Spear discharge,  
Which lighting on the Center of his Targe  
Hard Steel repuls'd : *Hector* enrag'd and sad  
To see his Lance (who not another had)  
Thus spent in vain, aloud his Brother calls  
To borrow his, who kept within the Walls ;  
Which He misdoubting said ; My Fate draws near ;  
Fondly *Deiphobus* suppos'd I here ,  
Whom Bullwarks gard : *Minerva* Me betray'd :  
No longer I shall cruell Death evade :  
Once *Jove* and *Phœbus* Me esteem'd most dear,  
And often sav'd, Who now must suffer here :  
Not Coward like ; but so will I expire,  
That my last Act all Ages shall admire.

This said, his Sword He drawes, and at Him flies :  
As a swift Eagle stooping cuts the Skies  
To seize a timorous Hare, or tender Lambe ;  
So *Hector* brandishing his Fauchion came.

Sfs

*Achilles*

(c) Hence among the *Lacedæmonians* it is a shame for any warrior to be wounded on his back, he that received a wound on his back was denied all the rights of interment, being cast out unburied to deter others from turning their backs on the Enemy.

*Achilles* stoutly meets Him in his Charge,  
Screening his Bosome with his ample Targ'd;  
Foure stately Crests his glittering Helmet grac'd,  
Where *Vulcan* thick the dangling Plumage plac'd;  
And as the Morning Star, which shines more bright  
Then all those sparkling Gems adorne the Night,  
Glitter'd his Javelin's Poynt, whilst on He came,  
And, casting *Hector's* ruine, took his Aime  
Where best He might on Him imprint a Wound,  
Arm'd in *Patroclus* Spoyle: This straight He found,  
Observing where his Cask and Corset play,  
There certain Death might find a speedy Way.  
Then strikes, and hits so dextrously the Joynt,  
That through his Neck He ran the fatal Poynt,  
Yet mist the \* *Larynx*, down in Dust He fell:

\* The Wind-pipe.

*Pelides* then; Couldst Thou *Patroclus* kill,  
And think thy selfe secure, from Question free  
At this our stricker Audite, slighting Me?  
Know, Fool! that He a great Revenger left  
Behind Him, who hath Thee of Life bereft;  
And whilst the *Greeks* his Monument do reare,  
Dogs shall thy Limbes and greedy Vultures teare.

Then *Hector* thus, now faulting in his Speech;

(p) Thee by thy Soul and Parents I beseech,  
Let Dogs not wrong my Corps, which to redeem  
*Priam* will Presents send of great Esteem,  
That so the *Trojans* may my Pyre erect:

*Achilles* then; No Mercy, Dog! expect,  
Nor Me thus in my Parents name intreat:  
Thee, were I able, I alive would eat.  
Should twenty times thy Ransome to restore

Thy Corps thy Parents send, and promise more;  
Nay, should in Person aged *Priam* come,  
To beg thy (q) Body with a mighty Summe,

(p) Hence *Plutarch lib. de aud. Poet.* observes that whereas *Homer* makes never any *Grecian* taken alive, or beg for quarter, he makes the *Trojans*, many of them, not only to be taken captive, but to supplicate also for life, as *Adrastus*, the Sons of *Antimachus*, *Lycan*, and even *Hector* himself for buriall, and that his Corps might be reitor'd to his Parents.

(q) They that writ after *Homer* observe, that *Achilles* not returning *Hector's* Corps to *Priam* but for a certain weight of gold, met himself with the like retaliation after he was shot by *Paris*, his body being not reitor'd till ransom'd with the like sum; So *Enf.* who for it voucheth, *Lycophron*.

Thy

Thy Mother should not mourn thy Obsequies,  
But Vultures tear Thee: *Hector* thus replies;

I knew that Thou inexorable wert,  
Nor Prayers could move thy adamantine Heart;  
Yet I shall be reveng'd; by *Phœbus* Ire  
And *Paris* Shaft Thou wounded shalt expire.

This said, his Spirits spent, He groaning dyes,  
And to the Shades his Soul repining flies,  
Loth Youth and Strength to leave; Then this Reply

*Achilles* sternly makes: Thou now shalt dye;  
And, when the Gods so please, I'll take my Chance.

This said, He from the Body drew his Lance,  
And laying by, stript off his bloody Armes.  
The *Greeks* about faln *Hector* throng in Swarms,

(r) His Limbs admiring, so exactly made,  
Then the Corps wounding each to other said;

This Champion with more Safety now We greet,  
Then when with hostile Flames He fir'd our Fleet.

So him They scofft, and fresher Wounds imprest,  
When thus Himself *Æacides* exprest;

You Leaders! since Heavens great Inhabitants  
Have given up *Hector* to our vengfull Lance,  
Who to the *Greeks* alone hath done more Harme  
Than all the *Trojans*, let's the City storme;  
That We may know if yet They will maintain  
Their Walls, or yeeld, their prime Commander slain.  
Why thus propose I, when *Patroclus* lyes  
Now at our Navie, wanting Obsequies?  
Whom whilst I live and draw this vitall Breath,  
I shall remember; and though after Death  
Oblivion reignes, yet I'll not Him forget.  
Now march, glad *Pæans* singing, to the Fleet,  
Dragging the Corps in Triumph from the Field:  
Great Honour We have gain'd, and *Hector* kild,

(r) *Hector* was so goodly a personage, that a youth of *Sparta*, as *Plutarch* reports, of whom it was given out that he much resembled him, was trodden to death by the great concourse of people that came from all quarters to see him, and that not out of any indignation conceived against him, but only out of admiration, *Enf.*

Whom

Whom all the *Trojans* as their God ador'd.

This said, He 'bove the Heele his Ancles bor'd,  
Near the great <sup>(1)</sup> Tendon; then puts through a thong,  
With which the <sup>(2)</sup> Corps He at his Chariot hung;  
Next, mounting with the Spoyles, his Horses whips:  
The Steeds free-metal'd hurry to the Ships,  
Dragging the Body; Dust that golden Haire  
And Face besmeares, which late so lovely were:  
Great *Jove* the Foe permitted to defile  
The *Trojan* Prince thus in his native Soyl.

Soon as his Mother did from farr discern  
His honour'd Head trail'd at a Chariots Sterne,  
Shreeking She rends her Hair, casts off her Veil:  
*Priam*, too mourns, and loud Him All bewaile;  
Cryes ring through *Troy*, as if the marble Frames  
Of Gods and Mortalls sunck in hostile Flames.  
Scarce could they keep th'old King within his Walls,  
Who frantick down to his own Subjects falls,  
Kneeling in Dust, requesting One by One;

Ah! let Me forth, He said, I'll go alone,  
And at the Navy that accursed Wretch  
Implore, whose monstrous Actions none can match.  
He on my Years, perhaps, may Pity take,  
And grey Haires reverence for his Fathers sake;  
That We Contemporaries are I'll urge;  
Though Him He bred to be the *Trojans* Scourge,  
But specially to Me a torturing Bane,  
Who hath so many of my Children slain;  
Yet more than for Them all I grieve to part  
With *Hector*, his sad Loss will break my Heart.  
Ah! that these Armes his Body might infold!  
Then I and his unhappy Mother would  
Satiat our Grief, and Him with Tears bemoan.

Thus weeping He, whilst all the Concourse groan.

Then

(1) Call'd hence *tendo* *Hector's*,  
from *Hector's* being drag'd by it.

(2) *Didymus* saith it was the cus-  
tome of the *Thessalians*, to drag the  
Corps of such as had slain any allyed  
or related to them about the *Cippi*  
or Monument of their deceased friend:  
a practice begun by *Simon*, who so  
us'd the dead body of *Eurymachus*, who  
had slaughtered his Brother *Thrasym-  
bus*: who further palliats this *Achil-  
les* his unhumane usage of *Hector's*  
Corps (who yet so civilly treated *E-  
trow* as to inter him unscathed, with his  
Armes upon him) by the like indig-  
nity intended to his slaughter'd friend,  
whose head he threatened, severed  
from his body, to set upon a pile or  
broach, *Iliad. c. v. 177.*

τοῦ σώματος αὐτοῦ τοῦ νεκροῦ  
πρὸς τὸν ἀντικείμενον τοῦ νεκροῦ ἀντὶ  
τοῦ νεκροῦ.

μετακινῶν αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ ἀντικείμενῃ, ἀντὶ τοῦ  
ἀντικείμενου, ἵνα βίῃ τοῦ νεκροῦ  
πρὸς τὸν ἀντικείμενον, ὅπως ἐστὶν  
ἐν τῇ ἀντικείμενῃ, ὅπως ἐστὶν  
ἐν τῇ ἀντικείμενῃ.

Schol.  
τὸν νεκρὸν αὐτοῦ  
πρὸς τὸν ἀντικείμενον  
τοῦ νεκροῦ ἀντὶ  
τοῦ νεκροῦ.



Georgio Clerke de Watford  
Armigero. Tabulam



in Comitatu Northampton  
hanc. L.M. D.D.D.  
I.O.

Then *Hecuba* her Sorrow thus express'd;  
Why live I, wretched! thus with Cares oppress'd,  
Son! after Thee? Thou Fountain of all Joy  
And Honour both to Me and those in *Troy*!  
Thou whom They living honour'd like a God,  
Now art descend'd to the *Stygian Flood*:

She weeping thus. *Andromache* not yet  
 Heard how her Lord remaind without the Gate :  
 In private She beguild the tedious Houres,  
 Working a curious Web with gaudy Flowres,  
 And bade her Damsells get <sup>(\*)</sup> a Bath 'gainst Night,  
 To cheer her Lord, returning from the Fight ;  
 Not dreaming how such Comforts useles were,  
 Since *Pallas* slew Him by *Achilles* Spear,  
 When from the Tower She heard a dismall Yell:  
 Down from her trembling Hands her Shuttle fell,

And thus She said; Straight two of You prepare  
To waite on Us; my <sup>(\*)</sup> Mothers Voice I hear:  
What meanes this dolefull Cry? I fain would know;  
<sup>(\*)</sup> My Heart beats high; Ah, Me! I scarce can goe:  
Some sad Disaster this portends, I fear,  
To Priams Sons; Ah! may I never hear  
Such woefull Tydings! but much more I doubt  
*Aecides* hath singled *Hector* out,  
And chas'd from *Troy* about the spacious Plaine,  
Where He <sup>(\*)</sup> (too daring) may, woe's Me! be slain;  
For on th'opposing Foe He oft would set,  
(His Troops out-stript) disdaining to retreat.  
This said, like one distracted out She flew,  
Trembling with Fear, attended on by Two:

(u) Cold Bathes, in which the ancient Heroes us'd to wafh off their sweat, being call'd by way of Adage, *Ἡρακλέους λιβὰς* *Herculean Bathes*, his being no other then running water, such as issued from a living Spring; those that came after him, no less in excuse of themselves then abuse of him, intitled him both to warmer Bathes and softer Couches.

[illegible]

seem, were it not obstructed by the intervening Vessels, deserting its naturall Scituation, to sally out at the mouth, yet receives no detriment by that its so sudden, impetuous and irregular commotion, by reason of its near location to the lungs, which, being

(x) *Euphrosimus* observes that *Andromache* said not here that *Hector* had such resolution and courage, but it him, ἡ μὲν ἔχοντι and this to express the greatness of it, it ruling and possessing him, not be it, οὐδ' αὐτῆς, φανερὸν εἶχεν ἀνδρείαν, ἀλλ' ἔκειν αὐτῇ εἰς τὸν αἵμα διὰ θανάτου· οὐδ' οὐκ αὐτὴν ἀνέλεον διότι τὸν ἔκρινε; So He.

## When



Armig: ex Familia Roudonorum  
Oriundo Tabulam hanc. L.M.  
D.D.D.

Lib. 33 v. 15  
donorum  
L. M.  
D. D. D.  
L O



(a) *Andromache*, t'wouns at the sight of *Hector* slain, but not to his Mother *Hecuba*, for surprizing *Andromache* unexpectedly and all together, it took her unprepar'd, and so unable to withstand it, she was born down by it, whereas the knowledge of his untimely fate approach'd not his Mother but by degrees, and thence made not in her the like impression. *Schol.*

When to the Tower She came and gather'd Throng,  
And looking down saw *Hector* drag'd along  
There by remorseless Steeds before the Walls,

(c) Her Spirits suffocated, down She falls;  
Off flies her Veile, and regall Ornament,  
And Crown which *Venus* did to her present,  
When *Hector* in renowned *Etion's* House  
Her with an ample Dowry did espouse:  
When coming to her self, her Spirits regaind,  
Thus She aloud and bitterly complaind;

Us two, Ah! *Hector*, one disastrous Star  
Mark'd at our Birth like Miseries to share,  
Thee born in *Priam's* Palace, Me at *Thebes*,  
Where shady *Placus* shelters fertile Glebes;  
There *Eition* bred Me up with tender Care;  
Ah! Would We ne're had drawn this vitall Aire!  
Since Thou to *Pluto's* shady Court art gone,  
Thy Wife a wofull Widow left alone,  
Thy Childe an Orphan, since Thou canst not be  
Deceas'd a Help to Him, nor He to Thee;  
Who though he scape this fatall War, yet shall  
Into a thousand sad Difasters fall:  
His faire Estate prove some Usurpers Prey,  
And all his Friends after this fatall Day  
Shall Him dis-own, as Thee They never knew:  
Then will salt Tears his tender Cheeks bedew,  
Till thy Acquaintance seeking through the Town,  
This plucking by the Cloak, That by the Gown,

(b) *Gr. ἀφ' ὧν αὐτὸς, ἰ. κατὰ ἀμφοτέρους τὰς ἁρτίων ἀδελφῶν καὶ ἀδελφῶν, that is, such a child both whose Parents were living; Such only as these might make the *Eirifone*, which was a branch of Olive, tyed about with locks of wool, and hung with severall sorts of fruit, vowed first to *Apollo* by *Theseus*, when going to *Crete* against the *Minotaur*, he was driven by ill weather upon the Island *Delos*, and paid the God at his return, the *Minotaur* being slain by him. This *Eirifone* was yearly consecrated to *Apollo*, and set up before the doors of his Temple, at the Feast call'd *Pannepsis*.*

Some One will from his Goblet let Him sip  
No more, perhaps, then wets his parched Lip:  
Then (b) a proud Stripling shall from laden Boards  
Drive Him with Blowes and contumelious Words,  
Saying, thy Father feasts not here, be gon;  
Then weeping to thy Widow comes our Son,

Who

Who on thy Knee accustomed to sit,  
Tasting sweet (c) Marrow, or some choycer Bit;  
And when the Wanton had himself suffis'd,  
Then growing froward, with soft Sleep surpris'd,  
On a soft Couch slept in his Nurfs Armes,  
Who now expos'd lyes open to all Stormes;  
Though Him *Astyanax* the People call,  
Whose Fathers single Prowess sav'd us All,  
Whom stript, far from his Parents, at the Fleet,  
When greedy Dogs are feasted, Wormes must eat.  
Now all those Vests I and my Damfels made,  
And with such Care up in our Wardrobe laid,  
As useles Toys remorseless Flames shall burn,  
Since They thy Obsequies cannot adorne,  
But onely honour *Troy*, when Thou art gon.

She weeping thus, whilst all the Ladies groan.

(c) Marrow, i. e. τὸ ἐσθιόντα τῆς τροφῆς, the *Chine*.

T t

HOMERS

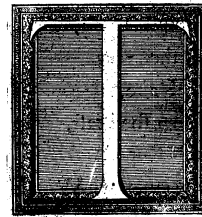


# HOMERS ILIADS:

THE THREE & TWENTIETH BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Patroclus Obsequies : whose funerall Flames  
Pelides kindles, and exhibits Games :  
At Chariot-racing Diomed the best:  
The Spartan and Antilochus contest :  
They run, They wrastle, throw the Bar, and Fight,  
Their Grief and Sports concluding with the Night.*



THUS through the City all  
the People mourn'd:  
But when the Grecians to their  
(a) Camp return'd,  
Dispers'd They hasten to their  
severall Tents:

Whilst sad Æacides his Regi-  
ments

Imbodied keeps, and thus to part forbids;

Take not forth yet, dear Friends! your weary Steeds,  
First nearer draw, where We Patroclus may

(b) Lament, and to the Dead last Duties pay:

T t t 2

Your

Gr. Ἑλλήσποντος, the Sea as far as the  
Sigeum being call'd the Hellespont, the  
reft beyond that, and Ἰλλυρία, the  
bread Hellespont. Eust.

(b) Which their grief they expref-  
fed not by any articulate pronounciati-  
on, but by often iterating those accents  
and interjections of forrow, ἦ and ὦ,  
whence Eust. derives the word us'd  
here by Homer, διδάτω, a verbe made  
in imitation of the two particles, ὦ-  
ἦ, by aqva vnaclat.

Your Horses then unharnes'd, there We'll sup.  
 This said, He leads his mourning Squadrons up,  
 Who thrice surround the Corps, Earth & their Arms  
 They wash with Tears, provok'd by *Thetis* Charms:  
*Achilles* then, upon *Patroclus* Breast  
 Laying his Hands, his Sorrow thus exprest;  
 Hail, dearest Friend! to Thee, though dead thou art.  
 I have kept Promise, and perform'd my Part:  
 Drag'd *Heitor* Dogs shall eat, and at thy Pyre  
 Twelve *Trojans* to thy *Manes* shall expire.

This said, before the Hearse He *Heitor* <sup>(c)</sup> threw;  
 Straight All disarm'd, and forth their Horses drew;  
 Then round their Admirall Themselves they plac'd,  
 And there with various Dishes pleas'd their Taste.

Store of <sup>(d)</sup> fat Beeves, Sheep, Goats & Swine were slain,  
 And rosted at quick Fires; a purple Main  
 About the Hearse the slaughter'd Cattell made:  
 From thence to *Agamemnon* they convey'd  
*Achilles*, for his Friend in Pasion yet,

Who straight commands a Bath his Heralds get,  
 Which warme, *Pelides* Spirits might restore,  
 Cleansing his Limbs from Dust and clotted Gore;  
 Who thus, refusing, vow'd; By *Jove*, no Bath  
 Shall Me refresh, or ought that Comfort hath,  
 Till I my Friend lay on the Pyre, then rear  
 His *Obelisk*, presenting Him my <sup>(e)</sup> Haire,

<sup>(f)</sup> Since Me like sorrow never down shall cast,  
 Whilst I survive; but let us take <sup>(g)</sup> Repast:  
 And, great King! early bid them cut down Wood,  
 Enough to waft Him o're the *Stygian* Flood,  
 And to consume the Corps, that All who mourn,  
 To their Occasions sooner may return.

This said, the Princes all assenting brought  
 A plenteous Treatment, and long Tables fraught.

When

(c) *Gr. opusis*, He laying him groveling, contrary to the custom of the dead; *ita patrum viventes sepulchrum, Enst.*

(d) *Gr. bleu agel*, that is white for colour, or with fat after they were kill'd and dead, they sacrificing only black Cattell to the dead, *Enst.*

(e) Cutting off the haire of the Head being not only a demonstration of grief for any deceased, but *apudant* *naus*, an attestation of the honour and respect we beate the dead, *de r' elio* *xapay* *in xeni* *superalid* *diemididit* *cho* *pus*, & *magis* *naus* *in xeni*, as parting for their sakes with the greatest ornament of the Head, the Haire, *Enst.*

(f) As foreknowing that his Father and Son should both survive him, *Enst.*

(g) *Gr. xapay* *midididit* *naus*, He calling this Supper *naus* (ad or barefull, *de r' r' xapay* *naus*, & *is* *naus* *naus*, as made in honour of the dead, one who was to pass *Styx*, *Enst.*

When Thirst and Hunger both appeased were,  
 All to their severall Quarters straight repaire.

Then on the Margents of the Sea-wash'd Bay  
 Amidst his *Myrmidons* *Achilles* lay,  
 Lamenting his dear Friend, when unawares  
 Soft <sup>(h)</sup> Sleep, the curer of consuming Cares,  
 Seal'd up his Eyes, his Spirits to recruit,  
 Exhausted much in *Hectors* long Pursuit:  
 When just before him stood *Patroclus* Shade,  
<sup>(i)</sup> Such Eyes, such Limbs, and in like Garments clad.

Sleep'st Thou? (said He) Am I so soon forgot?  
 Living thou lov'st Me, dead regard'st Me not:  
 Me, ah! int're, Who am from *Stygian* Coasts  
 And long'd-for Passage driven by happier Ghosts:  
 There I attend till *Charon* Me transport  
 To glad Repose in *Pluto's* silent Court.  
 Ah! give thy helping Hand; my Body burn,  
 Since from the Shades I never shall return,  
 Nor more with Thee alone consulting sit:  
 That Fate which at my Birth the Stars had writ,  
 Hath snatch'd Me hence, and Thou e're long must fall,  
 Greatest of Heroes! near the *Trojan* Wall:  
 But make Me happy in this one Request;  
 Let our collected Bones together rest,  
 Since at thy Court We both one breeding had,  
 When with my Father an Escape I made  
 From *Opus*, where at <sup>(k)</sup> Play, I gainst my Will,  
 The Off-spring of *Amphidamas* did kill:  
 Then did thy Father *Peleus* condescend  
 To adopt Me thy Associate and Friend.  
 Ah! in that golden Urne our Reliques save,  
 Which Thee thy Goddess Mother <sup>(l)</sup> *Thetis* gave.

*Achilles* then; Why from infernall Strands  
 Com'st Thou, dear friend! with these so strickt com-

(h) *Hom.* makes sleep to seize *Achilles* after his hard dayes duty, to intimate, faith *Enst.* that sleep is not to be entertain'd or indulg'd till labour hath dispos'd us for it.

(i) *Antiphon* was of opinion that the Soul was *homothymus* *to* *euian* *con* *figura*, had the like figure and lines with the Body, but *Chrystippus* makes them after death *euian* *indivisibilia*, of a Spherical figure, *Enst.*

(k) *Gr. agel* *asagel* *naus*, Now *asragalus* or *talus* was the middle bone in the hinder legs of such creatures as were *stagna*, had cloven hoofs, it being not found in any such as was either *canis* or *canis*, whose hoofs was either whole, excepting only the *Indian* *Asse*, or parted into more divisions then two. With these the *Grecians* us'd to play, throwing out four at once, whole several chances amount to thirty five, denominated from Gods or Heroes, famous men, or infamous rumpets, &c. as *Staphorn*, *Euripides*, &c. The most fortunate cast was called *Venus*, which then was, when every bone that was thrown upon the Table out of a *Pyrgus* or *urricula*, appear'd in a different forme and figure from the rest. Who lo threw this chance swept all, whatever it was they played for, drink or money; So *Marshall lib.* 14. *Epigr.* 14.

*Cum steterit nullus vultu tibi talus eodem,*  
*Monera me dicet magna dedisse tibi.*

A different face when every talus shows,  
 Fortune on thee a liberrall stake be-  
 flows.

and *Horace ad Pempium Varum*;

— *Quem Venus arbitrum*  
*Dabit bibendi?*

Whom *Venus* shall designe  
 The Regent of our Wine?

The lowest chance, which lost all, was filed *Canis* or *Xius*, of which thus *Propertius*,

*Ne quoque per talos Venerem qua-*  
*rente secundus,*  
*Semper damnosus subilire Cane.*  
 When I with luckie hand would *Venus* throw,  
 The curld Bones the Dogged chance  
 Kill throw.

(l) This Cup was given *Thetis* by *Bacchus*, for her kind treatment and reception of him, when being pursu'd by *Lycurgus* he took Sanctuary in the Sea. This Cup was bestowed on *Bacchus* by *Pulcan*, for his entertainment given him in the Island *Naxos*.

All





Next an unbroken Mare, of six years old,  
 Who cover'd by an Ass had yet not foald;  
 To Her a Tripod adds, whose Concave filld  
 No less then two and twenty Measures held.  
 For those came third a Caldron of great Worth;  
 Two golden Talents placing for the Fourth;  
 Who came up last their Prize a Goblet, made  
 To stand on either end, and thus He said;

*Atrides* and bold *Greeks*! for those Who drive  
 Their Chariots best, and dare for Victory strive,  
 Here lye Rewards; but I (lest I should win)  
 Will my immortall Horses not put in,  
 Which *Neptune Peleus* gave, and now are mine,  
 Who, ah! themselves with Grief afflicting pine,  
 Wanting their Charioteer, Who oft the Soyl  
 Wash'd from their Necks, and curld their Mains with  
 They drooping now *Patroclus* Lofs deplore, (Oile;  
 And sweep with their neglected Haire the Floore.  
 You who in fleetest Steeds confide, and dare  
 Venter your Chariots, straight your selves prepare.

These Words stir up the Princely Charioteers:  
*Eumelus* Son, *Admetus* first appears;  
*Aeneas* Steeds in next *Tyides* brought,  
 His Prize when off the *Trojan Phæbus* got;  
 The *Spartan* third puts in, conjoyning swift  
*Podarg* and *Æië*, *Agamemnon's* Gift  
 From *Echepol*, *Anchises* Son, <sup>(a)</sup> that He  
 Might from that Expedition be free  
 To live in ample *Scycion*, far from *Troy*,

And the Estate *Jove* gave Him there enjoy:  
*Antilochus* fourth those Steeds which him convoid  
 From *Pile* conjoynes, to whom thus *Nestor* said;

Since *Jove* and *Neptune*, Son! their Favours v'd,  
 And taught Thee, breeding up, so well to ride,

Thou

Thou need'st not much Instruction Who know'st  
 Thy best Advantage, bending to each Post:  
 Though hard 'twill prove, and put Thee to a shift  
 To match their Steeds that are for thine too swift;  
 Yet thy own Skill and my no bad Advice  
 May hint the Means how thou may'st gain the Prize:  
 Artists by Slight not Strength their Work performe;  
 The Pilats Skill his Ship saves in a Storme,  
 And through swoln Waves He to safe Harbours gets;  
 By Slight one Charioteer another beates.

Some, who in Chariots and swift Horses pride,  
 Fondly their Steeds with Raines unsteady guide,  
 Nor well can stop Them in their headie Course:  
 But He who hath more Skill, though slower Horse,  
 Upon the Goale keeps ever fix'd his Eyes,  
 Nor at a loose with Raines extended flies,  
 But still hancks in, marking his Leaders Sterne.  
 Now since to know the Goale will much concerne,  
 A Post you'll see about a Cubit long,  
 Of Pine or Oke, which Weather ne're can wrong,  
 Which two white Stones support; the Pals not wide,  
 Yet smooth, where you at Speed may safely ride:  
 Some ancient Monument, or set for Bounds  
 Suites to prevent by meering neighbour-Grounds:  
 This now *Achilles* for the Goale hath plac'd,  
 Which when Thou shalt approach, although the last,  
 Lean to thy left-hand Steed, the other straine,  
 Threaten and lash, loosing his streighter Raine;  
 But drive thy nearest in, untill Thou joyne  
 The Nave and Wheel's Circumference in a line;  
 But shun the Stone, lest You your Horses hurt,  
 Your Chariot break, making Spectators sport  
 At price of thy Disgrace: Here get before,  
 And none shall once out-goe or coate Thee more;

U u u 2

No

(a) Thus *Scipio* left it to the election of them of *Sicilie*, whether they would accompany him in Person against *Carthage*, or send their servants and horses to excuse them, *Enst.*

(b) *Arion* was got by *Neptune* on a Harpie or *Erynnis*, who gave him to *Copreus*, *Copreus* to *Hercules*, *Hercules* to *Adraſtus*, whose life he ſaved at the Siege of *Trois*, he only of the ſeven Captains coming off alive.

No, ſhould He drive *Adraſtus* fiery Steed,  
Renown'd <sup>(b)</sup> *Arion*, of celeſtiall Seed ;  
Nor King *Laomedons* more famous Race.  
This ſaid, old *Neflor* reſumes his Place.

In brought *Meriones* his Chariot laſt :  
All mounting Lots for the Precedence caſt ;  
*Achilles* draws ; Chance *Neflor*'s Son preferd,  
*Eumelus* next, and *Menelaus* third,  
*Meriones* fourth ; but Who them All ſurpaſt,  
Renown'd *Tydid* fortun'd to be laſt.

(c) Theſe Racers ſtood not in rank but file, otherwiſe ſtanding all a breſt their caſting lots had been to no end, ſaving only who ſhould have the right hand of the reſt. Some make the length of the Race to be from the *Sigeum*, where *Achilles* his Ships lay to the *Rhetean* Promontory. *Ariſtarchus* will have it from the *Grecian* Wall to the Fleet and Tents, five ſurlongs long. *Euſt.*

All ſtand in <sup>(c)</sup> Order, ready now to ſtart,  
The Goals *Achilles* marks, *Phoenix* his part  
*Aſign*'s t' obſerve Who firſt ſhould paſs the Poſt,  
Who ſecond, third, Who fourth, and Who the laſt.  
All raiſe at once their Whips, at once All ſtrike,  
Cheering their mettall'd Horſes All alike.  
Far from the Fleet they hurry o're the Plaines  
In duſty Clouds, Winde ſhakes, their flowing Maines ;  
Their jolting Chariots high, now low appear,  
Cutting deep Tracts ; firme ſtands the Charioteer,  
'Twixt hope and fear ; greedy of Honour, They  
Fly o're the Courſe, their Steeds the Hand obey.  
When the laſt Space they reach'd, ready to wheel  
Down to the Fleet, All ſummon up their Skill,  
When running with a looſe, at higheſt Speed,  
*Eumelus* gets the ſtart ; next *Diomed*  
So cloſe him at his Chariots Stern purſues,  
That his Steeds reeking breath his Shoulders dewes,  
Ready to mount and board his Chariot ;  
And He the Prize had doubtfull left, or got,  
When <sup>(d)</sup> *Phæbus*, leſt *Eumelus* He out-ſtrip,  
Enraged ſtruck from Him his golden Whip :  
His Cheeks ſalt Tears of Indignation waſh,  
Knowing his Steeds, accuſtom'd to the laſh,

Would

(d) This *Apollo* did for the affection he bore *Eumelus*, having ſerv'd his Father *Admetus*, and kept theſe very Mares ; So *Homer* *Iliad*, β.

Τὰς τε Παιδας, τὴν δὲ ἀεικνήμενον Ἀνδροῶν,  
Ἀγῶνι δυνάμει, πλεον Ἀγῶνι παρθέτων.



Doming Johanni Tyrell  
Martha Tyrell de Heaton  
Tabulam



Equiti Aurato, et Dominae  
house in Comitatu Essex.  
hanc D.D.D. I.M. I.O.

Lib. 23  
Vol. 345.

Would slack their Pace, and fainting loose the Prize.

How *Phœbus* us'd *Tydidēs Pallas* spies,  
And drawing near his Whip She, as a Gift,  
Presents the Prince, and makes his Horses swift,  
And turning thence next shatters, much provok'd,  
*Eumelus* Couples which his Coursers yok'd.  
The Steeds at freedom run about the Way,  
Upon the Ground the Teem-pole broken lay,  
Down by his Chariot wheele He headlong dropt,  
Bruising his Nose and Mouth, his Voyce was stopt,  
His Elbow and his Forehead hurt, his Eyes  
Brim-full with Tears : *Tydidēs* all out-flies,  
And gets by *Pallas* help immortal Fame.

Next after him up *Menelaus* came,  
When to his Steeds thus *Nestors* Son began;  
Speed for your Lives, make all the Haste you can :  
I wish you not *Tydidēs* beasts out-run,  
Which *Pallas* with such Swiftnesse hurries on ;  
But from *Atrides* let Us win the Game :  
Let not his Mare triumph o're you for Shame.  
Why faint you thus, most generous Steeds ? beware ;  
*Nestor* no more shall pamper you with Care,  
But run You through if We the greater Prize  
Loose by your Sloath : Haste, haste, then I advise,  
And in the narrow Path I shall not fail  
To guide you so, that doubtless We'll prevaile.

A Breach there was which deep had sunck the Tract,  
In Winter fed by a small Cataract ;  
Hither *Atrides* drives, and jussling shuns ;  
But up *Antilochus* his Horses runs,  
Coating his Steeds, and forc'd him balk the Way.  
Then said the *Spartan* fearing Danger ; Stay ;  
The Road is streight, broader 'twil be anon ;  
Left We here foule on one another run.

This



This said, *Antilochus* his *Horfes* cheerd,  
Threaten'd and laſht, as if He had not heard,  
And got before as far as One can throw  
A Coyt, Who would his ſtrength and cunning ſhow:  
Whilſt in *Atrides* hanking makes ſome ſtay,  
Fearing to hurt his Courſers in the Way,  
And Chariot overturne whilſt in He thruſt,  
And falling graſp for conquering *Palmes* the Duſt,  
Then chafing ſaid; Goe with a Vengeance! go!  
The World thy Character ſhall better know;  
Yet e're Thou gaine the Prize I'll make Thee ſwear.  
Whilſt thus his Steeds *Antilochus* did cheer;

Run! run! for ſhame; faint not, but on; prevaile:  
Let them whom feeble Age hath founde'd faile.

Fearing their Lord, their Speed redoubling, They  
Make for the Goale, and ſwift devoure the Way.

Then the Spectators ſitting in the Cirque  
Saw through the Duſt their jolting Chariots work:  
*Idomeneus* firſt, who higheſt ſat,

Thoſe Steeds diſcover'd who the better got,  
And well diſcern'd their Charioteer from far,  
Whoſe Sorrell had upon his Brow a Star,

And thus He ſaid; See You, or onely I?  
Lo! yonder other Steeds before I ſpy;  
Who late were ſecond now the firſt appeare;  
Thoſe other, ſure, are hurt that formoſt were;  
Them I beheld approach ſo near the Poſt,  
I no where ſee, their Lord his Raines hath loſt,  
Or turn'd not well the Goale, or elſe hath ſtruck,  
And fall'n, I feare, his well-hung Chariot broke;  
His boggling Steeds run back: Stand, Sirs! and ſee;  
Or my Sight failes, or *Diomed* that ſhould be.

To whom *Oiliades* returns this Scoff;  
Why talk'ſt Thou thus? his Steeds are yet far off:

You

You are not young'eſt, nor of ableſt Sight,  
But firſt to ſpend your Verdict ſtill delight;  
Silence becomes Thee better, ſince there are  
Here many ſkilfuller then Thou by far.

Thoſe are *Eumelus* Steeds who ſcoure the Plaines,  
And that Himſelfe ſo ſteady guides the Raines.

When thus incens'd on Him the *Cretan* falls;

Where lyes thy Skill unleſs in Strife and Brawles?

Of all ſit here Thou haſt the leaſt Deſerts,  
Though furniſh'd beſt with diſ-ingenious Arts:  
A Tripod or a Charger I dare ſtake,  
(And let Us *Agamemnon* Umpire make)

That this *Tydidēs* drives up ſo faſt,  
Which Thou wilt know when thou the Wager pay'ſt.

Here *Ajax* ſto'm'd; high the Conteſt had roſe,  
But that *Achilles* thus did interpoſe;

You leaſt ſhould in ſuch ruffling Tearms contend,  
Who ſhould ſuch Faults in others reprehend:  
Sit ſtill, and view who ſhall obtaine the *Palmē*,  
Till they come in your riſing Paſſion calme;  
This ſoon will be decided; ſit and ſee  
Whoſe *Horfes* formoſt, and whoſe ſecond be.

This ſaid, *Tydidēs* comes, playing the Whip,  
Whoſe fleet'er Steeds the winged Windes out-ſtrip,  
The duſty Atomes beating in his Face,  
His curious Chariot Gold and Silver grace;  
So ſwiftly ran his Courſers that their Heeles  
Made no Impreſſion, nor his Chariot Wheel'es.

Now at the Goale his panting Steeds He ſtops,  
Sweat from their Necks and Breaſts in briny Drops  
Waters the Ground; his Seat *Tydidēs* leaves,  
Layes by his Whip, whilſt *Sthenelus* receives  
His Prize, a Damſell clad in comely Weeds,  
And a large <sup>(c)</sup> Tripod; then takes out his Steeds.

(c) This Tripod himſelfe preſented  
to *Apollō* at *Delphos*, as appears by  
this Inſcription attesting the dedica-  
tion,

Ἰδὼν δὲ αὖτις, ποδὶ δ' ἀνέστηκεν  
ἄνθρωπος,  
καὶ μὲν δὴ Πάριον αὖτις ἔδωκεν ἑλθεῖν Ἀ-  
χιλλεύῳ  
Τυδίδης δ' ἀνέστηκεν ἑλθεῖν ἀντίθετον  
δωρεῖ,  
Νέσχευεν ἱερῶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων ἑκάστων.

I am that *Braccen* Tripod *Diomed*  
won  
At Chariot-race, and gave *Latona's*  
Son:  
Near *Heleſpont* *Achilles* me a Prize  
Set at his Friend *Patroclus* Obſequies.

In



We now are Friends, *Antilochus* ! I find  
That Youths Ambition did thy Judgment blind ;  
Ever thy Betters to affront beware ;  
(i) So easily I not any else should spare :  
Thou and thy dear Relations on my Score  
Have suffer'd much, are like to suffer more ;  
Therefore to Thee submissive I resigne  
The Prize Thou tenderst, though so justly mine ;  
That All may see that I not spleenfull am,  
Nor Me as arrogant, or wilfull blame.

This said, the Mare *Antilochus* He gives,  
And the bright Charger then himself recieves.

*Meriones* the fourth Prize next takes up :  
*Achilles* that which it remaind, the Cup,  
Presenting *Nestor* said ; This (k) Goblet take,  
And keep with Care for my *Patroclus* sake ;  
Since Him among Us Thou no more shalt see :  
This, dearest Friend ! I dedicate to Thee ;  
For at the Cest Thou canst not well engage,  
Run, wrastle, dart, now much impaird with Age.

The friendly Gift the Heroe kindly took,  
And thus ' *Achilles*, Thanks returning, spoke.

Well Thou hast said, dear Son ! I now am old,  
My Limbs wax feeble, and my Blood grows cold,  
My Arms and Shoulders hang as if unstrung.  
Ah ! were I but as youthfull now and strong,  
As when th' *Epeians* did their King inter,  
And at *Buphrasum* rear'd his Sepulcher,  
Whole Sons, his Obits honouring, Prizes fet.  
There three proud Nations at these Sports I beat :  
I *Clytomides* worsted at the Cest ;  
In wrastling of *Ancæus* had the best ;  
*Ipbiclus* I out-ran ; at darting bore  
The Prize from *Pbileus* and strong *Polydore* :

Me

(i) *Gr. μέγιστος*, where the verb's particle *μεγ* implying *his* *εξίστημι*, nearness or approximation, denotes *μέγιστος* as *major* his facility to be wrought on and reconcil'd. *Enff.*

(k) No piece of Plate was so in the request with the ancient Heroes as goblets, with *Nestor* especially, who had one of that capacity and greatness as none could lift up from the Board but himself : Hence some will have *Atræus* golden Sheep to be nothing else but a silver Cup with a golden Sheep portrayed in the bottom.

Me at the Horle-race (l) *Aïors* Sons out-run,  
And onely worsted, who were two for one ;  
They envi'd my Success, (m) the best Prize yet  
Left for the conquering Charioteer to get,  
These Brothers twins ; One well the Raines did guide,  
Guide well the Raines, the Whip the other ply'd :  
Such was I once ; let others now engage .  
Who younger be, I must submit to Age :  
Performe your Friends last Rites, mean while I take  
Your Gifts, and my Acknowledgment shall make :  
For honouring Me with this your Bounty may  
The Gods a plenteous Blessing Thee repay !

This said, *Achilles* brought into the Lifts  
A Mule, his Prize who best could use his Fists,  
Of six year old, ne're back'd, new taken up,  
To comfort him should have the worst a Cup.

Then said ; You Chiefs ! *Atrides* and the rest,  
Let Two draw forth expertest at the Cest :  
This hardy Mule (n) the Conqueror I'll present,  
The foyle shall bear this Goblet to his Tent.  
This said, *Epæus*, *Panops* Off-spring, layes  
His Hand upon the Mule, and vapouring sayes ;

in the *Anthology* upon *Aulus*, one excellent in the theiving profession, upon whom stealing the statue of that God, the great Patron of Theeves, *Lucillus* bestowes this Epigram,

Τὸν ἄλλου ἔρπαι, τὸν δῶκεν ὑμῖν,  
Τὸν Ἀργεῖον ἄνακτα, τὸν βοῦδατον,  
Ἐρπαι τὸν δὲ γυμνασίῳ δίδωμι,  
Οὐκ ἐκκαλέσας ἄλλῃ ἔσται βασιλεὺς,  
Πολλοὶ γὰρ οὕτως ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀνδράσι.

Wing'd Mercury, who Joves Expresser bears,  
Lord of innumerable Herds of fatted Steers,  
Who in Arcadia as their King resides,  
And at all Games and Enterludes presides,  
Aulus, a slyer Thief, away convey'd,  
And is himselfe, his Statue bearing, said ;  
I now perceive that many Scholars farr  
Greater Proficients then their Tutors are.

Nor had *Phæbus* himselfe, as much an Enemy to Theeves as *Hermes* their Friend and fautor, any better fortune, those Image such another crafty companion making bold with, thus jeerd his Godship when he lay down.

Τὸν οὖν καλῶν τῶν μαντιῶν οὐκ ἔστιν ἑλπίς  
Εὐτυχίδης, ὅπου, καὶ οὐκ οὐκ ἔστιν ἑλπίς  
Σύμμετρον δὲ τῶν τῶν τῶν, καὶ τῶν τῶν τῶν,  
Καὶ μαντιῶν καλῶν, καὶ δὲ τῶν τῶν τῶν,  
Τὸν δὲ τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν,  
Τὸν δὲ τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν τῶν,  
Lucillus Anthol. lib. 2.

Eutychides, when he Phœbus stole (the Thief-Detecter) said, Friend, use few words, be brief.  
Balance out *Arctus*, my hands thy *Oracles*,  
Wiseard and Thief, *Thou* and *Eutychides*,  
And I'll, when for that tongue I wish thee part;  
Not care, miscall me what *Thou* canst, a

(l) These Sons of *Aïor*, *Creatus* and *Eurytus*, the same which lib 11. *Homer* calls *Admetus*, were not *disque* twins as *Cæstor* and *Pollux*, but *identical*, having two bodies, four hands, and as many feet. Against these *Nestor* object that being *admetus* is the same *identical* of a monstrous kind, they were not to be permitted to enter the Lifts against a single adversary, it was over-ruled and carried in the affirmative against him, by the votes of the vulgar who favour'd these Sons of *Aïor*, whom *Nestor* saith *ἴδιον ἀνδρῶν βασιλεὺς*, that they were too many for him, or worsted him of the many or multitude.

(m) The prize for Horle-racing exceeding much those of any other game or exercise.

(n) Ταλαεργὸς (ὁ γὰρ ἄλλος ἑστὶν τῷ ταλαεργῷ πλοῦς), the most laborious creature is made the prize of the most painful and laborious exercise, and not for this reason alone, but for the difficulty of breaking them, the Oxe and Horle hardly submitting to the Yoke after six years old, the Mule never.

(o) *Gr. —* ὁ δὲ Ἄνδριανός, ὁ δὲ Ἀνδριανός, ὁ δὲ Ἀνδριανός.

Whom Apollo shall make victor.  
*Phœbus* the stoutest Combatant at the *Cestus* of his time, who compelled all met with to fight him, grew at length so arrogant as to challenge the Gods, but was worsted and slain by *Apollo*, who ever after was reputed the *πρωτεύς* *Phœbus*, the tutelar Deity of that Exercise, with whom *Mercury* also was joy'd in Commision, as appears by that Epigram



Then said ; These are for those who swiftest run.

*Oiliades, Ithacus and Nestors Son*

Stand for the Course, and each one takes his Place ;

*Achilles* marks the Period for the Race:

*Ajax* first starts, whom close *Ulysses* prest,

Neare as the Shuttle to a Womans Breast,

When in her Loom she weaves some curious Stuff,

Swift intermingling with her Warp the Woofe ;

So near *Ulysses* after *Ajax* flies,

His Steps reprinting e're the Dust could rise,

Blowing on's Back ; the Sky loud Clamours scale

From the whole Cirque; All with'd He might prevaile.

Then near the Goale to *Pallas* thus He pray'd

Virgin asist, and Me, propitious, aid.

The Goddess hearing grants the Heroes Prayer :

Swift as the Windes He runs, and light as Aire ;

And in his favour *Ajax* Heeles She trips

Up near the Goale; down in full Speed He slips,

There where a Bullocks Blood had dy'd the Plain,

*Patroclus* Victim by *Achilles* slain :

(b) His Mouth and Nostrills stuff with Dung & Gore ;

So left behind (c) the Prize *Ulysses* bore :

On the Bulls Horne his Hand then *Ajax* laid,

And his Lips cleansing to the Concourse said ;

Ill luck ! by *Pallas* meanes the Bowle I mist,

Who like her Child doth *Ithacus* asist.

The people all rejoyc'd ; then *Nestors* Son

The last Prize seisd, and smiling thus begun ;

None here but knowes why I the Goblet lost,

Th' Immortalls honour still the eldest most :

*Ajax's* my senior much ; *Ulysses* more,

With Heroes He convers'd the Age before,

Though old, so able He to none gives Place,

Unles to swift *Achilles*, at the Race.

Though

He thus, *Pelides* Favour to obtain.

Who then ; Thou shalt not Me commend in vain,

Take half a Talent more : And as He speaks

The Gold presents him, which He gladly takes.

This done, *Achilles* brought into the Field

A ponderous Javelin, Cask and glittering Sheild,

The Arms *Patroclus* from *Sarpedon* took,

And thus to all the Cheefs and Leaders spoke ;

Come Two compleatly arm'd, strong, stout & fierce,

Who best a Helmet cleave a Corflet pierce,

And I'll on him first Blood drawes from his Foe

This well-edg'd *Thracian* Symiter bestow.

*Ajax* drew forth and *Diomed*, this said,

And straight for the Incounter ready made,

Knitting their Browes : All doubtfull troubled were,

Seeing such dowgthy Combitants appear.

Three times they rushing with strange Fury charge,

The fourth great *Ajax* pierc'd *Tydid's* Targe,

Whose high proof'd Arms gave his sharp Point the

When *Diomed* chafing aim'd still at his Neck: (check,

For *Ajax* All afraid wil'd Them forbear,

Since the Rewards They equally should share ;

But yet the Prince gave *Diomed* a Belt,

Scabberd and Faulchion with a silver Hilt.

Next then *Aeacides* of mighty Weight

Set for a Prize the strong King *Euians* Quoit,

Which He the Heroe killing home convoid

Mongst other Spoyles, then thus arising said ;

Now try your Skil for this ; if Any here

Plowd Lands injoyes and Pasture, in five year

He shall not Iron wanting send to buy

More at the Town, this shall his Weed supply.

*Leontius, Polypetes, Ajax* straight

Rise, and *Epeus* : This first flings a Quoyt:

All

(b) Οὐδ' ἄν' ἀποβύοντι λαβερύων ἀπὸ τοῦ βοῦτος καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἵππου ὁ δὲ θεὸς ἀποβύοντι, he thus gave reproachfull language to one much his elder, justly, Bull observes, punish'd in that part with which he offended, he that was so foule-mouth'd having his Mouth made up with filth and ordure.

(c) Νῆαξ ἰδὼ δ' Ἀχιλλεύῳ, παιδὶ γένει δὲ τοῦ ἵππου ἐμὴν δῶκεν τιμὴν, Bull. *Ulysses* praying carries the Prize, but *Ajax*, who made no address to the God, not only loseth the Reward with it the reward, but having his mouth ditted up with dung, makes sport for the Spectators.

(d) Τίμωρ δὲ πολυέτιος βίου ὁ βίος, Antiquity being venerable as an Emblem of eternity.

All wonder ; next Him strong *Leontius* throwes ;  
*Ajax* the third, who far them All out-goes,  
 Which last of all up *Polypetes* took ;

Far as an able *Heardfman* darts his Hook,  
 Labouring to bring his straying *Heards* about ;  
 So far He them out-went ; the People shout,  
 His Friends the Prize thence to the Fleet convoid.

The Prince ten Swords, as many *Halberts* laid  
 For Archers next, erecting then a Mast,  
 And by the Foot tyed on't a Pigeon fast,  
 Bidding them shoot : He who the Dove could hit,  
 The Swords his Prize should carry to the Fleet :  
 Who cut the Cord should thence the *Halberts* bear.

Straight *Teucer* and *Meriones* prepare,  
 And in a brazen Cask each puts his Lot :  
*Teucer* first draws, and first his Arrow shot,  
 Who yet neglected from their bleating Dams  
 To promise Thee, *Apollo* ! first-falne Lambs,  
 Which *Phæbus* much provok'd : but yet He cut  
 The Cord which bound the Pigeon by the Foot,  
 Shearing the Knot : She soars, down drops the String,  
 And with loud clamours Heavens vast Arches ring.

*Meriones* draws next, and as He aims,  
 To *Phæbus* vows a Hecatomb of Lambs :  
 The towing Pigeon He defcries aloft,  
 Then shootes, and pierc'd her with his winged Shaft ;  
 Back th' Arrow comes, she falling on a Mast  
 Beats off her Plumes, and by the Neck sticks fast,  
 Where she of Life bereaved straight expires,  
 Whilst all the gazing Multitude admires.  
 The Swords *Meriones* takes, and to the Shore  
 The second Prize, the *Halberts*, *Teucer* bore.  
 And last a ponderous Spear *Achilles* plac'd  
 With a huge Charger which nine Oxen cost,

For

For him who best his well-aim'd Javelin throwes.

*Meriones* straight and *Agamemnon* rose :

To whom the Prince ; We all know thy Desert,  
 Thou govern'st well, as well Thou throw'st a Dart ;  
 Be pleas'd t' accept this Charger, and the Spear  
 Grant to the Fleet *Meriones* may bear.

Straight *Agamemnon* condescends, and sent  
 The Charger by *Talkhybius* to his Tent.

Pag. 481. line 29, 30. — Till thou joy. The Nave and Wheels circumference in a Line.

Where the Greek hath it thus, Ω: δὲ τὴν ὀψώνιον ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Κένου πεινῶν which Enst. thus paraphraseth, δὲ τὸ ἀφ' οὗ  
 ἔστιν Ω: τὸ ὅτι τὸν ὀψώνιον ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Κένου πεινῶν, that is, that he should so drive as the end of the Axe-tree or Nave of  
 the Wheel touching a point the post, the nether part of it should not approach the stones, wherewith it was supported, for fear of  
 dashing against them : which not observed by the *Spendo-Orestes* was the occasion of his miscarriage and death, thus described by  
*Sophocles* in his *Electra*.

Καὶ τὸν αὖτ' ἔλασε νόστιμος ἀσπιδόεσσι σφίκε  
 Ω: δὲ τὸν ὀψώνιον ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Κένου πεινῶν  
 Εὐνοῖα κίον ἵππου ἀσπιδόεσσι  
 Καταδύμενος τὸν αὖτ' ἀσπιδόεσσι σφίκε  
 Πάσις ἔλασε τὸν ὀψώνιον ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Κένου πεινῶν  
 Καὶ τὸν αὖτ' ἔλασε νόστιμος ἀσπιδόεσσι σφίκε  
 Τὸν αὖτ' ἔλασε

Th' unhappy Prince those Posts un- overthrown  
 Upright in upright Chariot safe had gone,  
 When he his left Reins slack, and turning Pale,  
 Fell unawares upon the Columns joint.  
 The Nave asunder split, and on the Wheels  
 He pitches down, and drags his hamper Heels  
 I'th following Fire.

Mr. C. Wale.

This turning the Post without being foule on it, *Horace* thus mentions, as the chiefest Artifice in this kind of racing, in his first Ode  
 to *Mecenas*,

Sunt quot curricula pulverem Olympicum  
 Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis  
 Evitata ratis, palmaque nobilis  
 Terrarum dominos cunctis ad Dtos.

There are that love their Chariot Spoke  
 With rays'd Olympic Dust should fonoake,  
 And with hot Wheels the Goals close shaven  
 And noble Palme lifts Men to Heaven. Mr. Rich. Fanshawe.

Yyy

HOMERS

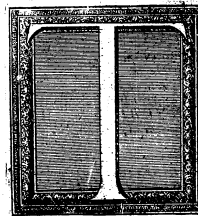


# HOMERS ILIADS:

THE FOUR & TWENTIETH BOOK.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Iris to Troy, & Achilles Thetis sent :  
Hermes brings Priam to Pelides Tent ;  
Who Hectors Body begs : the Prince admires  
His bold Attempt, and grants Him his Desires.  
Cassandra first her Father coming spies :  
All meet the Body : Hectors Obsequies.*



HE Games thus finish'd, All  
dismiss'd repaire  
Down to their Ships and feve-  
rall Quarters, where  
They fall to their Repast, that  
so They might  
Indulge sweet Sleep, the blef-  
sing of the Night :

But still *Achilles* for *Patroclus* wept,

(\*) All conquering Sleep not Him from Vigils kept ;

Now upon this, now that his Thoughts reflect,

His Courage, Mildeness, Strength and brave Aspect ;

Y y 2

Their

(\*) Hence the griphus or riddle el-  
ted by *Enkathone* makes sleep of hu-  
mane partly partly of divine extrac-  
tion,

'Ov d'mis id' ad' d'mis, id' d'mis id' d'mis

'Ov d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis

'Ov d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis

'Ov d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis

'Ov d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis

'Ov d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis

'Ov d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis id' d'mis

Their many Dangers which together They  
In Battells past, and on the raging Sea,  
Whilst trickling Tears in briny Rivers glide;  
Now on his Back He turns, now on his Side,  
Then groveling lyes, restless at last arose,  
And mourning down to th' Oceans Margents goes.

Soon as *Aurora* with a tender Ray  
Spread silver Blossomes of the budding Day,  
He joyne's his Steeds, and round *Patroclus* Toomb  
Drags *Heclor* thrice; the Corps then hurrying home,  
To take Repose, on th' Earth He groveling flung;  
Which pitying *Phæbus* shelterd from all Wrong:  
The Corps protecting with his <sup>(b)</sup> golden Sheild  
From Scratches hatterd thus about the Field;  
For which Heavens Court touch'd with a tender sence

(c) *Hermes* advis'd to steal the Body thence:  
Most of the Gods concurring straight assent;  
(d) But *Neptune* storm'd, *Juno* grew discontent,  
And *Pallas*: These to *Troy* an ancient <sup>(4)</sup> Grudge  
And *Priam* bore, since *Paris* made their Judge,

(b) This *Aegis* or Shield of his, *Enph.* makes to be a mit or cloud, which has *Enph.* himself elsewhere resembles to gold. Howbeit some for this reason figurative this verse with that which follows, for that a false cloud was more proper for a covering, then one that was gilt, and for that the *Aegis* was *Jupiter's* or *Pallas's* her badge and bearing, rather than *Apollo's*, *Enph.*

(c) *Mercury* from his infancy was the great Patron of theft and Theives, his first prank he play'd yet an infant being the conveying away his Mothers and Brothers clothes when they were bathing. His Planet hath an influence as upon theft, so upon speech and merchandize. He stole also *Apollo's* Oxen for return of which he received of that God the *Eyre* or *Lute*, the first, which was made of the Shell of a Tortoise. *Enph.*

(d) This verse with others is expung'd as spurious by the Ancients, they not deeming it decent *Minerva* and the Deities of that *Juno* should bear like inveterate malice with *Achilles*, as little that the Gods should countenance theft, much less practice it. *Enph.*

(e) The story of which contest, occasion'd by an Apple purposely thrown by *Atis* or *Eris* to create those animosities amongst them, is thus described by *Coluthus* in his *Ælons degen.*

Ἐρὶς ἔπει μάλιστα ἀνέστηκεν ἔρις ἔλκεν,  
Μῆτορ ἐκείνου ἡγεσάμενος Πάριος ἄνδρα  
Χωρὶ δὲ κενότομος μέδου ἀνέστηκεν ἄρ' ἔλκεν,  
Ἐπὶ δὲ Πάριος ἔλκεν, ἔλκεν δὲ δεινὸν ἄνδρα  
Ἦεν ἄνδρ' ἀνέστηκεν ἀλλήλοισιν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Ἰατρὸν δὲ ἀνέστηκεν ἔλκεν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Πάριος δὲ ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Μῆτορ ἔλκεν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Ζεὺς δὲ δεινὸν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Τέλει ἡγεσάμενος ἀνέστηκεν ἔλκεν ἄνδρ'  
Ἐπὶ δὲ Πάριος ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Πάριος δὲ Πάριος ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Τέλει ἡγεσάμενος ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Κενὸν μῆτορ ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Κενὸν δὲ δεινὸν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Ἦεν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'  
Κενὸν δὲ δεινὸν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'.

Describing after the Goddesses severall applications and promises to him to induce him to judge them the Prize, he makes him deliver it to *Venus*, thus,

Ὅστις μὲν τις ἄνθρωπος, ὃ δ' ἀνδρῶν ἀνέστη μῆτορ,  
Ἀνέστη δὲ δεινὸν ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ',  
Ὅστις μὲν τις ἄνθρωπος, ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ' ἄνδρ'.

She calls to mind Hesperia's golden Fruit  
Whence a fair Apple of dire War the Root,  
Pulling the Cause of signall Strife she found:  
Then midst the Feast, Dissensions fatal ground,  
Cast, and disturbs the Goddesses fair Quire,  
Juno, of Joves Bed proud, does first admire  
The shining Fruit, then challenge'd as her due:  
But Venus (all surpassing) claims it too  
As Love's Propriety, which by Jove's own  
He calls, then thus to Hermes, does begin,  
Know'st thou not Paris, one of Priam's Sons,  
Who, where through Phrygian Grounds (smooth Xanthus runs,  
Graze his horn'd Herds on Ida's Hill?  
To him this Apple bear: say 'tis our Will,  
As Arbitrator of Beauty, he declare  
Which of these Goddesses excels in rare  
Conjunction of arch'd Eyes, brows, lovely grace,  
And well-proportion'd roundness of the Face,  
And let that seems the fairest in his Eyes  
To have the Apple, as her Beauties Price.

Mr. Sherburne.

Scarcely had she ended, when the fruit of Gold  
To Venus, as her Beauties noble Price,  
The Swain presented: whence dire Wars did rise,

When they and *Venus* to his Cottage came,  
For Lust-rewards preferd the *Cyprian* Dame.  
When her Approach the twelfth *Aurora* made,  
To *Joves* celestiall Court *Apollo* said;

Since *Heclor* oft to Us the brawny Thighs  
Of Goats and Bullocks paid in Sacrifice,  
Why in this House for him is nothing done,  
That his sad Mother, Wife and onely Son,  
Old *Priam* and the wofull *Trojans* may  
Erect his Pyre and funerall Duties pay:  
But you *Achilles* favouring still asist,  
Whose rockie Heart and adamantine Breast  
Never relent, but allwayes burn with Rage:

A Lyon so his Fury to assuage  
Falls on the vulgar Heard, and common Rout,  
The best for bloody Banquets singling out.  
He wants Remorse, a modest Blush ne're warms  
His hardend Front, which often helps and harmes.  
Though one a Brother's, or his onely Son's,  
Or dear Companion's loss a while bemoanes;  
Yet once interr'd He soon forgets all Woe:  
Patience on Mortalls gentler Fates bestow.

But This now *Heclor* He hath overcome,  
Hurries his Corps still round *Patroclus* Toomb,  
Acts which not princely, nor yet Humane are:  
But though He be so stout, let him beware  
That He no longer Us incense, who hath  
Thus wreak'd on *Heclor's* fenceless Earth, his Wrath.

When *Juno*, much offended, thus reply'd;  
Such is your Sence; but Archer! you are wide:  
Would you that *Heclor* and *Achilles* should  
Alike be honour'd! would you, if you could,  
Heroes of differing Merits equally set?  
*Heclor*, as Mortall, drew a Womans Tear,

When

But



But stout *Achilles* no mean Goddess bare;  
 She whom I breeding with such tender Care  
 To *Peleus* gave; one to the Gods most dear,  
 To whose glad Nuptials All invited were,  
 And Thou thy selfe touch'd at the Wedding Feast  
 Thy golden Lyre, and wert a wellcome Guest.

Then *Jove* reply'd; Deare! thwart not *Phæbus* so:  
 Their Honours shall be differenc'd, although  
 That none in *Troy* the Gods affected more  
 Than *Hector*, who, indearing Me with Store  
 Of Victims, allwayes made my Altars smoke:  
 (So Mortalls Us still honour and invoke.)  
 But *Hectors* Body thence to steal decline,  
 Left watchfull *Thetis* frustrate your Designe.  
 Let one of you with speed the Goddess call,  
 And I'll so use the Matter, that She shall  
 Perswade *Achilles* up the Corps to give,  
 And in Exchange from *Priam* Gifts receive.

*Iris*, this said, straight down the Summons bore,  
 And betwixt <sup>(f)</sup> *Samos* and rough *Imbrus* Shore  
 Leaps in the <sup>(g)</sup> *Maine* (devided Waves resound)  
 And like a baited Plummet sinks to Ground,  
 Which <sup>(h)</sup> arm'd with Horne bears down th' enticing  
 Where hungry Fishes are by taking took. (Hook,  
 She finding *Thetis* in her Caves Receffe,

With Nymphs inviron'd and Sea Goddesses,  
 Mourning her short-liv'd Son, who soon must fall,  
 Far from his Country, near the *Trojan* Wall,

Thus drawing near Her said; *Thetis*! arise,  
 Summons I bring from *Jove*: Who thus replies;

Why am I sent for by so great a God,  
 Who ought not, thus envelop'd with a Cloud  
 Of discontent, amongst Immortalls sit.

But I obey, and to his Will submit.

This

This said, She takes, blacker than all her Weeds,  
 Her mourning Veile, and from her Mansion speeds,  
 Whom *Iris* leads cutting the briny Sound:  
 They landing mount the Sky, where *Jove* they found  
 Sitting amidst the Gods: in *Thetis* goes,  
 And next Him seats Her selfe: *Minerva* rose,  
*Juno* a Bowle presents to cheer Her up;  
 The Goddess drinks, and straight returns the Cup.  
 Then spake the Father both of Men and Gods;

Burthen'd with Woes Thou com'st to our Abodes:  
 Nor what afflicts Thee am I now to learn:  
 Hither Th' art summon'd on thy own Concern.  
 Nine dayes We here, if *Hermes* should be sent  
 For *Hectors* Body, bandying have spent;  
 I to preserve thy dear Affection,  
 Carri'd it for the Honour of thy Son.  
 Then to the Navy haste, and Him inform  
 How much the Gods are angry, how I storme,  
 That thus inhumanely He *Hector* yet  
 Drags up and down, detaining at the Fleet.  
 If Us He fear, nor would this Court offend,  
 Bid Him desist, and *Iris* We will send  
 To *Priam*, that his Son He shall redeem,  
 Bringing *Achilles* Gifts of great Esteem.

This said, She stooping to the Army went,  
 And found *Pelides* mourning in his Tent;  
 His Friends about Him busie all, Who slew  
 To treat the Prince a silver fleeced Ewe.  
 Then the sad Mother by her weeping Son  
 Sate down, and Him bemoaning thus begun;

How long thy Spirits wilt Thou pining waft,  
<sup>(i)</sup> Offsweet Repose regardless and Repast?  
 Since thy sad Fate and wofull Day drawes near,  
 Let Thee some Females kind Imbraces chear:

Me

(f) *Samos* was so call'd from its height, the word having the same signification anciently with *ἄψα* a hill. It was formerly call'd *Leuconia*, and after from the captive *Thracians*, who burnt the *Samiens* Boats, *Samotheace*. *Enst.*

(g) *Gr.* *μῆλιν ὄψιν*, the black Sea; So call'd from the River *Melennus* which disburthens it selfe in it, or from its deep Channel or the darkness of its Streame, call'd after *Sinus Cardiacus*, from the City *Cardia*. *Enst.*

(h) The ancient Fishers not only fastned a Plummet to their Hook, the sooner so to snick it, but covered their line also with a pipe of Horne, that being of the same colour with the water, the Fish might not discern it, nor, being strong, bite it in peeces. Others understand what *Homer* saith here of the Oxes horn, of the line it self, made it should seem then of the haire of Oxen, and those twisted, as then and down to *Alexanders* time being us'd for curlies of hair, *αἰὲς ὄψιν*, (so one of his own age files him) being all one with *λαμπερὴν ἢ θινωμένην*, denoting no more then his faire Tresses, And this happily might give rise to his being after portrayed with hornes, and not his desire only to be reputed the Son of *Jupiter Hammon*, whose Altar was distinguished and known from others by its multitude of hornes.

(i) Hence took *Pythagoras* that Symbole of his *οὐδὲν ἐσθλὸν τὰν ἀνθρώπων οὐκ ἐσθλὸν τὰν ἀνθρώπων* that men should not eat their hearts, that is indulge sorrow too much.

Me *Jove* hath sent, and by Me Thee informes  
How much the Gods are angry; how He storms  
That *Hectors* Body Thou detainest yet:  
Receive a Ransome, and the Corps remit.

To her then mildly thus *Achilles* spake;  
(k) They bringing Presents may the Body take:  
To *Jov's* Commands I freely condescend.

Whilst thus the time the Son and Mother spend,  
*Jove* thus to *Iris*; Quit the arched Skye,  
And haste to *Priam* on our Embassie:  
Say He in person *Hector* must redeem,  
Bearing *Achilles* Gifts of great Esteem:  
With him He onely may his Herald take  
To drive the Mules, and bring the Body back:  
Nor need He Death to fear; I'll *Hermes* send,  
Who to *Achilles* Tent shall him attend:  
There once arriv'd that Prince will him protect  
From all Affronts, and treat with due Respect:  
Rash He is not, nor cruell, but will spare  
Such humble Suiters as to him repaire.

This said, to *Troy* with Speed the Goddess flies:  
Entring the Court, which rung with dismall Cries,  
(l) Wrapt in his Vest She *Priam* sitting found  
Amidst his Sons, whose Tears their Garments drown'd.  
He Greif indulging made the Ground his Bed,  
Powdring with Dust his Neck and hoary Head,  
Whilst Female Cries resound from golden Roofs,  
Deploring those, who Many, signall Proofs  
Made of their Prowess, fighting in Champaigne,  
Yet worsted by the conquering *Greeks* were slain.  
When *Iris* thus to *Priam*, much dismay'd  
And trembling at a Goddess's Prefence, said;  
Be not appall'd, Thou Greif-afflicted King!  
I Thee from *Jove* a wellcome Message bring:

I come

I come from *Jove*, whose pittying Bowells yearne,  
For Thee solicitous and thy Concern:  
He sayes, thy Self must *Hectors* Corps redeem,  
Bearing *Achilles* Gifts of great Esteem:  
Onely with Thee thy aged Herald take,  
To drive thy Mules, and bring the Body back.  
Nor needst Thou Death to fear, He'll *Hermes* send,  
Who to *Achilles* Tent shall Thee attend:  
When there arriv'd that Prince will Thee protect  
From Danger, treating with all kind Respect;  
He is not rash nor cruell, but will spare  
Those humble Suiters that to Him repaire.

This said, She vanisheth like fleeting Winde,  
He bids his Sons up in his Chariot binde  
A Chest, and harness straight his Mules; then speeds  
Down to his Wardrobe, full of costly Weeds,  
And sending for his Queen thus to Her said;

I an Express, by *Iris* lately, had  
From *Jove*, that *Hector* I my self redeem,  
Bearing *Achilles* Gifts of great Esteem.  
Say! what's thy Sence? yet shouldst Thou disapprove  
What I intend, Thou shalt not Me remove.

Then weeping She; Art Thou of Sence bereft?  
Ah! where hast Thou thy former Prudence left,  
For which, as Oracle, or One inspir'd  
Thou wert at home and through the World admir'd:  
Go to the Fleet alone? that Tyrant view?  
Court Him so many of thy (m) Children flew?  
Thy Heart is steeld: If ever Thee He catch;  
If ere that cruell and perfidious Wretch  
Thy Face behold, He'll Thee no Mercy show,  
Nor Reverence on thy hoary Haires bestow.  
Let us our Son still mourn within our Gates,  
Whom, when his Thread of Life o're-powring Fates  
Spun

Z z z

(k) Time, Gifts, and the Menaces of a Superiour make the most haughty and obdurate heart to submit and comply.

(l) Gr. *ἔνυμφος ἐν χλαίρῃ*, that is, so close wrapt in his vest and covered all over, *ὅς οὐδ' ἐν ὁπλοῖς ἰσθμίου ἢ ἀνὰ τοὺς πόδας*, that the fashion of his Body appear'd through it, a posture peculiar to men in grief. This *Timon* is the *Sicilian* Painter, who drew the Sacrificing *Iphigenia* at *Aulis*, making all the rest then present bare-faced, throws his vest over *Agamemnon's* visage, the better so to express both the unexpressible grief of his transcendent sorrow, and the custom of the closest mounters, men in such pressures neither using to be seen themselves, nor to see others, *ὡς ἂν ὄντας ἑαυτοὺς καὶ ἀλλήλους ὡς ὄντας*, choosing to live obscur'd and darkly as under ground, for which cause *Priam* sprinkles here Earth and Ashes on his head and garments *ὡς οὐρανὸν ἔκρυπτε*, as an exemplification of his funeral dust. Engb.

(m) *Enstathius* observes he had all his children in his youth, not marrying when he was old, against such kind of matches citing these Verses of *Theognis*, v. 457, &c.

*Ὅς οὐκ ἀνέμεινε, ἵνα γαμὴν τὰς ἀνδρῶν γένηται*  
*Ὅς οὐκ ἀνέμεινε, ἵνα γαμὴν τὰς ἀνδρῶν γένηται*  
*Ὅς οὐκ ἀνέμεινε, ἵνα γαμὴν τὰς ἀνδρῶν γένηται*

*Ἐν ὅσῳ δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος ἢ ἡμεῖς*  
If with fresh May old January marries,  
It's odd; but that the new-launch'd Pinck  
mis-carries,  
No Rudder she obeys, Anchors and Cords  
All fail, and still the Barke some other board.

Spun at his Birth, they destin'd Dogs should there,  
Far from his dearest Parents, peece-meal tear.

Ah! were He in my power, <sup>(n)</sup> that I might gnaw  
His bleeding Heart, and eat his Liver raw!

Then would I surfeit taking Vengeance due  
Upon that Fury who my *Heſtor* slew,

Who for the *Trojans* and their Wives did fight,  
Scorning base Fear and ignominious Flight.

Ile from my Resolution not be stir'd,  
Nor shalt Thou, like an ill-presaging Bird,  
(Said *Priam*) with thy Skreetches me disswade.

If any Mortall, Priest, or <sup>(o)</sup> Prophet had  
Impos'd this on Me, I then scrupling might  
Such strange Commands, as a Delusion, slight:

*Iris* I saw and heard; She drawing near  
With no fantastick Voice abus'd my Eare:  
But if I at their Navy must expire,  
I shall to Fate submit; then let that dire  
*Æacides*, when I have wept my fill,  
Me in my *Heſtors* deare Imbraces kill.

This said, a stately Coffer He unlocks,  
Twelve Mantles, Rockets, and as many Cloaks,  
Quilts, Vestments, Robes, and Waistcoats forth He  
Talents of Gold twice five, and Tripods two, (drew,  
Foure Caldrons, and a Bowle, which, when He went  
From *Troy* to *Thrace*, that State did Him present:  
This Gift He spar'd not, though so much esteem'd:  
*Heſtor* at any Rate must be redeem'd.

This done He drives the people from the Gates,  
And thus incens'd the idle Gazers rates;

Have you not Sorrows of your own at Home,  
That thus to torture Me You hither come?

Know

(n) The like was the *Loerians* inveterate malice against *Dionysus* the Tyrants Wife and Daughters, whom taken in War and abused, they kill'd with Rodkins thrust under their nayls, pounding their bones in a Mortar, and delivering out their flesh in peeces, curs'd all such as made nice to eat it, *Enst.*

(o) *Gr. Spondes*, these conjectured future events consulting either the entrails of such beasts as were slain for Sacrifice, or the rowles and curls of the smoke of Frankincense ascending from the Altar; these last were call'd *Æcarquidres*, *Sebol*.

Know You not yet (alafs! too soon you shall)  
How in the sad Disasters Me befall  
You too All suffer, *Heſtors* Death a Way  
Opening the Foe to make your Wealth their Prey:  
But ere I see *Troys* Bullwarks levell laid,  
May I descend to the infernall Shade!

Next rattling up his Sons, He falls upon  
*Helenus*, *Paris* and bold *Agathon*,  
*Antiphanus*, *Pammon* and <sup>(p)</sup> *Deiphobus*,  
*Agæus*, *Hyppoth* and *Polites* thus;

Haste! You whom Sloath and Cowardize deuide:  
Would you had All excuse my *Heſtor* dy'd:  
I many valiant Children once could boast,  
But those who best deserv'd, ah! I have lost;  
*Mestor*, and *Troilus*, *Heſtor* like a God;  
These for their Country spent their dearest Blood:  
In them survive these goodly Virtues raigin,  
They dance, they sing, they flatter, lye and feign,  
Steal <sup>(q)</sup> Lambs and Kids, and studie how to cheat.

Will you not make my Chariot ready yet,  
And all things needfull for my Journey? They  
This said, their Angry Father straight obey;  
And forth with Speed his new-trim'd Chariot get;  
First joynd the Mules, then up the Coffer set;  
Next from a Pin took down their larger Yoaks,  
Strong and intire, carv'd out of knotty Box,  
Which to the Pole, well buckled with a Thong,  
They fasten with a Cord, nine Cubits long:  
Then with rich Presents they the Chariot fraught,  
Their Brothers Ransome, from the Wardrobe brought:  
Next joynd those Mules the *Mysians* *Priam* sent,  
Whose Size and Shape the King gave high Content;  
The coupled Steeds then to their Father led,  
Which long in lofty Stables He had fed,

Z z z

Whom

(p) *Priam* propounding *Helenus* after *Paris* his death, as the Prize of him who should best behave himselfe in Field. *Deiphobus* entering the Lists carry'd her from the rest of his brethren as the most redoubt Combant.

(q) The tenderness of these two creatures arguing their greater luxury, and their eagerness to be surpriz'd making their theft the more probable and the sooner to be believed. *Enst.*

Whom *Priam* and his Herald straight put in,  
When ne're approaching, the afflicted Queen  
A Goblet brought crown'd with rich Wine, that They  
Ere their departure might Libations pay ;  
Then standing by his Horses thus She spake ;

This *Jove* present, that Thou to *Ilium* back  
Mayst safe returne, since Thou persisting still  
Resolv'd to go, though much against my Will :

And beg of *Jove*, who rules both Earth and Skies,  
To send his <sup>(\*)</sup> Eagle, who so swiftly flies,  
A dextrous Omen: Boldly then Thou mayst  
Down to the Fleet and Hostile Quarters haste :  
If such thy Suit He not resents, decline,  
Altho'gh Thou art so earnest, this Designe.

Soon to my Duty Thou mayst Me perswade,  
To beg great *Joves* Assistance, *Priam* said ;

Then calls for Water, which, as he commands,  
A Virgin brings, and powres upon his Hands :  
This done, from *Hecuba* the Bowle He takes,  
And thus his Prayer, Libations paying, makes ;

O *Jove* ! in whom both Men and Gods confide,  
Who crown'st the Sky-saluting Towres of *Ide* !  
Grant that *Achilles* with a pitying Eare  
Lift to my Suite, and send thy Messenger  
On our right Hand, that thence We may divine  
Happy Success to this our bold Designe:

*Jove* heard, and sent his Bird, the same which all,  
For his fierce kind and size, the <sup>(\*)</sup> *Pernon* call,  
Whose spreading Wings were like the open Port,  
Which leads the way into some Princes Court.  
Over the Cities dexter Part He flew,  
And All rejoyce as They the Omen view.  
Then *Priam* mounts his Seat ; the vaulted Ground  
And Portalls, as He hurries forth, resound.

(\*) *Jupiter* favours the Eagle above all other fowles, either as *basileus* basileus, they being both Kings, he of the Gods, she of the Birds, or as being brought forth (so the fable) the same day with himself, or for her auspicious appearing when he affected his Father *Saturnus* throne, he thence prognosticating his good success, *Enst.*

(\*) The black colour of this Eagle denoting, say the ancients, as the words *καυκλίου* *Priam* undiscov'rd passage, and her not preying, though of that species or kind, his kind and peaceable reception. *Enst.*

The Mules which formost to the Pole were joyn'd  
Skillfull *Idæus* drives, the Steeds behind  
*Priam* commands, whom with a dolefull Cry  
His Friends attend, as if condemn'd to dye.  
When to the Plain their King they had convaid,  
Straight all returne ; then *Jove* Him pitying said ;

*Hermes* ! since thou with Men lov'st to acquaint,  
(Not any God with them so conversant)  
Lead *Priam* to the Fleet, that none prevent  
Or see Him till He reach *Pelides* Tent.

His Father straight obeying, *Hermes* goes  
And buckles on his winged golden Shoes,  
With which the Aire He cuts o're Sea and Land,  
Born on the Windes; then takes his charming Wand,  
That Mortalls lulls a sleep, and sleeping wakes;  
Straight to the *Hellepont* and *Troy* He makes,  
A Youth resembling of no mean Descent,  
One in his Flowre, and o're the Plaine He went.  
Past *Ilus* Toomb, on *Xanthus* flowrie Bank  
They stop, untill their Mules and Horses drank.

Now Night o're Earth had spread her gloomy  
When first *Idæus*, *Hermes* spying, said ; (Shade,

Oh ! quickly, Sir, advise : a man I see :  
Let us returne, lest We destroyed be ;  
Or else his Knees imbracing Quarter crave,  
That He our Lives, pitying our Case, would save.

This said, old *Priam*'s Haire erected stood,  
And chilling Terror curdled up his Blood,  
When *Hermes* by the Hand him kindly took,  
And thus in civill Tearmes inquiring spoke ;

What cause, grave Father ! thus in silent Night,  
Whilst others sleep, doth Thee abroad invite,  
The Foe not fearing though incamp'd so nigh ?  
Should Any you with this rich Booty spy,

In your Defence what would You do, or could,  
Thy selfe not young, and thy Attendant old:  
But Ile, gainst All oppose, still take thy part,  
And Thee protect as Thou my Father wert.

Then *Priam*; Thou a Truth, dear Son! hast said,  
Thee some kind Power now sent unto my Aid,  
So Prudent, so for Symmetry exact:  
No Mortall, sure! celestiall thy Extract.

*Hermes* reply'd; Well, Sir, you have exprest  
Your Senice; I humbly beg one more Request:  
Do'st Thou this Wealth to forrain Bancks transmit,  
There to secure't, or frighted *Ilium* quit,  
Since *Hector* Thou, thy valiant Son, hast lost,  
To none inferiour of our numerous Hoast:  
Then spake the King; Who art Thou, lovely Youth!  
What thy Descent, who thus, with so much Truth,  
Recount'st the Fate of my unhappy Son:  
When thus the Gods Ambassador begun;

Thou prompt'st Me *Hectors* Praises to reciter  
Him oft I saw charge thorough in the Fight,  
And when the routed *Grecians* from the Field  
He close pursuing at their Navy kild;  
Whilst We admiring stood, and not engag'd,  
Because our Prince gainst *Agamemnon* rag'd;  
Him I now serve; We both to *Ilium* came  
In one stout Ship; a *Myrmidon* I am,  
My Sire *Polydor*, rich; Your selfe and He  
May, of like Age, contemporaries be:  
Seaven Sons my Father had, each drew his Lot,  
The fortune I to serve *Achilles* got.  
But now I left the Fleet, where to attacque  
The City early They all ready make,  
With whose long Siege our Army tir'd out quite  
And harder Duty are grown wild to fight.

Then

Then *Priam*; Since that Prince thou wair'st upon,  
Be pleas'd to tell Me if He yet my Son  
In his Pavilion keeps; or else hath fed  
Dogs with his Body: when thus *Hermes* said;  
To Dogs and Vultures unexposed yet  
Thy *Hector* lyes, neglected at the Fleet:  
Twelve Dayes intire and sweet He there hath lain,  
From Vermine free, that breed in Bodies slain,  
Though dayly Him about *Patroclus* Pyre  
*Achilles* drags; and, what Thou would'st admire,  
The Corps receive no Harme, both plump and fresh,  
All Soyl and Gore absters'd, appears the Flesh;  
The Gods thy Son so much Affection bear,  
That still of him, though Dead, they mindfull are.

Then *Priam* glad to *Hermes* thus replies;  
What great Return finds frequent Sacrifice:  
The Gods my *Hector* never did neglect,  
For which his senceless Corps they still protect:  
Now take this Cup I gratefully present,  
And then conduct Me to *Achilles* Tent.

When *Hermes* thus; Though Thou art old, I young,  
Not all thy Rhetorick and silver Tongue  
Shall over-powre Me so thy Gift to take,  
Till with it I my Prince acquainted make;  
I feare *Achilles*, nor dare Bribes receive,  
Left Me They of his Favour should bereave;  
But Thee to *Greece* o're Sea or Land Ile guide,  
And still protecting lacquey by thy Side.

This said, He mounting takes the Raines and Whip,  
Making his Steeds and Mules the Windes out-strip:  
When neare the Trench and Battlements they drew,  
The Watch their ☉ Supper there they dressing view.  
In soft Sleep *Hermes* fetters straight the Guard,  
And in a trice the bolted Gates unbard,

And

(1) Οἱ Ὀμήρου ἄνθρωποι οὐκ ἔσονται  
ἐν τῇ πόλει ἵδμεν τὴν αὐτὴν Ὀμήρου  
The Homerists reproove such as affirme  
that Homer makes the Grecians to take  
three meales a day, Eust.

And through with *Priam* and his Riches went.  
But when they reach'd *Achilles* royall Tent,  
Which labouring *Myrmidons* had rarely built  
With Firr, and cover'd with a flaggie Tilt,  
And on Supporters rais'd a Hall of State,  
Securing with a mighty Bar the Gate,  
By three still shut and open'd which (alone  
He did with Ease, besides him singly none.)  
The God opening the Turnpike in convaide  
The Guists, and lighting thus to *Priam* said;

*Hermes* I am, *Joves* Messenger, injoynd  
To see compleated what Thou hast designd;  
But I shall straight return, *Achilles* Me  
Must not discover; for though Mortalls We  
Use to asfist, yet none may Us behold:  
Enter alone, the Heroes Knees infold;  
Him by his Parents and his onely Son  
Implore of Thee to take Compassion.

*Hermes*, this said, to steep *Olympus* speeds,  
And *Priam* lighting leaves his Mules and Steeds  
There to *Idæus* Care; thence on He went,  
And found *Achilles* sitting in his Tent,  
Others a part; the Prince attended on  
By *Alcimus*, and stout *Automedon*,  
Who had so late Himself refresh'd with Food,

(\*) That still the Board with Dishes cover'd stood.  
Up comes the King unseen, and near Him stands,  
Then kneeling seisd his Knees, and kist those Hands,  
Which were so many of his Childrens bane.

So about Him who hath another slain,  
And fled for Refuge to a forraign Land,  
The People gathering round admiring stand;  
As now *Achilles* wonders at his Guest;  
When *Priam* humbly thus himself address:

(\*) The Heroes Tables were ever covered, never remov'd but in times of Grief, *Schoel.*

(\*) That still the Board with Dishes cover'd stood.

Suppose, renown'd *Achilles*! Thou dost see  
Thy (\*) aged Father now beholding Me,  
Whom some injurious Neighbour may invade,  
Presuming none, Thee absent, Him will aid:  
But when He hears that Thou art yet alive,  
He will rejoyce, and Hope his Heart revive,  
Expecting thy Return in Safety home:  
But wretched I, in lofty *Ilium*,  
Had many valiant Sons, who all are gon,  
Not One now left to comfort Me, scarce One;  
Fifty They were when you first touch'd this Shore;

(\*) Pregnant by Me nineteen one Venter bore,  
The rest on severall Concubines I got:  
Many of these fell slaughter'd on the Spot;  
But One I had maintain'd our Walls, who late  
From thy all-conquering Hands receiv'd his Fate,  
*Hector*, whom I come hither to redeem  
With Gifts, a Ransome of no mean Esteem.  
Revere the Gods, thy Father mind, and show  
Pitty on Me thus overwhelm'd with Woe:  
Sufferings like mine none ever felt, who sue  
And kneeling kifs those Hands my Children slew.

This said, *Achilles*, for his Fathers sake  
To pity mov'd, his Hand drew gently back:  
Then *Priam*, falling at *Pelides* Feet,  
For *Hector* wept; *Achilles* like Regreet  
Now for his Father, now his dearest Friend  
Express'd, whilst Sighs the arch'd Seelings rend.  
When Him exhausted Tears gave some Relief,  
His Breast less swolne by suffocating Grief,  
He rose, and pitying his grey Beard and Head  
Thus to the King, Him rayfing, kindly said;

Great are thy Sufferings, great thy Sorrowes sure,  
Oh, hapless *Priam*! how couldst Thou endure

A a a a

Alone

(\*) *Pelcus* was the elder, by much serving with *Hercules* against *Try*, when *Priam* was but a child, and call'd, then when he was sold, *Pedaretes*.

(\*) *Priam* had issue by many venters, (it being the custome of the more barbarous Nations to multiply wives) some by *Hecuba*, the rest by his Concubines, a thing not resented by their wives, because how many so ever their husbands kept they were ever under their command. Before *Cecrops* his time, at *Athens* men and women accompanying promiscuously together, none knew their own Father, which befall life being rectified by him, he assigning every woman her proper husband, he was thence call'd *Apollon*, the reason of which appellation being once forgot, he was deem'd by them that liv'd some time after to be a Monster, and to have two Shapes or forms, *Aristotle* admiring why *Homer*, that allows most of his Heroes their Concubines, mentions not any kept by *Menelaus*, gives this reason of it, that *Menelaus* forbore to accompany with any woman lest the fame of it might offend his *Elion*, *Conf.*

Alone to venture to the Fleet, and Me,  
Who slew so many of thy Children, see?  
Thy Heart is Steel: be pleas'd that Place to take,  
Though cruell Grief will no Cessation make:  
Th' immortall Gods have so decreed, that We  
Must live in Woe, themselves from Sorrow free.

Two Tunns with Lots stand at *Joves* Pallace Gates,  
(2) From whence He draws our good or evill Fates;

Whose worser He with better Fortune blends,  
When one Day hurts, another makes amends;  
Who only bad encounter, wander hurld  
In want by Gods and Mortalls round the World:  
So at his Birth great *Jove* gave *Pelem* Health,  
Strength, Prudence, Rule, Felicity and Wealth  
Beyond his Peeres, and though of Mortall Race,  
Him honour'd with a Goddèsses embrace.

(b) These Joyes He mixt, Him He no Children gave,  
To whom He might his Wealth and Kingdome leave,  
But onely one, who must ere long expire;  
And whilst He lives not glads his aged Sire,  
Since far from home He lyes encamp'd at *Troy*,  
Thee to afflict, thy Children to destroy.

Father! We heard that You once happy were,  
What *Lesbos* had, bove *Macars* Seat; what ere  
The *Hellepont* or *Pbrygia*, you posselt,  
And with a numerous Progeny were blest;  
But now thy Lot is chang'd, dire Funeralls,  
And bloody Battells still surround thy Walls;  
Be patient, and at helpless Things not grieve:

Tis not thy Tears that *Heſtor* can retrieve,  
These rather add to thy Afflictions more:

Then *Priam* thus; I dare not sit before  
My Son, who uninterr'd lyes in thy Tent,  
Thou grant'st his Sire, for whom I'le Thee present

Many

(2) Some mistaking this place of  
*Homer* make *Jupiter* to have two Vef-  
sels reple with evil, and but one  
only with good things, according to  
that of *Pindar* *Egth. Ode. 3.*

Εἰς μὲν ἰδὼν πῦρμα αὐτῷ  
δύο θύοντι βεβῆς  
Ἀδύνατον.

The Gods their single Favours still  
A lley with double ill.

The Scholiast observing *Homer* to  
make the Gods the authors only of  
good things, *ἁπλῆς ἰδὼν*, queries here  
how he makes evil also to proceed  
from them, and then resolves the  
question by distinguishing the per-  
sons, affirming that position to be af-  
fected by none but such as be ignorant  
of the truth, the evils that befall men  
being not to be imputed to God, as  
*Achilles* here would have it thought,  
but drawn by men upon themselves,  
*ἴσας ἑαυτοῖς* through their own inco-  
gnitancy and default, it being *Jupiter's*  
own asseveration *Odys. 4.*

Ὁ μὲν δὲν δὲν ἐν δὲν ἑαυτοῖς  
ἑαυτοῖς ἑαυτοῖς ἑαυτοῖς, ὡς δὲ δὲ  
ἑαυτοῖς ἑαυτοῖς ἑαυτοῖς ἑαυτοῖς.

Still Mortalls as accuse, saying that  
We  
Both Authors of their crimes and justifi-  
cations be,  
When by their folly they themselves de-  
stroy.

(b) From the words *ἑαυτοῖς ἑαυτοῖς*  
made her his wife, *Eustathius* collects  
that this match of *Thetis* with *Pelem*,  
as to her, was forc'd and against her  
will, which appear'd in this, in that  
she deserted him growing in y. at.

Many rich Gifts: Ah! mayst Thou them enjoy  
In thy own Country, far from hapless *Troy*,  
Since by thy speciall Favour yet I live!

Then frowning He: Wrath smother'd not revive:  
The Corps I shall surrender, since I know  
'Tis *Joves* Command, *Thetis* inform'd Me so;  
And I am confident Thou ne're couldst get  
Without some Gods Assistance to our Fleet;  
None, were He young, durst venture through our  
And open Gates so fortified and bard. (Guard,  
Cease then my seded Palsion to ferment,  
Lest Thee, although a Supplyant, from my Tent  
I should expell and *Joves* Command forget.

This said, old *Priam* trembling took his Seat;  
Then forth *Achilles* springs, attended on  
By *Alcimus* and stout *Automedon*:  
Whom He, *Patroclus* dead, did most esteem;  
These lose the Mules and Horses from the Team,  
And old *Idæus* to a Seat convoid,  
Next *Priams* Wealthy Chariot they unlade,  
And in the Presents, *Heſtors* Ransome, brought;  
Two Robes there leaving with a Vest well wrought  
The Corps to cloath: Damfells apart mean while  
He bids the Body bath and noynt with Oyle,  
Lest *Priam* discomposed at the Sight  
Should, by his Palsion masterd, so excite  
*Achilles* fatall Wrath, that He *Joves* Will  
Should disobey, and Him, though Supplyant, kill.  
The Corps array'd, bath'd and perfumed They  
Wrap in a Gown, and o're a Mantle lay;  
Which up *Achilles* helping to the Bed,  
Thus sighing spake; If in th' infernall Shade  
Thou hear'st, dear Friend! that Gifts of great Esteem  
Old *Priam* brought Me *Heſtor* to redeem,

A a a a 2

Be

Be not offended; what so ere They are  
In Them with Me thou equally shalt share.

This said, *Æacides* returning took  
His former Seat, and thus to *Priam* spoke;  
*Hector* is thine, as Thou desir'st; He lyes  
Upon thy Couch: When Morning guilds the Skies  
To *Ilium* drive; then Thou at leasure may'st  
Thy Son survey, mean while take some Repast.

Sad <sup>(f)</sup> *Niobe* not allwayes Food refraind,  
Though her whole Offsprings blood the Floor distaind:  
Six Sons, six Daughters dead upon the Spot  
Incens'd *Apollo* and *Diana* shot,

Because She with *Latona* did compare,  
Boasting that she six times her Number bare;  
Hence by those Twins her twelve all slaughterd were;  
Whom when <sup>(g)</sup> none would, now nine dayes dead, in-  
The Gods inhum'd before the tenth expir'd: (terr,  
Which done she took Repast, with weeping tir'd,

Though still in *Sipylus*, where they report,  
Mongst Rocks and Desart Hills those Nymphs resort,  
Who dance-upon *Achelous* plushie Shores,  
Transform'd to Marble She her Loss deplores.

Let us our Spirits now with Food revive,  
And when that Thou at *Ilium* shalt arrive,  
Then for thy Son let Tears thy Cheeks bedew.

This said, He rising a fat Weather slew,  
Which fleaing first, they joynted, spitted too,  
Laid to the Fire, and off well roast'd drew.  
*Automedon* in curious Baskets serv'd  
Pure Manchet up, the Meat *Achilles* carv'd;  
Straight They fall too, and plentifully fare:  
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,  
*Priam*, *Achilles* viewing, wonder'd at  
His Limbs and goodly Features, as He sate;

As

As much *Æacides* old *Priam* took,  
Admiring Him and his majestic Look.  
When They each other had enough survaid,  
Let Us repose, great Prince! old *Priam* said;  
Since by thy conquering Spear my *Hector* fell,  
These Eye-lids never clos'd, but fighting still  
The Earth I groveling with my Tears bedew'd,  
Not tasting cheering Wine, nor strengthening Food.

This said, *Achilles* bids them make a Bed,  
And Purple o're and royall Tapestry spread.  
Damsells, their Tapers lighting, straight withdrew,  
And in the outward Portch made ready two.

Then thus *Pelides*; Sir! <sup>(h)</sup> repose You there;  
Should any of our Chiefs descree you here,  
Who hither oft repairing with Us sit  
In deep Debate, consulting what is fit,  
Streight *Agamemnon* They informing may  
Obstruct thy buisnesse, and the Body stay.  
What time require you *Hector* to interr,  
That We so long may hostile Acts forbear?

Ah! wouldst Thou grant Us, *Priam* then replies,  
To celebrate my Sons last Obsequies,  
The signall Favour much would Me oblige.  
You know how close your Forces Us besiege,  
Which strikes all *Ilium* with a Panick Fear,  
And We our Wood must from the Mountain bear:  
Nine dayes We're mourn within our royall Seat,  
The tenth interr Him, and our People treat,  
Th' eleventh erect his Toomb, and, if We must,  
Fight on the twelfth, and to our Valour trust.

Then said *Achilles*; Sir! at your Request  
So long I shall forbear, nor *Troy* infest:

Which said, his Hand, that He would ne're recant,  
He gives the King; so ratifies his Grant.  
From thence then *Priam* with *Ideus* goes,  
Where in appointed Lodgings they repose;

*Æacides*

(f) *Niobe* the Daughter of *Tantalus*, or as others, of *Pelops*, the wife of *Zebus*, or as others, *Amphion*, comparing with *Latona* as to her virtues as having a more numerous Progeny then she, had her six sons slain by *Apollo* as they were hunting on the Mountain *Cytheron*, and her six daughters by *Diana* in *Thebes*, their deaths being imputed to these two, as being fadden, or else from some infectious disease. *Hippocrates* in his Book, *epi tibia*, of acute diseases, tells us that it was the common opinion of his time to lay of such as dyed of the *ischoria* or *volvyn* the squinancy, that they were *struck* or *shot*, *die n' d'oyne* *dead* *g'ed* *id'one* *rad'd'is*, for the t' speedy and painfull ends. *Jupiter* commiserating her condition transform'd her to a stone, fixed in *Sipylus*, a Mountain in *Adagnesia* Of which *Euft.* recites this *Gryllus* or *Epigram*,

Ο' τῆς ὄψ' ὅπου ἔστιν ἡ Νίβη νεκρὴ  
Ο' τῆς ὄψ' ὅπου ἔστιν ἡ Νίβη νεκρὴ,  
Ο' τῆς ὄψ' ὅπου ἔστιν ἡ Νίβη νεκρὴ.

This Stone within its Corps hath none;  
The Corps within without no Stone,  
For Toomb and Corps are here but one.

(g) Peoples hearts being hardened against her for bringing the infection amongst them by her impiety and pride, *Schoel.*

(h) He speaks this in excuse of himselfe and to prepare *Priam*, that he should not take it ill if he lodg'd him abroad, *Euft.*



*Eacides* to his *Briseis* went,  
 And Night in Sleep, and her Imbraces spent:  
 But whilst both Gods and Heroes soundly slept,  
 Disturbing Care from Slumber *Hermes* kept,  
 How through the Guards He *Priam* might convey;  
 Whom thus He straight reproves; Why this Delay:  
 Sleep'st Thou secure, nor fear'st to be attach'd  
 Amidst the Foe, thy Business now dispatch'd?  
 Thy *Hector* cost Thee deare; but thrice as much  
 Thy Sons will not for thy Redemption grutch,  
 Should *Agamemnon* find Thee sleeping here.

At these words startled, *Priam* struck with Feare,  
 Straight calls *Idæus* up, whilst *Hermes* speeds,  
 And in the Chariot puts his Mules and Steeds.  
 With silence forth They through the Army drive:  
 Soon as at *Xanthus* Margents They arrive,  
 The God *Olympus* scales, whilst conquering Day  
 Nights spangled Troops drown'd in the Western Sea;  
 With Sighs and Tears They on the Body drew.  
*Cassandra* from a Tower first *Priam* knew,  
 And carryed on the Mules her Brother spy'd,  
 Aged *Idæus* weeping by his Side:  
 Then Clamouring thus She runs from Street to Street,  
 Rise All for Shame! arise, and *Hector* meet;  
 If e're you Him alive beheld with Joy  
 Returne tryumphing, who protected *Troy*.

This said, They all poure forth, not one remaind,  
 Their Walls not Them, nor They their Grief containd:  
 His Wife and Mother, all preceding, teare,  
 The Corps approaching, their dishevel'd Haire;  
 And running in imbrace his honour'd Head,  
 Whilst Floods of Tears the thronging Concours shed,  
 Who there till Night had thus lamenting stay'd,  
 But that the King, their Grief reproving, said;

Sirs; cleer the Way, and give our Chariot room,  
 Then weep your fill, when we have brought him home.

This



He not reviv'd) yet still Thou <sup>(9)</sup> roscid art;  
And fresh, as one slain by *Apollo's* <sup>(10)</sup> Dart.

Sad *Helen* next her Sorrow thus exprest;  
Of all thy Stock, I lov'd Thee, *Heitor*! best,  
Next to my Lord, who to the *Trojan* Shore  
Brought Me his Spouse: (would I had dy'd before!)  
These <sup>(11)</sup> twenty years at Court I liv'd, yet ne're

Pierc'd any thy unkinde Word mine Eare;  
Nay when thy Brothers or thy Sisters fall  
With harsher Tearmes upon Me, Thou wouldst still  
Blame their uncivill Use, and take my part:  
Thou like thy Sire, still much obliging wert.  
Hence I shall ever mourn thy timeles Fate,  
Left the loath'd Victim of the Peoples Hate.

This weeping She, when aged *Priam* said;  
Now, fetch in Wood, and fear no Ambuscades;  
*Achilles* promis'd, when He me dismiss'd,  
Twelve days He would from hostile Acts desist.

This said, Steeds, Mules, and Chariots they prepar'd,  
And nine days Wood down from the Mountain bare;  
Upon the tenth laid *Heitor* on the Pyre,  
And kindled, shedding Tears, his funerall Fire.  
Next Morn'g about the wasted Fyle: They prest,  
Quenching with Wine what still the Flams possest;  
His Brothers, Men, and Friends, with sighs and Groans,  
Close in a golden Urne his gather'd Bones,  
And in a Vault, wrapt up in Purple plac'd,  
Then ponderous Stones, congesting over cast,  
His Tomb erecting, whilst that faithfull Scouts  
The Fee observ'd, watching on their Redoubts:

Thence to the Pallace all to feast repaire;  
Thus *Heitor's* Obits celebrated were.

FIN IS.